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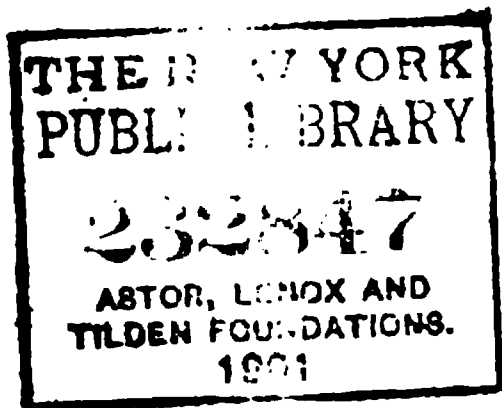


THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

BY  
ALFRED HENRY HUTH

"I am dead;  
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied."

NEW YORK:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.  
1880.



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YAS

## P R E F A C E.

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DUTY and gratitude oblige me to acknowledge the great and valuable assistance I have received from nearly all of Buckle's friends and acquaintances. Two points, not valueless in an estimate of Buckle's character, have been brought out by this kindness to me: The first, that, before he had published a line of his work, those to whom he wrote invariably kept even the most trivial of his notes; and, secondly, so great was the friendship which he inspired that in nearly every case the mere mention of his name after his death was sufficient introduction between those of his friends who had not made each other's acquaintance during his lifetime. The alacrity and kindness I have experienced, and the trouble many—I may say most of my correspondents—have put themselves to in the search for letters, is another instance of friendship, which has lasted eighteen years beyond the grave. I am particularly indebted to Lord Kintore, Lord Kimberley, Lord Hatherley, and Lady Reay; to Mrs. Grey and Miss Shirreff; to Ma-

jor and Mrs. Woodhead ; to Mr. John Buckle ; to Buckle's heirs, Dr. and Mrs. Allatt, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and Mr. Hutchinson ; to Mr. Alex. Hill Gray ; to Major Evans Bell ; to Miss Rogers ; to Miss Wheatstone ; to the heirs of Mr. Parker ; to Mr. Henriquez ; and to the late Mrs. Grote—who have all given me the utmost assistance in their power, in letters, oral communications, and in notes.

The previous sketches of Henry Thomas Buckle's life have been few in number, and but sketches. The most important of them are, an article in "Fraser's Magazine" for September, 1862 ; one in the "Chess-Player's Magazine" for February, 1864 ; one in the "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1863 ; a letter in the "Athenæum," by the Rev. J. A. Longmore ; and a biographical notice by Miss Helen Taylor, prefixed to Buckle's "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," of which an important part was contributed by Miss Shirreff. To Miss Taylor all admirers of Buckle and of learning owe a debt of gratitude. I have compared the manuscript and print of Buckle's "Posthumous Works" with some attention, and, though I have been able to detect a few misprints, and doubt perhaps the necessity of omitting some articles, I can conscientiously say that the task is admirably done ; the arrangement, short of entirely melting up separate articles, could not have been better ; while no one who has not seen the MS. can fully appreciate how great that labor was which she has so freely and gratuitously bestowed, and by which she has accomplished so brilliant a success.

There was yet another to whom I am indebted, who now is but a memory on earth. A linguist, a scholar, acquainted with every branch of knowledge, and unrivaled in his own, Henry Huth took a particular pleasure in the society and speculations of Buckle, while common sympathies and mutual regard soon cemented a warm friendship between them. It was natural that he should take an interest in the biography of so great a friend, and in the work of a son ; but only those who knew him could appreciate what delicate and generous a help it was his pleasure to supply. A premature death, when these pages were almost ready for the press, has spoiled the reader of the benefit of his revision, me of any pleasure in its publication.

ALFRED H. HUTH.

*December, 1879.*





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# THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

Apology—Ancestry—Residence—Ill Health in Youth—First Books—Sent to School—Mathematical Prize—Precocity and Backwardness—Sent to a Private Tutor—Office Experience—Calvinism of Mrs. Buckle—Death of Mr. Thomas Buckle—The First Idea of the “History”—Tour in Belgium, Germany, Italy, and France—Acquaintance with Hallam—Chess in Paris—Draughts in Paris—Music distasteful—Hierarchy of the Arts—Change in Religious Views—First Entry in his Diary—Course of Study—Skill in Chess—Book Purchases—Tour in Germany, Italy, and Holland—Color and Form—A Ghost-Story—Illness—Choice of a Profession—House and Library—Method of Study—Languages learned—Ambition—Composition—Smoking—Charity—Economy—Practicality—Thoughts on Education—Disappointments in Love—The First of “My Book”—Tour in Brittany—Chess Tournament of 1851.

IF biography be a form of literature of any worth, then surely the story of the life of Henry Thomas Buckle needs no apology. His works have been translated into French, German, Spanish, Dutch, and Russian, and have, in addition, been reprinted in America; his first volume went through three editions in a little over three years, and yet before this he had never printed one line. There is hardly another instance in history of so great a leap from complete literary obscurity to the highest pinnacle of literary fame. From the East and the West poured

inquiries as to the antecedents of the gifted author, his fame was noised abroad, and in a few years there was hardly an educated man in the world who did not know his name, and what he had done.

Nor was this, as is so often the case with those who start forth suddenly into the full blaze of popularity, a mere fleeting honor, due to a happy chance, and doomed to wane and die in the course of a few years; it was a reputation as surely as it was slowly founded, owing nothing to circumstances of the day, and only recognized on a sudden, because Buckle possessed so high and rare a pride that he would rather postpone his work twenty years than endanger an otherwise certain fame by premature publication. So far from being due to a happy conjunction of chances, it was founded on but a part of what he was ready to do, and would have done in a few years more, had he not been prevented by an early death; while so far was it from being ephemeral, that not only has it become impossible to write any large historical work without a reference to the "History of Civilization in England," but reviews and magazine articles on his works had not ceased to appear fifteen years after he was in his grave, while there is hardly a speech or newspaper article on any large social subject which does not contain his name. Nay, I have even seen it in the telegraphic news of the "Times" more than once, and within the last few years.

Buckle's family had long resided in London. There was an ancestor of his, a Sir Cuthbert Buckle, who was Lord Mayor in 1593, and originally came from Bourgh, in Westmoreland. His father was Mr. Thomas Henry Buckle, a partner in the firm of Buckle, Bagster, and

Buckle, large ship-owning merchants, who traded more especially with the East Indies. In 1811 Mr. Thomas Buckle married Jane Middleton, of the Yorkshire Middletons, by whom he had three children, two daughters and a son, Henry Thomas Buckle, who was born 24th November, 1821,<sup>1</sup> at Lee, in Kent, while his parents were on a visit to his father's only brother and partner, Mr. John William Buckle. They soon afterward returned to their residence, which was then, according to a common custom of merchants at that time, not far removed from the place of business, in Mark Lane, and situated in a quiet part of the city, a fine, large corner house, No. 2 Hammett Street. Shortly afterward the family removed to 35 Mecklenburg Square, a corner house also; and here they remained up to the death of Buckle's father.

Young Buckle was an exceedingly delicate and feeble infant; and, as a child, though always full of fun, cared little for children's games or children's books. Doted on by his mother, he returned her love with all the wealth and ardor of his warm and affectionate heart. "His great delight," says his sister, "was to sit for hours by the side of his mother to hear the Scriptures read." But, although his mother bought him books without end, he felt no interest in any of them but Shakespeare, Bunyan, the

<sup>1</sup> Curiously enough, Buckle has himself made a mistake as to the date of his birth. In a letter to Mr. Theodore Parker he says he was born in 1822. (See Weiss's "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," vol. i., p. 468, London, 1863.) In a letter to Mr. Henry Huth, from Jerusalem, in 1862, he correctly states his age. A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" says that in conversation, in February, 1862, "he spoke of his age as thirty-eight. (See the "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1863, "Personal Reminiscences of the late Henry Thomas Buckle," p. 495, note.) The entry of his baptism may be seen at St. Botolph's, Aldgate, May 17, 1822.

"Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote"—"books," says Buckle,<sup>3</sup> "on which I literally feasted." Up to the age of eight, indeed, he hardly knew his letters. He then took up the "Arabian Nights"; and Shakespeare he began at fifteen, and used to pass hours reading and crying over it. In after-life he spoke of these as *all* works of genius, and remarked that it was curious no others seemed to move him. They constituted almost the whole of his reading up to the age of eighteen.

Under the advice of Dr. Birkbeck—"that good and wise man," as Buckle calls him in grateful memory—he received no education likely to tax his brain. His parents sent him to school, indeed, as a change from home, to Dr. James Thomas Holloway, Gordon House, Kentish Town, but with instructions that he should learn nothing unless he chose, and should on no account be whipped. It is needless to say that young Buckle did not choose. In the class in which he was placed he learned nothing beyond what fell, as it were, into his head; but, either from having nothing else to do, as I presume, or owing to the spirit which animates all clever boys to learn whatever is not taught to them, he watched the geometrical and algebraical demonstrations on the blackboard, and after a time got so interested that he went up to the master after the class was over, and surprised him by asking an explanation of one or two points which he had not been able to follow. Upon this, it appears that he was allowed to join the class, for he returned home with a first prize for mathematics. So unexpected a distinction pleased his father so

<sup>3</sup> Weiss's "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," vol. i., p. 469.

much that he asked him what he would like best as a reward. "To be taken away from school," was Buckle's reply; and his parents, probably as much frightened as pleased at what he had done at school, granted his request.

He left school in his fourteenth year, with a very scanty stock of knowledge, which he showed off at the request of the servants in the kitchen. Standing on the table, he recited in Latin the Lord's prayer, and creed, and then did the same in French, translating afterward sentence by sentence. He ran riot through the house, only two rooms, occupied by his parents, being sacred from his assaults. On one occasion, for instance, he turned every chair and table in the kitchen over; gave his nurse's daughter a pea-shooter, and had shooting-matches with her; and on another occasion, when he went to call on his old nurse, turned everything there topsy-turvy, romped about, threw the daughter's cat out of the window, and finally, walking with them down the street, sang, and was generally uproarious, seizing fruit from the open shops, and behaving so as to make them quite afraid that he would get into trouble.

But though, physically, he was as naughty a boy as ever a mother could wish, mentally he was kept as quiet as was possible. His mother even taught him to knit, in order that he might have some occupation which was not mental, for, compared with other boys, Buckle was unable to do anything with his hands. He never followed any of those boyish hobbies, such as carpentering, boat-making, etc., and cared nothing for boyish games. He even disliked associating with boys; but, on the other hand, talked with grown-up people whenever he had a chance. His

chief game at that period was "Parson and Clerk," which he used to play with a cousin of his, a boy of about his own age, in which Buckle would always preach, and, according to his mother, with extraordinary eloquence for a child. Perhaps he learned this art from his attendance at Exeter Hall, a place he used to frequent from the age of fourteen with his mother, who, at one time, had been surrounded with persons holding strict Calvinistic opinions, and had been brought over to their views. Her son naturally took great interest in what interested his mother. "The natural docility of children," he remarks,<sup>\*</sup> "renders them for the most part ready to believe all that they are told; and to youth, just bursting into manhood and ignorant of the wiles of the world, there is something singularly captivating in the idea that they are espousing the weaker side." Religion and politics were the boy's chief topics of conversation; in the latter, of course, siding with his father, who was a strong Tory, but he went beyond mere theory, and took a strong interest in the elections. With his father too he loved to talk, for he was a well-read man, had been educated at Cambridge, as his father before him, and was fond of reciting from Shakespeare to his family of an evening.

After young Buckle had been home for some time, his family made another attempt to send him away for education. He went to a private tutor's, and there, though he never seemed to learn his lessons, he was always foremost. His health, however, failed, and again he had to be taken home. As he grew older, he began to read the newspa-

<sup>\*</sup> "Fragments on Elizabeth," "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," vol. i., p. 417.



pers, and, notwithstanding his early Tory bias, "his earliest efforts," says Miss Shirreff, "took the shape of speculation on free trade, the principle of which he seemed to have seized as soon as it was presented to him, in the discussions then rife in all the newspapers. . . . On one occasion, he even grew so excited on the subject as to sit up at night to write a letter to Sir Robert Peel, which, however, he had not the courage to send."

As his health was now again restored, and he was seventeen years of age, his father thought it high time he should begin a profession, and placed him in his own office. "Mrs. Buckle," says Miss Shirreff, "more than once described to me her dismay when she found it impossible to move her husband from this resolution." It was indeed a wise one; and one that only a mother, convinced of her son's great capabilities, who implicitly believed that his was a mind above the ordinary, and longed for the day when she should be congratulated by all the world on being the mother of such a son, would have opposed. To see him buried alive in an office was too dreadful, and young Buckle himself went there with the greatest repugnance. Years afterward he looked back with disgust to the time he had passed in that place; nor is it wonderful that it should have had no attraction for a boy already nearly eighteen, accustomed to do very much as he liked, and with so active a mind, considering that the first six months is a period of punctual idleness or of a kind of work which is simply mechanical. Nevertheless, referring to this period in after-life, he did not think the time he had passed there wasted. It had given him a certain idea of business, which is better acquired by even a few months'

presence in an office than in any other way ; just as seeing a few chemical experiments actually performed will teach more than the most persistent reading without it can do.

His father was now sixty-one years old, and had been suffering for some time from consumption. His disease, his age, and, to a slight extent, the difference of views held by himself and his wife on religious matters, made him grow retired and absent-minded. There was no real estrangement ; for the Calvinism of Mrs. Buckle, owing to her charming and womanly nature, did not interfere with her kindness, gayety, and affection. She herself, indeed, suffered much from her cold and rigid beliefs, so foreign to her tender nature. "The intense suffering caused by this, she could hardly look back upon with calmness, even at the distance of half a lifetime. Views full of terror and despair, with their wild visions of vengeance and condemnation, which have shattered the grace of many a noble mind, wrought into hers a deep-seated misery which no external circumstances could alleviate, and which only passed away when she had conquered her own freedom through years of thought and study." <sup>4</sup> He, on the other hand, was a stanch Churchman. He would sit alone over his port the whole evening, reading a good deal, but chiefly theological works ; which, perhaps, helped Mrs. Buckle to a juster appreciation of true Christianity. He used to pass his nearest relations in the streets without noticing them, so absent did he become. One day he slipped on the curb outside his door and broke his arm. This accident, though not serious, took an extraordinary hold of his

<sup>4</sup> Miss Shirreff, p. xxv. of Buckle's "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," vol. i.

morbid imagination. It gave a shock to his already tottering health, and he firmly believed that he would never recover. Four weeks afterward he died, on January 24, 1840, his last words being addressed to his son when he called him to his bedside a few minutes before his death, "Be a good boy to your mother." Young Buckle was immediately seized with a fainting-fit, and taken out of the room. For some months after he had to be attended by his physicians, and had frequent attacks of fainting, with great prostration, and only recovered his strength after a long stay in Brighton, whither the family went on the death of Mr. Buckle. Soon after, Mrs. Buckle was advised, both for herself and her son, to try entire change of scene and climate, and in July, 1840, she, her son, and her unmarried daughter, left England and remained a year abroad.

Left in independent circumstances by his father's death, and with no one to urge him to continue in business, he of course never returned to the office. It was a great event in his life, but for him it was no other change than this: had he had a taste for and remained in the business, he would probably have become as famous as he afterward became in a higher line. For a man of genius, the work in any profession will demand his highest industry and highest powers. For the man of mediocrity, the work of a merchant or of a scientific man is equally open; and, whether he takes up the one or the other, in neither will he attain celebrity and in neither will he fail. If he has interest, if his father be a scientific man, with scientific connections, or if his father be in business, with business connections, success is tolerably certain in either, the only

difference being that the merchant's is generally the most paying profession. The description—

“ Hear him but reason in divinity,  
 And, all-admiring with an inward wish  
 You would desire the king were made a prelate :  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You would say—it hath been all-in-all his study :  
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle rendered you in music :  
 Turn him to any course of policy,  
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose  
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences ”—

is a eulogy which, though of course not applicable at this period, was very applicable in later life. Practical men, physicians, merchants, lawyers, all testified that he could certainly attain high distinction in their own professions ; while his power of oratory, of logical arrangement, and warm and fervid eloquence has been manifest before the public.

The idea of his history was already conceived, “ dimly, indeed, but still the plan was there,” as he says himself in a letter to Theodore Parker ;<sup>5</sup> and he now set about its execution by ardently devoting himself to the study of the literature and languages of the countries through which he passed with his mother and sister. They left London for Antwerp, and thence went traveling about to Brussels, Liège, Bruges, etc. ; spent the summer at Baden-Baden,

<sup>5</sup> Weiss's “ Life,” etc., vol. i., p. 469.

Wiesbaden, and other German towns. Then they went on to Switzerland, and so down to Italy, visiting the lakes. In November they spent a month at Florence, and thence went on to Rome, where they took lodgings and remained up to the beginning of April, 1841. Wherever they stopped Buckle engaged masters for the language; but soon found that he could teach himself the grammatical part much more easily than he could learn from them, and only required the services of his masters for practice in conversation and for pronunciation. In this task, however, he was never very successful, speaking foreign languages with a strong English accent, though fluently and correctly. Nor did he miss any opportunity of studying the character and customs of the people in whose country he traveled, and at the same time of improving himself in conversation with them—a habit which gained him the valuable acquaintance of the historian Hallam, whom he met while traveling on the Rhine. Mr. Hallam being in some difficulty on account of his ignorance of the German language, Buckle interpreted for him. They got into conversation, and the acquaintance soon ripened into an invitation to the young man to call on his return to London. At Rome, again, where he studied Italian with another young Englishman, the latter was greatly astonished at his powers; so much so that he wrote home an account of him, and how, do what he could, it was impossible to keep pace with him.

From Italy they posted back to France, and took up their quarters for about six weeks in a flat in the Rue de Rivoli. Here, besides studying, Buckle used frequently to play at chess, a game in which he already showed very

considerable power and depth of combination. He played Kieseritzki at the Café de la Régence, and even the redoubted St. Amant himself. Each of these masters gave him a pawn; but each was beaten. Later, when he again visited Paris in 1848, he again engaged Kieseritzki equal: and, taking these games with former ones, beat him. Buckle was proud of his skill in *all* games not dependent on manual dexterity. It was in Paris that, while watching a game of draughts outside a *café*, he told the players who had just drawn it, that it might be won by white in three moves. They, who knew nothing of him, would not believe him; upon which Buckle made a bet, and won it. The exact position I do not know, but it was something of the same kind as given in the annexed woodcut.\* At

Boulogne they stopped again for a few weeks on their way home; and, not satisfied with the languages he was already studying, here he began to learn Russian.

\* White 12 to 16; Black 20 to 11\*; White 9 to 14; Black 10 to 17\*, or 18 to 9\*; when White wins.

During these travels, his sister observed that he seemed to care very little for the various galleries, and not at all for music; indeed, he never accompanied his mother and sister to the opera. Once only in his life did he enjoy it, and that was when Franz Liszt played, a performer of whose influence Heine gives some account, and by whom he is put before all others with the single exception of Chopin: "With this single exception," says Heine, "all other performers whom we have heard in countless concerts this year are only performers—brilliant merely in their power of manipulation over the wood and wire. But when Liszt plays the piano fades utterly from our thoughts, we no longer think on difficulties overcome—our souls are bathed in music."<sup>1</sup> That Buckle should have enjoyed music on this occasion may induce us to pause a little before we put down a want of sensibility to the influence of this art entirely to a deficiency of musical feeling. Is it not more probable that in such cases it is due to the imperfection of interpretation? A man of fine feeling will always feel shocked at a coarse daub of a picture, even if he had no artistic education. In the same way, many a man will feel the beauty of a Raphael, a Titian, or a Rubens, who utterly fails to interpret the ill-drawn forms of an early master. There is, moreover, no doubt that music is the most unnatural of all the arts. Music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, are unnatural in proportion as they are idealized; and of this the first is most, the last is least so. Hence it is that though in literature all the world is one, in poetry they are less united, and so on in an increasing series until we get to music,

<sup>1</sup> H. Heine, "Sämmtliche Werke," Hamburg, 1862, vol. xi., p. 329.

which is entirely different. We can follow the philosophy of the Chinese, but their music we would rather be without; we admire the poetry of the Arabs, but shrink from what they most admire in music; and they too read our books as we read theirs, and fly from what we call music, as we fly theirs. In our own society there are twenty men who admire a picture to one who really enjoys music; more who admire fine sculpture than a picture, and more, again, who enjoy literature than any art; and, were any further proof necessary of this order of development in the arts, we should find it in their history in the various nations. Who can tell but that Drew, Watt, and Hunter, Scott, Niebuhr, and Arnold, Johnson and Dryden, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Lord Holland, and many others, who all disliked the music of their day, and, indeed, could hardly tell one note from another, might not have enjoyed music if better interpreted; or, at all events, if they had lived in a later age when music will be further advanced? As a rule, music was mere noise to Buckle, and he could not tell one tune from another. Once he thought he *did* recognize an air for "God save the Queen"; but it turned out to be "Rule Britannia." There are several notes on the subject in his "Commonplace Book,"<sup>\*</sup> such as: "Some idiots will whistle tunes correctly. Georget mentions an idiot seven years old who had an extraordinary facility for learning the airs of songs. . . . Luther tells us that the devil can not bear music." And again, in the note on the life of Arnold, he has—"Lord Brougham says of Fox and Lord Holland, 'Music was positively disagreeable to them both; a remarkable

<sup>\*</sup> For example, Arts, 277, 2211.



instance of Shakespeare's extravagant error in a well-known passage of his plays.' " And when this passage of Shakespeare was quoted against him by Mrs. Woodhead, he retorted, " Yes, but see in whose mouth Shakespeare puts it, the mouth of a silly youth."

From this journey he returned very much altered. From a somewhat narrow low-churchman and Tory, he had become a freethinker and a radical—the first change probably produced in Germany; and the latter, possibly, by his reading, his view of foreign interference and despotism, and his residence in Paris. He had begun his education thus by himself, and had full confidence in his self-educating powers. He might have gone to the university, but certainly an English university at that time was the last place he would have thought of going to. In his *History*<sup>9</sup> he observes: "What a war Locke would wage against our great universities and public schools, where innumerable things are still taught which no one is concerned to understand, and which few will take the trouble to remember! . . . We often find what are called highly educated men, the progress of whose knowledge has been actually retarded by an education by which their reading has deepened their prejudices instead of dissipating them."

We might have had a much fuller account of this most important period of his life had he not destroyed the letters he wrote to his mother. For in his diary is the entry under January 23, 1855, "Read and destroyed some old letters of mine, written fifteen years ago." Captain Kennedy, who made his acquaintance in June, 1841, says: "I

<sup>9</sup> Vol. i., p. 246. See note 30, p. 44.

remember, in that early time of our acquaintance, being struck by the bold originality and grasp of thought, the variety and extent of general knowledge possessed by the pale, delicate-looking stripling, who might have passed for a year or two younger than he really was. He was an omnivorous reader, no book of any kind seeming to come amiss to him; and he had the power, accorded to few, of plucking out, as it were, the heart of a book by doing little more than turning over the pages, with here and there an occasional halt. I remember his borrowing of me Burder's "Oriental Literature," a two-volume octavo, of anything but light reading. He brought it back next day, whereon I remarked that I supposed it did not interest him. He said he had read it, and began to expatiate on its contents in a way which satisfied me that he, at any rate, knew more about them than I did."<sup>10</sup>

The first entry that we have in his diary is on the 15th October, 1842, as follows: "Being this day settled in my new lodgings, No. 1 Norfolk Street, I determined to keep a journal of my actions—principally, for the sake of being able to review what I have read, and consequently to estimate my own progress. My reading has, unfortunately, been hitherto, though extensive, both desultory and irregular. I am, however, determined from this day to devote all the energies I may have, solely to the study of the history and literature of the middle ages. I am led to adopt this course, not so much on account of the interest of the subject—though that is a great inducement—but because there has been, comparatively speaking, so

<sup>10</sup> "Mr. Buckle as a Chess-Player." In the "Westminster Papers," vol. vi., p. 24. No. 62, for 2d June, 1873.

little known and published upon it. And Ambition whispers to me the flattering hope that a prolonged series of industrious efforts, aided by talents certainly above mediocrity, may at last meet with success. To return, however, to my journal. I rose this morning at half-past seven, and from eight till nine was occupied in unpacking and arranging my books; clothes, etc. At nine I breakfasted, and after that commenced this journal which, what with writing a letter to Mr. S——, and doing other little matters, occupied my time until half-past ten. From half-past ten till half-past twelve I read ‘The History of the Middle Ages,’ published in Lardner’s ‘Cyclopædia,’ two volumes, first to thirteenth page—referring at same time to Hallam, as also to Hawkins’s little work on Germany for verification of dates. This brings me from the invasion of Clovis in 496 to the murder of Sigebert by Fredegonde in 575. I have at the same time made copious abstracts of the times alluded to. In Lardner’s ‘History’ Clotaire is called the *second* son of Clovis (see p. 11, vol. ii.) and Hallam says he was the *youngest* (p. 3, vol. i.). Hallam is doubtless accurate, as, besides his high reputation, the ‘History’ published by Lardner show signs of great carelessness in such small things as a vowel cut off from a name, as *Fredegund*, instead of Fredegonde, etc., and another great blemish is that the authorities are rarely or never given at the bottom of the page in support of an alleged fact—and, besides all this, his style is heavy and apparently labored.”

This entry is very interesting, as it fixes the date of the plan mentioned in a note in his chapter on Spain.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> “History of Civilization in England,” vol. ii., p. 137, note 337.

“At one time I had purposed tracing the history of the municipal and representative elements during the fifteenth century, and the materials which I then collected convinced me that the spirit of freedom never really existed in Spain.” It is very possible, indeed, that we may here trace the influence of Mr. Hallam (with whom and his promising son Buckle became very intimate) in fixing his wavering purpose on a particular point. But it is very evident from the entry in the diary that this history would have had a strong smack of the “History of Civilization,” nay, that it included germs which must inevitably grow until he saw with despair the horizon receding as he advanced, and was compelled, unwillingly and sick at heart, to restrict himself within limits which could but feebly express his bold views and wide sweep of generalization. Even now, however, he could not restrict himself to the period upon which he had made up his mind to write. Ten days after the above entry was made he looks back on what he has done: “The sketch, then, of the history of France during the middle ages has occupied me just ten days—but, then, on one of those days I did not read at all [on account of a thick fog]—and, besides that, I am now in better train for reading than I was at first. So that I think, on an average, I may say eight days will suffice in future for each history. It is my intention to go first in this hasty and superficial way through European history of the middle ages, and then, reading the more elaborate works, make myself as much a master of the subject as is possible, considering the meager information we at present possess.” The works he had been reading on the subject were, besides those already men-

tioned, Gibbon and Lingard upon these times. The "more elaborate works" were doubtlessly such books as state papers, plays, privy-purse expenses, ballads, or, in a word, the usual authorities used by such writers as Hallam and Macaulay, and absolutely necessary to any one who intended to write on the manners of the people, the state of science, and the state of the country, so as to place a sort of living picture before his readers of Europe during the middle ages.

As soon as he had finished with France, he went on to Germany. "Wednesday, 26th October, 1842.—Did not breakfast till ten. From half-past ten to half-past eleven finished my chronological abridgment of French history, and from half-past eleven till a quarter to one looked superficially through the histories of Italy and Germany during the middle ages, to determine which would be the most advisable to read first. I have determined upon Germany." But two days afterward he began the study of Italian history conjointly with that of Germany. On October 31st we find him taking up Russian again, which he had begun at Boulogne. "At present," he says, "I know of the Russian language absolutely nothing." He had a lesson on the Tuesday, "entirely confined to reading. In pronunciation I find greater difficulties than I could have believed possible to have existed in any language—I am, however, determined to conquer them." He studied every day to November 12th, soon after which date he went to Boulogne to stop with his mother, who had taken a house there. Here he continued his Russian by himself, and took lessons in German conversation; bought, besides, a Spanish and a Portuguese grammar, tried to get a Dutch grammar, but in vain; played whist nearly every

evening, and returned to London at the beginning of December. During this absence he had apparently given up his lodgings, for on his return he went to stay with his married sister, Mrs. Hutchinson, in Albany Street, where he had a room fitted up with book-shelves for his private use.

His chief relaxation was chess, to which he gave the greater part of his afternoons, and he also played whist very frequently. Indeed, he was a first-rate player of all games of mental skill. Captain Kennedy says that already, in 1841, his chess-play was exceedingly strong; and Buckle considered his whist-play even better than his chess. The following extracts from his diary will give some idea of what he did: "Went then (four o'clock) to the club, and played three games with Mr. Fonblanque, of which I won two. Dined at a coffee-house, and afterward played a match game with Mr. Tuckett, giving him the pawn and move, which was drawn. He is nine to my seven."<sup>12</sup> And again: "Feeling unwell, went to club, where I played five games with Mr. Thrupp, all of which I won; and one with Mr. Dennis, which I also won. Dined at coffee-house, and went to divan, where I played two games with Mr. Rogers," to whom he gave odds, and by whom he was beaten.<sup>13</sup> It was here that he generally played, when he was in town, going there nearly every evening.

Captain Kennedy, of all his friends the one most capable of giving an account of Buckle's play, says: "Nature had gifted him with a superlative aptitude for the game of chess, and he brought the powers of a rare intellect—clear, penetrating, and sagacious beyond that of most men—to bear upon it. His imagination was that of the poet,

<sup>12</sup> "Diary," 16th December, 1842.

<sup>13</sup> "Diary," 28th January, 1843.

‘all compact,’ but subservient to the dictates of a logical judgment. His combinations accordingly, under such guidance, seldom, if ever, exhibited a flaw, and were characterized by exactitude of calculation and brilliant device. He excelled in pawn-play, which he conducted with an ingenuity and deadly accuracy worthy of the renowned pawn general, Szen. He gave large odds, such as Rook and Knight, with wonderful skill and success, appearing to have a sort of intuitive knowledge of a strange opponent’s chess idiosyncrasy, which enabled him precisely to gauge the kind of risks he might venture to run. The rendering of heavy odds, as every experienced chess-player knows, necessitates hazardous and unsound play on the part of the giver. These contests of his at odds were always full of interest and entertainment to lookers-on, and a gallery two or three deep often surrounded his board in the Strand Divan, where it was his ‘custom in the afternoon’ to recreate himself with his favorite game. I have occasionally seen roars of laughter elicited from the spectators by the crestfallen aspect of some poor, discomfited Rook-player, who, with much care and solicitude, having obtained, as he fondly believed, an impregnable position, had suddenly found his defenses scattered like chaff, and himself accommodated with a mate, after the sacrifice, by his keen-witted opponent, of two or three pieces in succession. Whether winning or losing, Mr. Buckle was a courteous and pleasant adversary, and sat quietly before the board, smoking his cigar, and pursuing his game with inflexible steadiness.”

It must be acknowledged, however, that, if Buckle’s temper in chess was so perfect, he avoided giving it too

severe a trial. "On one occasion," says Captain Kennedy, "when he was asked the ground for his refusal to play with an extremely slow player, whose tediousness had obtained him the cognomen of 'the Telegraph,' Mr. Buckle, in his own peculiar sententious manner, gave utterance to the following reply: 'Well, sir, the slowness of genius is difficult to bear, but the slowness of mediocrity is intolerable.' It is said, but with how much truth we know not, that from the time when this speech was reported to 'the Telegraph' he was notable for fitful and hurried play."<sup>14</sup>

Although there are about a hundred and fifty of his games in print, it would be unfair to Buckle's powers to judge them by these; for, as Captain Kennedy justly points out, "besides the fact that his best games did not get into print, chess was only a recreation to him, and, unwilling to occupy his valuable time with the study of new variations in openings or printed games, he almost invariably opens in his later published games with the safe *Giuoco Piano*, when he has the move, and irregularly as second player." "At one time," continues the Captain, "I have reason to think that he did not even possess a chess-board. I had been dining with him at his house at Oxford Terrace, and asked him, after dinner, to look at a position in some game which interested me. After searching awhile, to my surprise and amusement he produced an ancient little backgammon-board, on which we set up a tall, shaky family of red and white bone chess-men, much too large for the board."<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> "Westminster Papers," vol. vi., pp. 23, 24; No. 62, for July 2, 1873; and vol. i., p. 10, No. 1, for April, 1868.

<sup>15</sup> "Westminster Papers," vol. vi., pp. 23, 24.



Much time was besides given to reading catalogues, and in walking all over London, searching for and buying books, which, though cheap, cost him a considerable part of his income. As an instance I give the following: "Bought Caird's 'Life of Charlemagne,' whole bound, very neat, 1 vol., 2s. 6d.; Crabb's 'History of Common Law,' 1 vol., 8vo, bds., 4s.; 'Barrington on More's Ancient Statutes,' 1 vol., 8vo, calf, 2s. 6d.; Mills's 'Travels of Theodore Ducas,' 2 vols., 8vo, in boards, only 2s.; also Johnson's 'Memoirs of John Selden,' one vol., 8vo, new bds., uncut, portrait, only 2s. These last two books were bought at Stocklers', who, when he *has* anything to sell, is extremely cheap."<sup>16</sup> Again: "Went to Bohn's, in York Street, Covent Garden, where I purchased Watts's 'Bibliotheca Britannica,' a rather scarce work, for which I paid seven guineas."<sup>17</sup> "To Holywell Street, to look among the bookstalls there, but only bought a copy of '[The] History of Helvetia,' two vols., 8vo, for which I paid 1s. 6d.!!!"<sup>18</sup> He was not content with going about the bookstalls, but made comparative lists of the books he wanted from booksellers' catalogues, with the prices,<sup>19</sup> and bought also at Sotheby's.<sup>20</sup>

In this way he went on steadily reading on the history of the middle ages, buying books, and playing chess.

On the 7th March, 1843, he writes: "Began my Life of Charles I.," which he worked at daily up to 3d April with but three days' intermission. It is probable that this paper has been destroyed or incorporated with the "Frag-

<sup>16</sup> "Diary," 16th January, 1842.

<sup>17</sup> "Diary," 7th December, 1842.

<sup>18</sup> "Diary," 17th December, 1842.

<sup>19</sup> "Diary," 11th January, 1843.

<sup>20</sup> E. g., 26th January, 1843, *ib.*

ments"; for though there is an article on Charles I. extant, for several reasons I can not think with Miss Taylor that this may be the article in question."

He was thus engaged when his mother and sister came up to town, the latter being about to be married, and on April 4th suddenly determined to accompany the former, who was going on to Boulogne, and afterward travel on through Holland. He first bought a Dutch grammar and dictionary, and then informed his mother he would accompany her, "at which she was, of course, much surprised." Though but a few years ago, the description of their journey will give us some idea of the advance we have made in locomotion since that day. They started from London Bridge, and arrived at Ashford in two hours and a half, from which place they posted to Dover, and arrived at six, after another three hours and a half on the

"Buckle's "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," p. xv. My reasons are as follows:

1. The book in which the extant Life of Charles I. is written is dated "Boulogne, July, 1849."

2. It consists of a series of disjointed notes from Edward VI. down to Anne, in which there is no indication of any interpolation, or of the Life of Charles having been written before the previous articles.

3. It refers back to "my Life of James I." But there is no indication in his diary of 1842-1848 of this work.

4. It refers to Jacob's "Precious Metals," which he only read eight years later.

5. It took twenty-four days to write; but the extant article consists of but three small folio pages.

6. The extant article is nothing in the nature of a narrative, and does not mention Buckingham's death. But his diary has the entry, "Continued Charles I., which I have now finished down to the death of Buckingham in 1628, *the first epoch*."

7. The fragment on the reign of Elizabeth is quite different from the notes on the reign of Elizabeth which occur in this volume. Hence we may infer that the Life of Charles I. was of the same kind.

road. They were there told that the steamer would leave next morning at 11.30, but were woke up early and told that the steamer having arrived earlier than was expected that morning, it would start again at nine o'clock. The tide being out, they had to put off in small boats, and only arrived in Boulogne "after a stormy and miserable passage of five hours." With characteristic energy, however, Buckle found a Dutch master the very next day, though he had not yet recovered from the effects of the voyage; but a day or two after he fell ill, and remained so for some weeks. Here his journal unfortunately breaks off, but we learn from other sources that he returned to London soon after he recovered, as he had made up his mind to travel on the Continent, and knew that it was almost necessary, if he wished to be received in society, that he should have been presented at court.

On 17th May, 1843, he was presented by Lord Roden at a *levée* held by Prince Albert at St. James's Palace; and the following June he landed at Hamburg with one traveling companion. There he chanced to put up at the same hotel as Lord Kimberley, who was journeying through Hamburg at the time, and they soon became acquainted. The latter's first opinion of Buckle was, that he was terribly conceited; but he soon began to see that there was much justification for the unbounded confidence he showed in his own powers. His old Tory views had entirely disappeared, and he was a thorough radical, which he long afterward remained, even going so far as to dislike the Whigs. His old religious views had also been thoroughly changed, and he was now reading Strauss. And, finally, the plan of his "History of

Civilization" was already more than "dimly perceived," it was fully sketched out. His habit was to sit up late at night reading; he used to smoke much, and was a great talker, eager to discuss anything and everything. The two parties joined and traveled on together. To Berlin Buckle had brought a warm letter of introduction from Staunton, whom he had beaten in a match of three games, in which that great player had given him the odds of pawn and move; and there he engaged and beat Bessel, Scherpe, Kossak, Häusler, Von Carisien, and Hanstein. The greatest players of Berlin, Bledow and Heydebrant, only just succeeded in beating him, and they both acknowledged his extraordinary powers.<sup>22</sup> From Berlin they went on to Magdeburg and Dresden, at which place Lord Kimberley left him after they had been there two months.

Wherever Buckle traveled, he used to go about and mix with the people as much as possible. At Dresden, after watching some chess-players at a *café*, he was invited by one of them to play. The man played carelessly at first, but soon paid more and more attention to the game. At last he was beaten. He got up, and made a profound bow. "Whoever you are," he said, "you should only play with our best players." Buckle did, and soon won quite a reputation there. He even created some jealousy, and heard that one of the well-known players had gone about saying that Buckle was too inferior a player for him to engage with. Buckle immediately posted up a large placard challenging that gentleman to a

<sup>22</sup> See the "Schachzeitung," Berlin, 1846, pp. 87, 88; 1848, pp. 305, 306; 1862, pp. 194, 195.

game for five hundred dollars. The man never appeared in public again while Buckle was at Dresden.

He traveled thence through Austria on his way to Italy, but met with an adventure on the frontier. The cautious and enlightened customs officer whose business it was to examine his luggage paid special attention to his books, among which they came upon Copernicus's "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*." This dangerous work was promptly confiscated, in spite of Buckle's protests and explanations. They did not care *where* the revolution was; they had their orders, and their orders were to confiscate all books of a revolutionary tendency, whether political works or not. He much enjoyed telling this story, and was amply repaid by it for the loss of his book.

Of his second stay in Italy we have no record beyond an anecdote which shows how his name was already well known to European chess-players. He was watching a game outside a *café* at Rome, as was his wont, when one of the players on the conclusion of the game asked him to play. This man, seeing that he was an Englishman and very young, proposed a scudo as the stake. Buckle assented. "Or perhaps a couple of scudi?" he added. Buckle agreed. "Well, perhaps it would make a better game if we were to play for five scudi?" Upon this Buckle began to get angry, and said, "I'll play you for a hundred scudi if you like." The man was quite taken aback, and asked him his name. "Buckle." "How do you spell it?" He was told. "Ah, Booclay!" he said, "then I won't play with you." We know, also, that he went as far south as Naples; for he used to relate that, when he went inside the Blue Grotto at Capri, the boat-

men refused to take him out unless he paid them more than he had bargained for. He handed them his purse; but, when he got back to Naples, he took the trouble to prosecute the men, and got them punished—a result they had hardly counted upon.

During the whole of his travels he diligently studied the language and literature of the countries in which he happened to be. At Munich, where he stopped longest on his return from Italy, he besides studied Hebrew, with a rabbi. The picture-gallery was one of his great resorts, and here he used to take his luncheon and pass hours gazing at the pictures and trying to think himself into the whole idea of the master. We may be sure that the galleries of Italy had not been unvisited, for he owned that, despite the beauty of coloring in the pictures, he preferred form to color, and this opinion he never altered till he traveled through Egypt and the desert. There, watching the glorious tints of the distant mountains of Arabia, across the Gulf of Akaba, the intense blue of the water, the yellow sands, and perhaps the coral, and many beautiful shells strewed along the shore, the memories of the treasures of sculpture in Italy were vanquished, and he bowed to the superior power of color. It was his habit to sit up late at night, reading, with a wet towel round his head; and on one of these occasions he was frightened for the first and only time in his life. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he had been reading for several hours wholly absorbed in his book. The room was dark but for the two candles which burned on the table before him. Suddenly he became aware of something on the opposite side of the table, and, looking up in that

hesitating, doubtful way one does when absorbed in something else, he saw a figure all robed in white gazing full in his face. Before he had time to think he shrieked aloud, and thus woke the landlady, whose somnambulic figure it was that had just frightened him.

At last he fell ill of rheumatic fever and his mother came out to nurse him, and on his recovery they traveled home together by way of Holland. On the journey, Buckle, who was always eager to improve himself and to talk, entered into conversation with a Dutch fellow traveler. The man at first explained that he did not know English, but afterward found out that Buckle was speaking Dutch, the pronunciation of which he had hardly yet mastered, although he knew the language perfectly well. He kindly explained to Buckle where his faults lay, and they then got on better together.

The question of a profession naturally presented itself to Buckle as soon as he arrived home; the first consideration being that it should not absorb the whole of his time, but should give him sufficient opportunity to prosecute his studies in history. This was not an easy thing to find, for he well knew that, once thoroughly engaged in a profession, very little time is ever left for studies on other subjects. However, he at last decided in favor of the bar, for, even in the full swing and hurry of practice, he hoped in the long vacation to find time for further study; and, moreover, the preparation for the law would be a preparation for his other work. He accordingly consulted his cousin, Mr. John Buckle, in whose ability and judgment he had throughout his life the greatest confidence; but he strongly dissuaded him from taking this step on the score of his

delicate constitution ; pointing out to him that, with such bad health, he would be certain to break down just when he had achieved success in his profession ; and, so cogent did his arguments seem to Buckle, that he gave up all idea of it, and devoted himself entirely to his reading. He also frequently played chess ; but, symptoms of overwork showing themselves, his cousin again persuaded him to give chess up, with the exception of occasional games for relaxation ; and again Buckle followed his advice, though it did not prevent him from taking this form of relaxation almost every evening.

His second sister having married about this time, his mother took a house in London, in order that she might live with her son ; though London never agreed with her, and, year after year, she was confined to her room the greater part of the winter with bronchitis and asthma. The house was No. 59 Oxford Terrace ; not very large indeed, but having a room built out at the back about thirty feet square, which suited Buckle excellently well for a library. This room was shut off from the rest of the house by a small passage-room and four doors, and being lighted only by one window, in addition to the skylight, gave plenty of wall-space for bookcases. Little by little every available space was covered ; the cases had a piece added on all round, which made them reach from floor to ceiling, even the space over the door was covered, and the books overflowed until there was not a room in the house, from the bedrooms to the butler's pantry, that had them not.

He calculated that 22,000 volumes had been in his library ; but, as he used to sell those he did not want, there



were only about 11,000 in his library when he died. His table was fitted up with shelves all round, so that he could have all the books he wanted around him when he was adding references to his "History." Every book, moreover, was numbered and catalogued, so that not only could he find any work he wanted at once, but he could send his servant for it.

For fourteen years he worked here unknown to the literary world; and, unfortunately, we have no record of his life until the year 1850, when his "History" was already partly written, beyond the few chess-games which have been printed. That they were no idle years, we may infer from the "History" itself; but, still more from the fact that he read nearly all the books he had—that is, about three volumes daily—besides writing in every important book an epitome of its contents, learning more languages, and practicing style. He always read pencil in hand, and, when he had finished the book, wrote out in ink from his pencil-notes what he wished to remember. These, again, when they were notes on a book that he wished to "master," as he called it, he used to read frequently. Sometimes he read and reread a book twice or thrice, though his memory was so excellent and his industry in note-taking so great that he had not to do this very often. His system in reading was not to follow the book, but the subject. He would, for instance, in reading the history of England, not read a single work right through, but an important period like the age of the Renaissance in one work, say Hallam, then in Lingard, then in another, then go on to read the dispatches of ambassadors, then the lives of the great men of that age in various

biographical dictionaries, until having viewed the subject from every standpoint, and turned it over in his mind, he was "saturated," as he called it, with that period, and would go on to the next. At the same time he might have another subject in hand, such as physiology, which he would study in the same manner; and, perhaps a couple or so of languages.

By the year 1850 the total number of languages he knew was nineteen; namely—

- |                |                |                  |
|----------------|----------------|------------------|
| 1. English,    | 7. Dutch,      | 14. Maorian,     |
| 2. French,     | 8. Danish,     | 15. Russian,     |
| 3. German,     | 9. Walloon,    | 16. Anglo-Saxon, |
| 4. Italian,    | 10. Flemish,   | 17. Hebrew,      |
| 5. Spanish,    | 11. Swedish,   | 18. Greek,       |
| 6. Portuguese, | 12. Icelandic, | 19. Latin.       |
|                | 13. Frisiac,   |                  |

All of them distinct languages, as he observed, though some of them are similar to each other. The first seven he knew well, and could converse in them or write them with ease. With the rest he had a sufficient acquaintance to be able to read them without trouble; and, indeed, he never cared for a knowledge of any language excepting as a key to its literature. Their real value was this; for, as to talking them, one might travel through Europe with only a knowledge of French. "The vanity of people is so great that they will always talk to you in your own language, if they have but a smattering of it," he said. Of a man, who was pointed out to him at Cairo as very learned, because he knew eight languages, Buckle asked, "Has he done anything?" "No." "Then he is only fit

to be a courier.”<sup>24</sup> And this same carelessness of knowledge of languages, excepting as a means of knowledge, induced him to read foreign works, when possible, in translations; because it could be done quicker, and, in the case of German, with its horrible type, saved the eyes work, while the original could easily be referred to when it was necessary.

But, though he accumulated such vast stores of knowledge during these few years, his ambition was too great to allow him to write anything for immediate publication. Ambition, burning ambition, was his chief characteristic; and no idle vanity would induce him to write anything his maturer age might condemn, as so many great writers have done and repented in vain. “I made up my mind when I was a boy,” he said, “that, whatever I took up, I should be first in. I would rather be first as a shoe-black, than second in anything else.” Dr. Johnson said: “A man should write soon; for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice, to express his conceptions, will make the disproportion so great between what he sees and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all.”<sup>25</sup> But Buckle guarded against this by his greater industry. Though naturally gifted with a clear and logical style, he would not trust to nature on so important a point. Without a good style he thought no book of any value, because no book written in a bad style will find many readers, and until new truths are popularized they are of no value. He accordingly studied it daily for four hours a day during a

<sup>24</sup> “Atlantic Monthly” for April, 1863, pp. 494, 495.

<sup>25</sup> Boswell’s “Life,” Croker, London, 1848, p. 658.

considerable part of this period ; reading a few pages of Hallam, or Burke, or any other master, and then he would sit down to write the same thing in his own words. He would then compare the two, and find out "where it was that I wrote worse than they."<sup>26</sup> He read besides the best French authors for the same purpose ; and, so great was his industry that, although the regular study occupied him only a few years, he never considered that he had attained perfection, but continually studied how to write better. Even after the publication of his first volume we find the following entries in his diary : "Read Burke for the style" ; "made notes on style from Whately and H. Spencer" ; "began to read Johnson's English dictionary to enlarge my vocabulary" ; and "read Milton's prose works for the style—especially for the vocabulary."<sup>27</sup> "It was a valuable lesson," says Miss Shirreff, who knew him a few years later, "to hear him dissect an ill-constructed sentence, and point out how the meaning could have been brought out with full clearness by such and such changes." And the result of all this was, that he formed a style so perfectly clear and flowing that the reader is irresistibly carried along with the writer.

He composed always in the forenoon, "walking about the room, sometimes excitedly, his mind engrossed in the subject, until he had composed an entire paragraph, when he sat down and wrote it, never retouching, nor composing sentence by sentence, which he considered had a tendency to give an abrupt, jerky effect to what is writ-

<sup>26</sup> "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1863, p. 494.

<sup>27</sup> "Diary," 1859, March 16th ; September 9th and 12th ; October 25th ; November 22d.

ten. Traces of this, he thought, might be found in Macaulay's style."<sup>28</sup> When dissatisfied with what he had done, he would rather rewrite it altogether than attempt to alter the text as it stood ; and great parts of his history, more especially the brilliant perorations to the various chapters, were written more than once before they took their final shape. Hence it is that in his writings there is not a labored passage, and none of that mannerism which, though it may charm, is apt to tire the reader. It produces the exact effect required and no more. Here and there it rises, indeed, to fervid eloquence, seemingly without effort, by contrast with its ordinary plain and unornamented form, like a first-rate actor who reserves his voice until required for the passion of the piece, and always rather by the choice of apt words and suitable imagery, than by the rhythm and cadence of long and foreign words. Is there a finer passage in the English language than his peroration to the chapter on Spain, where he contrasts her torpor and self-satisfaction with the progress and competition in other states ? We are led up in a few words to a view of the hurry and bustle, the dazzle of new discoveries, the restlessness and noise of the greater part of Europe, when he suddenly breaks off just at the summit of our excitement to point at sleeping Spain. Could anything, again, be more tender than his passages on Burke, or (to turn to his essay) on death ? Anything more sad than his apology to the reader at the end of Chapter IV. of his second volume ? Anything more severe than his denunciation of the Scotch clergy, and of Mr. Justice Coleridge ? It was this that made his attacks so galling, and

<sup>28</sup> "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1863, p. 495.

gave him the power to punish. What he said of Mr. Coleridge, for instance, was not new; it had all been said before in Mr. Holyoake's pamphlet.<sup>29</sup> But the one having fulfilled its office is forgotten, while the other will live for ever, a monument to liberty and to his power of style.

Hard as he worked during all these years, they were the happiest of his life. Then he could indulge the "hopes that belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life, when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core; and when, the bitterness of disappointment not having yet been felt, difficulties are unheeded, obstacles are unseen, ambition is a pleasure instead of a pang, and, the blood coursing swiftly through the veins, the pulse beats high, while the heart throbs at the prospect of the future."<sup>30</sup> His chief enjoyment in life was reading, although he did not despise sensual enjoyments, which should never be left out altogether, as he points out in his "History,"<sup>31</sup> but only subordinated to the general weal, and, if possible, to intellectual enjoyment which is so much more exquisite to those who can appreciate it, albeit they are few compared to the immense number of those who can live happily with mere sensual enjoyments. "There are two

<sup>29</sup> Though Buckle did not obtain his facts from that pamphlet, and indeed did not see it until some time after his essay was published.

<sup>30</sup> "History of Civilization," etc., vol. ii., p. 328. London, 1861. Throughout this work I shall quote from this edition of the second volume, as the only one its author revised; and from the 1858 edition of vol. i. as the last the author revised.

<sup>31</sup> Vol. ii., p. 400.

things," he said, "for which I never grudge money—books and cigars." And on the former he spent about £300 a year, only buying them for the subject, since he did not care to spend money on mere luxury when there were so many calls on his limited income necessitated by his delicate state of health. On cigars he could not have spent very much; for in later life he used to smoke very little, and when he was a young man he used to smoke pipes as well as cigars. In Germany he smoked their national pipe, of which he had a large collection; and in March, 1843, he notes in his diary that he went to a shop in Cromer Street, "where I saw the process of pipe-making and ordered a *gross* of clay pipes." He afterward found, however, that he could no longer smoke pipes; and it was only when he traveled in Egypt and tried the long chibouk with mild latakieh, that he again took to them. "Those who delight in the exquisite flavor of tobacco," he writes in his "Commonplace-Book,"<sup>22</sup> "and above all those who have experienced its soothing influence over an irritated brain, may form some idea of the enthusiasm with which it was welcomed by all classes." And this "soothing influence" was so necessary to him that he never would accept an invitation to any house where he might not smoke. One cigar after breakfast, one before dinner, and one in bed, when he used to read some light book to compose his thoughts and prevent an exciting train of speculation, was his usual allowance; and he said that he could neither read, write, nor talk, if forced to forego his smoke; or, Miss Shirreff adds, if he was forced to overpass by much his usual hour for indulging in it.

<sup>22</sup> "Posthumous Works," vol. iii., p. 529, Art. 64.

But though he never denied himself a book that he wanted, or a good cigar, he was exceedingly careful (some charitable people say, miserly) with his money. He himself points out in his notes on Queen Elizabeth the difference between avariciousness and parsimony. "It has been a common charge against Elizabeth that she was avaricious. But those who bring that charge confound parsimony with avarice. She was parsimonious, and in this she only did her duty in saving the money of her subjects, a duty which it would be well if sovereigns of the present day would imitate, instead of squandering a large part of the resources of the country in petty amusements not fit to occupy the leisure of a girl who has just emerged from the nursery. Camden truly says, 'The truth is, she was provident and frugal to a great degree, and scarce spent anything but in the necessary support of her royal character, the defense of her kingdom, or the relief of her neighbors.'"<sup>88</sup> And we may say of him: the truth is, he was provident and frugal to a great degree, and scarce spent anything but in the necessary support of his literary character, the defense of his health, or the relief of his neighbors. To accuse a man of not dealing properly with his money, is not only an impertinence, because it is no business of the accuser to decide how another man's money should be spent; but it is a blunder, since the accuser can never know what the man's expenditures and charities are. Hard indeed must be the heart that, seeing the miseries in this world, will not attempt to relieve them; and, though most men of sense know that charity does harm except in special cases, yet few men of ordinary sensibility can do

<sup>88</sup> "Posthumous Works," vol. iii., p. 619.



such violence to their feelings as thoroughly to act up to their knowledge. It was in talking on this subject that a friend of his accidentally heard of some of his charities. When he was accosted by a beggar in the streets, he said, "I ask his name and address; in nine cases out of ten it was a false one; but though the slums and narrow streets I had to visit were very disagreeable, yet the pleasure of giving bread to a starving family in the tenth case repaid me many times over for all my trouble." These charities took nothing from his time, for he made it a rule to walk seven miles in the course of the day, whatever the weather might be, and therefore had plenty of opportunity for this and for other business.

His income was not large, and perhaps never exceeded £1,500 a year. He was therefore obliged, if he wished to live comfortably, to live economically. No one understood the real value of wealth better than he; it "is a real and substantial thing, which ministers to our pleasures, increases our comfort, multiplies our resources, and not unfrequently alleviates our pains. . . . We constantly hear of the sinfulness of loving money; although it is certain that, after the love of knowledge, there is no one passion which has done so much good to mankind as the love of money."<sup>24</sup> He was very accurate in his accounts; and not only invested his own money, but gave his friends good and, as they found, valuable advice on the subject. To one friend, for instance, who has kindly sent me some reminiscences, he explained the necessity for persons with fixed incomes to be saving. For the value of money is constantly diminishing, while the cost of living as con-

<sup>24</sup> "History of Civilization," etc., vol. ii., pp. 311, 404.

stantly increases; and hence the necessary expenses increase as the power to meet them decreases. Every prudent person should, therefore, lay by so much of his income as will suffice to maintain its purchasing power. He himself paid cash for everything he bought, and was careful to get discount. Once, indeed, when he had bought a new carpet from a man who had promised him discount for cash, and then asked for the whole sum, Buckle quietly returned the unpaid bill to his pocket, and told him to call for payment that day two years. At one time he used to go to the butcher himself to select his meat, and see his steaks cut. He said he had "cultivated" an attention to cookery, and, certainly, was a first-rate judge of good and bad, though a moderate eater. He only ate toast on Mondays, because on that day the bread was more than one day old; but his servant had to bring up the toasting-fork into the dining-room and make the toast as required. No woman, he said, could make tea until he had taught her; the great thing was to have it very hot; the cups and even the spoons should be warmed. The tea was to stand a little longer when the tea-caddy was rather full, to allow time for the leaves to unroll; but at the bottom of the caddy there were more broken leaves, and hence so much time need not be allowed. "It's the only time my servants are afraid of me," he said, "when I am at my meals." And he might have added, "before my meals, when they are unpunctual." Indeed, he prided himself on the cultivation of his senses as well as his intellect; and on his practicality as well as his speculative powers; though he despised those "whose knowledge is almost confined to what passes around them, and who, on

account of their ignorance, are termed practical men.”<sup>28</sup> Yet still more did he grieve that “genius” should always be associated in the minds of men with a want of knowledge of the world. “As yet,” he says, in his “Review” on Mill’s “Liberty”—“as yet, and in the present early and unformed state of society, literary men are, notwithstanding a few exceptions, more prone to improvidence than the members of any other profession; and, being also more deficient in practical knowledge, it too often happens that they are regarded as clever visionaries, fit to amuse the world, but unfit to guide it.” He looked upon the profession of letters as so high, that it was disgraced by this too common failing and lost the power that was due to it, and good for the world, provided that failing was amended. Hence his admiration for Mill, who not only was a great thinker, but a practical man. Much more does he say on this subject, both here and in the “History of Civilization,” but most of all does he inveigh against the complacency with which men of genius, “the salt of the earth,” run into debt and accept pensions. The very existence of literary pensions is an insult to literature. “In a merchant, or a tradesman, such a confession of recklessness [as Comte’s] would have been considered disgraceful; and why are men of genius to have a lower code than merchants or tradesmen? . . . To break stones on the highway is far more honorable than to receive such alms.” And he practiced what he preached. But, on the other hand, no charge could be more untenable than avarice in his case, when he might have made several thousand a year by writing essays like Macaulay (he had actual offers

<sup>28</sup> “History of Civilization,” etc., vol. ii., p. 810.

of five pounds a page for anything he chose to write), or those ephemeral articles which are written by men whom necessity or desire of gain compels to write regardless of their reputation.

At a time when he taught his servant to bind his tattered books for him in brown paper, he made repeated offers of money to some friends, which, though never accepted, were none the less earnestly reiterated. "I do most earnestly hope," he says, "that no inducement will make your husband go home too soon, and would you and he, my dear friends, pardon me if I remind you that the offer which I made to him last summer still remains open, and always will do so? Your husband must be amused and have all his home comforts in traveling, or else he will not reap the full benefit of the change. I know, I *feel*, that he will get quite well and strong, and that you will be as happy as heretofore, but for this expense which is inevitable, and you have no brothers or father to apply to. Why, then, will you not let me do what will be not the *least inconvenience* to me, and only cost me the signing of the paper? Let me pay £100 to your bankers, and, to show that it is a mere matter of business, and to prevent your husband feeling under any obligation to me, I will take his written promise to repay me in five years from this date. I should have proposed this before, but I felt a delicacy in repeating my former offer. But now that Dr. — has given this new and, I firmly believe, sound opinion, I can not avoid suggesting what will add to your comfort and not diminish mine. Even if you both determine again to refuse it for the moment, will you clearly understand that, if it is likely to be useful, you are to write

to me, and you will give me a pleasure far greater than any you have ever yet conferred on me?"

One of the chief causes of his careful economy, in later life at all events, was the resolve not to marry before he had £3,000 a year. "I expect so much in my wife," he once said, "that I can not look for money too"; and with his ideas on education he considered he would not be justified in marrying on less. He would not have sent his children to school except for the benefit of association with their fellows; he would have taught them himself by word of mouth. In the words of Recha—

"Mein Vater liebt  
Die kalte Buchgelehrsamkeit, die sich  
Mit todten Zeichen ins Gehirn nur drückt,  
Zu wenig."

And thought as Sittah:

"So hängt  
Sich freilich alles besser an. So lernt  
Mit eins die ganze Seele."<sup>26</sup>

As was exemplified in the case of the two boys whom he took with him to the East. His sons should learn to swim and to fence; either might save their life. But, above all, they should travel. Traveling was the greatest educator, as it was also the most expensive.

But, although he was right in this, as far as his future sons were concerned, it was as regards himself the great mistake of his life. Already, at the early age of seventeen, he had fallen in love with a cousin, but found that she was unluckily engaged to another cousin. The fortunate rival was challenged to a personal combat, but,

<sup>26</sup> Lessing, "Nathan der Weise," Act v., Sc. vi.

however it resulted, the lady's destiny does not appear to have been altered thereby. About this time he fell in love with another cousin, a noble-hearted, generous girl, above the common in understanding, with a very large fortune, and with a liking for him. It is truly sad to think that this marriage, so suitable to both parties, and so important for him, should have been prevented by the gross folly and superstition of the world; a superstition that he also was probably imbued with at the time, or he would never have submitted to it. The two cousins had been thrown much together, but as soon as their respective mothers noticed their growing affection, inspired by the false and immoral idea that marriages between cousins are harmful, everything was done to discourage it. It is not my business here to point out what a world of mischief such opposition, as every other opposition to the due exercise of harmless personal liberty, has caused; that I have done elsewhere;<sup>37</sup> but the result in this case was that his mother's death left him alone, unaccustomed to loneliness, with no one by his side able to alleviate so terrible a loss.

His diary only begins again with the 21st March, 1850.<sup>38</sup> His book was begun before this date, for we have the entry, "From 9.30 to 12 wrote my Book"; and he

<sup>37</sup> "The Marriage of Near Kin," London, 1875.

<sup>38</sup> But in such a manner that it is almost impossible to believe but that some of it, at least, has been lost. It opens without a word of introduction, and just as subsequent volumes begin. If other volumes of the diary existed, we have lost with them all account of the course of his reading, and of his movements at a period concerning which there is no supplementary information by letters, the only correspondent who has letters in his possession written during this period, that I know of, having refused to allow me to see them.

was hard at work studying physiology and botany. He bought a microscope, and went to Kew with Dr. Lewis (whose lectures he attended) "to botanize"; and also attended the lectures on the physiology of animals and vegetables, by Mr. Brande, at the Apothecaries' Hall. At this time his mother appears already to have been a real invalid; for, during a tour in Brittany, he writes, "Walked from 2.45 to 3.45, Jenny and I together—so that she can now walk famously." They had gone on this tour alone; and a few extracts from his diary will show what chiefly interested him. He began, as he always did when about to travel, by reading up on the subject a quantity of guide-books, tourists' books, and historical and archæological works. They started from Paris to Orleans, where he "walked about that curious old town," and saw the museum, "which contains a very curious collection of antiquities found in Orleans—among these things two very singular forks." Thence they went to Blois, where he saw the castle, "which is very interesting." Through Tours to Saumur, whence he "walked about one and a half mile and saw a Druidical dolmen. It is curious and singularly complete, being in this latter respect much superior to Stonehenge, though not so large. On our return we went to see the museum in the Hôtel de Ville, where there are some flint knives (supposed to be Druidical), found near the dolmens. They reminded me of the description given by Prescott of the knives with which the Mexicans cut up their victims." To Angers, Nantes, Auray, whence they drove to Carnac, "where we saw high mass, and walked to the famous Druidical remains. The stones are *said* to be twelve thousand, but none exceed

eighteen feet in height, and the *coup-d'œil* is very inferior to that of Stonehenge." The next day they went "in a sailing and rowing boat down the river Auray, and saw the Druidical remains at Lemariakes. They are curious, and one of them—a menhir—before it was broken, was from eighty to ninety feet in height." There are no more remarks till he came to St. Malo, where he went to Mount Michel, "with which we were delighted." At Bayeux, "Jenny and I went to see the tapestry which is at the library," and they also visited the cathedral; while in the evening he went to a *café*, and played chess "with a very bad player."

Short and dry as this journal is, it confirms, as far as it goes, the little interest he took in scenery as compared with man, and, as an illustration of the way in which he worked, I give a list of books he read during this tour: Montesquieu, "Esprit des Lois," "Lettres Persanes," and "Temple de Gnide"; Corneille's "Plays"; Shakespeare; Cousin, "Littérature" and "Philosophie Moderne"; Copefigue, "La Réforme et la Ligue"; Voltaire's "Louis XIV."; Schiller, "Geschichte des Abfalls der vereinigten Niederlande von der spanischen Regierung"; Todd's "Life of Cranmer"; Blackstone's "Commentaries on the English Law"; Reeve's "History of English Law"; Tremenville, "Antiquités de la Bretagne"; Caumont, "Architecture Religieuse au Moyen Age"; Knight, "Architectural Tour in Normandy"; Dawson Turner, "Tour in Normandy"; and Murray's "Handbook." This was what he thought necessary for a month's tour. At home, of course, he read more; his hours of work being about seven to eight hours a day, and to gain more time he began to eat only bread



and fruit for lunch, "to keep the digestion and the brains clear," and often ate this as he walked.

For a man who valued his time so highly, it was a considerable sacrifice to consent to act on the committee of the Great Chess Tournament which was to be held in conjunction with the Exhibition of 1851. The members, as described by the "Illustrated London News,"<sup>22</sup> were :

"His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, representing the chess-players of Oxfordshire and the central counties.

"The Right Hon. Lord Cremorne, representing the chess-players of Ireland.

"The Right Hon. Lord A. Hay, representing the chess-players of Scotland.

"The Hon. H. T. Liddell, M. P., representing the chess-players of Northumberland and the north of England.

"J. M. Gaskell, Esq., M. P., and M. Wyvill, Esq., M. P., representing the chess-players of Yorkshire and the Yorkshire Chess Association.

"C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M. P., representing the chess-players of Wales.

"Captain Kennedy, M. P., representing the chess-players of Brighton and the south of England.

"Sir Charles Marshall, B. Smith, Esq., A. Fonblanque, Esq., and H. G. Catley, Esq., representing the chess-players of the metropolis.

"H. T. Buckle, Esq., the winner of the Chess Tournament at the Strand Divan, in 1849.

<sup>22</sup> Vol. xviii., No. 471, p. 163, February 22, 1851.

“W. Lewis, Esq., the eminent chess-writer, the tutor of McDonnell, and the rival of Deschapelles.

“H. Staunton, Esq., the present holder of the chess scepter.

“The three last-named may be fairly taken to represent chess-players generally, without reference to locality or country, having won more than European fame.”

This Chess Tournament, which was to be associated with the Exhibition, and help to inaugurate an era of universal peace and goodwill, began, continued, and ended in quarrel. First, the London Chess Club began a quarrel with the St. George's Chess Club, a far more numerous and powerful body and the founder of the movement, and the chess papers were full of bitter personalities. After the Chess Tournament, disappointed players charged each other with every kind of treachery, and disputes resounded from all parts of Europe. The Tournament began with eight matches, the opponents in each chosen by lot, but Buckle, though he paid his entrance fee, could not give the necessary time, and did not play. This was perhaps fortunate, since in these first eight matches each pair of players played a rubber of only three games, by far too little to exclude the element of chance, and, being paired by lot, some of the best players were pitted against each other, and hence superior men were thrown out of all further competition, while inferior and quite second-rate players were allowed to continue in the Tournament. The eight winners then again drew lots for opponents, but, wiser by experience, each pair was to play for the best out of seven games, and after these the winners were again paired, until the results were declared as follows: First,

Anderssen ; second, Wyvill ; third, Williams ; fourth, Staunton ; fifth, Szen ; sixth, Captain Kennedy ; seventh, Horwitz ; eighth, Mucklow. This absurd result, partly due to the causes already mentioned, and partly to the fact that Mr. Staunton was suffering from illness at the time, led to the more sensible arrangement of a series of picked matches. "The arrival of the celebrated Russian amateur, Major Jaenisch," says Mr. Staunton, "and the unexpected appearance in the lists of Mr. Buckle, one of our most accomplished players, gave increased importance and interest to these contests. The first match on the tapis was played between Mr. Buckle and Mr. Loewenthal. It had been previously agreed by the committee that each of these combats should be determined by one of the players winning seven games, but, as Mr. Buckle's engagements would not permit him to undertake so long a match, an exception was made in this case, and victory was to be his who first scored *four* games." "The first game was played in the rooms of the St. George's Chess Club, Cavendish Square, on the 26th July, and Loewenthal beat him. Buckle won the second, lost the third, and, at the fourth, after playing from two o'clock to eight, Loewenthal declared he could hold out no longer, and they adjourned. "I have much the best position," says Buckle in his diary, "and I think a won game." The next day he did win it, and again won the following game after a five hours' contest. Loewenthal declined playing the two following days, and on the third, Buckle, after waiting some time, received a message that his adversary had "a bad headache and could not come." But the next day they met, and after a

<sup>40</sup> "Staunton's Chess Tournament," London, 1873, p. lxxii., etc.

game of nine hours' duration Buckle was beaten. They were now three to three, and the next must decide the victory, which was gained by Buckle in a six hours' game. During these days he worked on as usual up to about one o'clock, then played his match, and afterward, if there was time, went on to the Divan. The only exception he made was after the nine hours' game, when he writes, "In bed at 11.30, but was too tired to read."

He afterward played a series of fifteen games with the winner of the Chess Tournament, M. Anderssen, who was then at the height of his strength, and won by a majority of one.<sup>41</sup> And, of the remaining winners in the Chess Tournament, Buckle had played in 1843 with Wyvill, and this game, the only one recorded between these players, he lost.<sup>42</sup> Of the recorded games between Buckle and the third winner, Williams, Buckle won three out of six.<sup>43</sup>

With Staunton, I understand, Buckle had a match by telegraph between London and Dover, after the tournament,<sup>44</sup> and beat him; but there do not seem to be any recorded games since the year 1842, when Buckle took the odds of pawn and move, and won two out of three games.<sup>45</sup>

<sup>41</sup> "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth Edition, Article "Chess," by W. N. P. One game only, so far as I know, has been published; see the "Chess Player," edited by Kling and Horwitz, p. 112, No. 14, for October 18, 1851, London.

<sup>42</sup> "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. xii., p. 6. London, 1851.

<sup>43</sup> Williams, "Horæ Divanianæ," pp. 116-119, London, 1852; and the "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. x., 1849, pp. 113, 115.

<sup>44</sup> "Chess Player's Magazine," p. 40, February, 1864.

<sup>45</sup> The "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. iv., pp. 195, 198, 201. London, 1843.

Eleven games are recorded with Captain Kennedy ; of which Buckle won four, lost three, and drew four.<sup>46</sup>

With Horwitz only one game is recorded, which Buckle won.<sup>47</sup>

With Szen and Mucklow he never played.

Of the players in the first match who were beaten, Buckle had played Kieseritzki, Loewenthal, and Bird ; and, on the whole, proved superior to each.<sup>48</sup>

Two years before "La Régence" had written : "Il y a déjà quelques années que nous avons fait la connaissance de M. Buckle. Tout jeune encore alors, cet amateur annonçait déjà par la sévérité de ces combinaisons une puissance de calcul et d'imagination qui devait s'élever bientôt aux sommités de la science, et c'est peut-être aujourd'hui le plus redoutable adversaire que Londres puisse présenter à M. Staunton. Quelques efforts encore, et cette jeune intelligence pourra revendiquer sa part de la couronne."<sup>49</sup> And certainly Buckle was in 1851 entitled to the championship not only of all England but of the

<sup>46</sup> "Illustrated London News," vol. vi., p. 144, No. 148, for March 1, 1845 ; vol. vii., p. 267. No. 182, for October 25, 1845. The "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. vi., pp. 331-336, 360-363 ; vol. vii., pp. 46, 47 ; vol. viii., p. 353. London, 1846 and 1847.

<sup>47</sup> The "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. ix., p. 46. London, 1849.

<sup>48</sup> With Kieseritzki there are eleven recorded games, of which Buckle won five, and drew two ; but in the first he took the odds of queen's bishop. (See "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. iv., 1843, p. 196 ; vol. ix., 1849, p. 260 ; "La Régence," No. 1 for January, 1849, p. 28 ; No. 2, for February, pp. 50-53 ; No. 3, for March, pp. 80-84 ; No. 4, for April, pp. 109-111 ; No. 8, for August, 1851, pp. 241-246.) With Bird, Buckle won one out of four recorded games, and drew one ; but in the two he lost gave the odds of pawn and move. See the "Chess Player's Chronicle," vol. xi., 1850, pp. 76, 174 ; and the "Field," vol. i., p. 61, No. 4, for January 22, 1853 ; and p. 77, No. 5, for January 29th.

<sup>49</sup> "La Régence," pp. 44, 45, No. 2, for February, 1849.

whole world. Such a case has probably never occurred before of an amateur who was so thoroughly an amateur as only to play for his amusement, and devote no time to the mere study of the game, obtaining so great a victory. But these victories took more out of him, as he said, than he was willing to give to any such "frivolous triumph" again; and, much as he loved the game, he never played in a public match in London again, although he visited the Divan at least twice a week.

## CHAPTER II.

Early Scheme of the "History"—Ill-health of Mrs. Buckle—Tour in Ireland—The Dublin Chess Club—Love of Society—Brilliancy of Conversation—Ready Memory—Visit to the Crystal Palace—Mrs. Buckle's Conversation—Letters to Mrs. Grey and Miss Shirreff—Serious Illness of Mrs. Buckle—Completion of Vol. I. of the "History"—Difficulties of Publication—Illness—Increasing Weakness of Mrs. Buckle—The Dedication—Publication of the "History"—Criticism.

So early as the year 1852 Buckle hoped to be able to publish the first volume of his "History"; and even talked to a publisher about it. But, as he went on, his horizon enlarged, and he never seemed to be able to get any nearer completion. And yet he had already restricted himself to the history of English civilization. The main lines of the history as we have it were already laid down in an account furnished to Lord Kintore<sup>1</sup> at his request in February, 1853.

"You wish me to write a few words upon the object and tendency of that 'History of English Civilization,' on which I have been now for some years engaged. It is very difficult to give in two or three lines a clear idea of so extensive a subject. But I may say generally that I have been long convinced that the progress of every people is regulated by principles—or, as they are called, laws—as

<sup>1</sup> Of which Lord Kintore has very kindly given me a copy, and for which I here take the opportunity of thanking him.

regular and as certain as those which govern the physical world. To discover those laws is the object of my work. With a view to this, I propose to take a general survey of the moral, intellectual, and legislative peculiarities of the great countries of Europe ; and I hope to point out the circumstances under which those peculiarities have arisen. This will lead to a perception of certain relations between the various stages through which each people have progressively passed. Of these *general* relations, I intend to make a *particular* application ; and, by a careful analysis of the history of England, show how they have regulated our civilization, and how the successive and apparently the arbitrary forms of our opinions, our literature, our laws, and our manners, have naturally grown out of their antecedents.

“This is the general scheme of my work ; and its merits, if it has any, will depend on the fidelity with which I carry that scheme into execution, and on the success of my attempt to rescue history from the hands of annalists, chroniclers, and antiquaries.”

But though the scheme was there, and we can detect no alteration in it as published in the “History,” there was a vast increase in illustration and in proof. Again and again he went back to subjects which had already been carefully studied, as the course of his work brought them forward in turn ; and, at the same time, he supplemented and added to his old authorities a host of new ones. On August 31, 1851, for instance, there is the entry in his diary : “Read the remarks on inflammation in Carpenter’s ‘Physiology,’ and began to read the elaborate discussions of the same subject in Williams’s ‘Principles of Medi-



cine.' This is to prepare me for fully understanding the views put forward by Hunter and Cullen." Yet he had read both these works before. And again, on January 27, 1852, "Finished Combe's 'Cerebellum,' and read the arguments against phrenology in Carpenter's 'Human Physiology.' I intend now to begin the study of phrenology to determine its bearings upon the philosophy of history"; and, on February 11: "Read Combe's 'Elements of Phrenology,' which I compared with a phrenological bust I bought to-day."<sup>1</sup>

But now the first warning frost of the winter of his happiness was felt. In June, 1852, his mother was ill, and he himself began to show signs of overwork. In November she got worse, and even his sanguine nature began to be alarmed: "December 11, 1852. . . . From 10.20 to 2, wrote my book, but could do little, being detained by a long conversation with F——, and thinking about dearest Jenny, who, I fear, is very poorly." But by January she was out of danger for the present; the doctors "said their former apprehensions had subsided, and that Jenny would now certainly get well."<sup>2</sup> In the summer of 1853, Mrs. Buckle was moved from Brighton, where she had been so ill, to Tunbridge Wells; whence her son writes, as follows (Tunbridge Wells, May 18): "Since I have been here, I have been extremely busy, and my book goes on famously. Indeed, when one is in the country there is nothing to do but to look *inward*, for neither

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to note that, while Comte continually speaks of phrenology as an incontestable truth, Buckle patiently studies both sides of the question, and finally discards its claims; for it is not mentioned in his "History."

<sup>2</sup> January 23, 1853.

the brogue of the peasants nor the bleating of the sheep is sufficiently suggestive to direct the mind *without*. I read a good deal, and, what is more to the purpose, I have *thought* much since I have been here. However, I won't tell you of this, but what I am happy to say is that my mother is certainly better. She sends her kind love to you, and is sorry you did not make up your mind to come down here. I shall not say *I* am sorry, because you might think me hypocritical, and I *have* a moral character to keep up—you *say* as much about yourself as you *care* for yourself—and that is nothing, so that I have no idea if you are better, but suppose you are in this glorious weather. If it remains as fine, I shall think less harshly of nature than formerly. I am indeed glad that you have been so industrious. You are laying up permanent pleasure—a pleasure that often survives all others—for, if anything is immortal, I am sure it is knowledge.”

Though Mrs. Buckle considered her health so critical that she made her will, her son seemed to think that she had almost recovered, and made a tour in Ireland. He had found a change necessary for his health, and, after hesitating for a little whether he should go to Hanover or to Ireland, he decided on the latter. The same characteristics as before are observable in the remarks he makes in his diary on this tour; there is hardly any mention of scenery excepting that he says he went in a boat “round the magnificent cove and harbor” of Queenstown, while he continually notices the doings of man: “Took a car to the round tower at Clondalkin; very perfect and curious; the first round tower I have seen.” “Walked about four miles on the road to Bray, and saw near Kithney Hill the

ruins of an extremely curious church, about sixth century," "saw the remarkable ruins on 'the Rock of Cashel.'" At Dublin he saw the exhibition, and poked about in the book-shops. At one of these he entered into conversation with the owner, who described the Dublin Chess Club, of which he was a member, as consisting of wonderful players, "far superior to the Saxon"; and added all sorts of praise, making out that their best players could beat Staunton. Finally he took Buckle to the club, and he sat down with the best. The player gave him the odds of pawn and move, and Buckle saw at once that the man was no match for him. However, he would not beat him at once, but played with him as a cat with a mouse, doubling him up into positions from which he could not move without a woful amount of disaster. Buckle, of course, won; and his adversary, thinking that he must by some accident have opened his game badly and blocked himself up, tried again, and again he was beaten even more speedily than before. Buckle then suggested that perhaps they had better play equal. But again his adversary was treated in the same way. Finally he gave the odds of rook and pawn, and beat him thoroughly again. As he left, the secretary politely asked him who he was. They had never been treated so before. And Buckle, who wished to take the conceit out of his friend, explained that he was only known as an amateur in London.

Although, as yet, entirely unknown to fame, Buckle had already made many friends through his great conversational talent, and began to be known in London society. Wherever he dined the guests were struck with his remarkable powers, and were anxious to make his acquaint-

tance. His nature was anything but that of a "recluse." Though in later life he preferred his own impressions on reading a play to any interpretation by an actor, he used at one time to go to see Rachel, Kean, and Macready. He himself acted occasionally in charades at his sister's house, and had no aversion to fancy balls. To one of these, or rather to a masked ball, he intended going in the character of Mr. Mantalini, and then changing to that of Mrs. Malaprop; and, like himself, read up for them. But he actually appeared in "the characters first of Mantalini in *Nickleby*, and afterward of a canting Methodist." Mr. Hallam had introduced him also to the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Literary Society, on the committee of which latter he served in 1852; and, as we have seen, he was well known to chess-players, and belonged to the St. George's Club. While his mother was well enough, he gave dinners during the season of from eight to eighteen persons two or three times a week, and dined out himself frequently. Indeed, he could not bear dining alone, and, if without any special invitation, he would drop in upon some of his relations or more intimate friends to spend the evening. Of his talk, Miss Shirreff truly observes: "The brilliancy of Mr. Buckle's conversation was too well known to need mention; but what the world did not know was how entirely it was the same among a few intimates with whom he felt at home as it was at a large party where success meant celebrity. His talk was the outpouring of a full and earnest mind, it had more matter than wit, more of book knowledge than of personal observation. The favorite maxim of many dinner-table talkers, '*Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas,*' was certainly

not his. He loved to go to the bottom of a subject, unless he found that his opponent and himself stood on ground so different, or started from such opposite principles, as to make ultimate agreement hopeless, and then he dropped or turned the subject. His manner of doing this unfortunately gave offense at times, while he not seldom wearied others by keeping up the ball, and letting conversation merge into discussion. He was simply bent on getting at the truth, and, if he believed himself to hold it, he could with difficulty be made to understand that others might be impatient while he set it forth. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that if too fond of argument, and sometimes too prone to self-assertion, his temper in discussion was perfect; he was a most candid opponent and a most admirable listener." His memory was almost faultless, and always ready to assist and illustrate his wonderful powers of explanation. "Pages of our great prose writers," says Miss Shirreff, "were impressed on his memory. He could quote passage after passage with the same ease as others quote poetry; while of poetry itself he was wont to say, 'it stamps itself on the brain.' Truly did it seem that, without effort on his part, all that was grandest in English poetry had become, so to speak, a part of his mind. Shakespeare, ever first, then Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, were so familiar to him that he seemed ever ready to recall a passage, and often to recite it with an intense delight in its beauty which would have made it felt by others naturally indifferent." It was the same in all that was best in French literature: in Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and, above all, Molière. Captain Kennedy recalls an instance of this ready memory on

an occasion when they were in company together. The conversation turned on telling points in the drama, and one of the party cited that scene in "Horace"<sup>4</sup> which so struck Boileau, where Horace is lamenting the disgrace which he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in the combat with the Curiaces. "Que voulez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?" asks Julie; and the old man passionately exclaims, "Qu'il mourût!" Buckle agreed that it was very fine, and immediately recited the whole scene from its commencement, giving the dialogue with much spirit and effect.

On another occasion, he happened to be dining at the same house with Prior, and chanced to remark on the happiness of Burke's simile of the claim of right to tax America to a claim of the right to shear a wolf.<sup>5</sup> Prior then knew nothing of Buckle, and, forgetting his own quotation in his "Life of Burke," or confusing it, in his mind, with what he says just before of Sheridan, contradicted him, and said the simile belonged to the latter. A neighbor whispered to Buckle, "Take care what you say; that is Prior, who wrote Burke's life." Buckle was silent, but only for a minute; and then he came out with the whole paragraph of that magnificent onslaught: "Are we yet to be told of the rights for which we went to war? Oh, excellent rights! Oh, valuable rights! Valuable you should be, for we have paid dear at parting with you! Oh, valuable rights! that have cost Britain thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money! Oh, wonderful rights! that have lost

<sup>4</sup> Corneille, "Horace," act iii., sc. vi.

<sup>5</sup> "Westminster Papers," vol. vi., p. 24, No. 62, for June, 1873.

to Great Britain her empire on the ocean, her boasted, grand, and substantial superiority, which made the world bend before her! Oh, inestimable rights! that have taken from us our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; that have taken from us our trade, our manufactures, and our commerce; that have reduced us from the most flourishing empire in the world to be one of the most compact, unenviable powers on the face of the globe! Oh, wonderful rights! that are likely to take from us all that yet remains! What were these rights? Could any man describe them; could any man give them a body and a soul answerable to all these mighty costs? We did all this because we had a right to do it; that was exactly the fact. 'And all this we dared to because we dared.' We had a right to tax America, says the noble lord; and, as we had a right, we must do it. We must risk everything, we will forfeit everything, we will think of no consequences, we will take no consideration into our view but our right, we will consult no ability, we will not measure our right with our power, but we will have our right, we will have our bond. America, give us our bond; next your heart—we will have it: the pound of flesh is ours, and we will have it. This was their language. Oh, miserable and infatuated men! miserable and undone country! not to know that right signified nothing without might; that the claim without the power of enforcing it was nugatory and idle in the copyhold of rival states, or of immense bodies! Oh! says a silly man, full of his prerogative of dominion over a few beasts of the field, there is excellent wool on the back of a wolf, and therefore he must be sheared. What! shear a wolf? Yes.

But will he comply? have you considered the trouble? how will you get this wool? Oh, I have considered nothing, and I will consider nothing but my right: a wolf is an animal that has wool; all animals that have wool are to be shorn, and therefore I will shear the wolf."

After this Buckle and Prior soon became acquainted; and the latter dined at Buckle's house in 1855.

Despite his wonderful memory, Buckle would never allow himself to trust to it entirely. Every book he read was full of notes, sometimes a regular abstract of the contents; and every quotation in his work, as it came from the press, was carefully compared with the original. He used to carry about a little note-book in his pocket, in which he would write down such things as dates and long quotations he wished to remember, and this he would consult from time to time during his walks. For poetry this was hardly necessary, but a page or two of prose he was obliged to read over three or four times before he knew it by heart. Vast, too, as was the extent of his reading, everything was happily digested and always ready when required, so that, unlike those whose "much reading" interferes with and obstructs their thoughts, with him, the more he read the more his powers increased. Another gift, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of hearing his apt quotations, was the beautiful modulation and flexibility of his voice, which, though he cared nothing for music, was extremely musical. Miss Shirreff describes his voice and intonation as peculiar; "his delivery was impassioned as if another soul spoke through his usually calm exterior; and it seemed to me of many a familiar passage that I



never had known its full power and beauty till I heard it from his lips."

With Miss Shirreff and her sister, Mrs. Grey, Buckle became acquainted in 1854. "A valued friend of ours," writes the former, "had known Mr. Buckle and his mother for some time, and paid us the compliment of thinking we should appreciate him." A dinner was accordingly arranged, and that Buckle appreciated the introduction is shown by the entry in his diary, that he met "a Mrs. Grey and her sister, two remarkably accomplished women." "It was a house," says Miss Shirreff, "in which good conversation was valued, and where, consequently, the guests contributed their best. Talk flowed on, mostly on literary or speculative subjects, and Mr. Buckle was brilliant and original beyond even what we had been led to expect. His appearance struck us as remarkable, though he had no pretension to good looks. He had fine eyes, and a massive, well-shaped head; but premature baldness made the latter rather singular than attractive; and beyond a look of power, in the upper part of his face especially, there was nothing to admire. He was tall, but his figure had no elasticity; it denoted the languor of the mere student, one who has had no early habit of bodily exercise. } The same fact could be read in his hand, which was well-shaped, but had that peculiar stamp that marks one trained to wield a pen only. . . . In society his manner was very simple and quiet, though easily roused to excitement by conversation; and we found later that, in intimate intercourse, a boyish playfulness often varied his habitually earnest conversation on the great subjects which were never long absent from his thoughts." "That first meeting led to many others,

at our own house or among friends; quiet evening or long afternoon talks, in which he sometimes was led to forget the rigid method of his hours. It was less easy to know his mother, for she was even then an invalid; but he was very eager to bring us together, and succeeded ere very long in doing so. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly extended to all our familiar circle, grew into intimacy with other members of our family, and ripened into one of those friendships which are not reckoned by years, but are felt early in their growth to be beyond the power of time to alter.

“In the course of that spring we spent several weeks in the neighborhood of London, and Mr. Buckle, like other friends, was invited from time to time to spend a day with us. . . . Pleasant days they were; and, like a boy out of school, he seemed to enjoy strolling in the garden, rambling in Richmond Park, roaming also in conversation over every imaginable subject, and crowding into the few hours of his visit food for thought, and recollections of mere amusing talk, such as weeks of intercourse with others can seldom furnish.”<sup>6</sup>

They took him to the “Crystal Palace, June 29th, then lately opened, which he always said he never should have seen but for our taking him, and which he never revisited. It was a day more rich in many ways than mortal days are often allowed to be. We were a large party, all intimates, and all ready for enjoyment, and for the kind of enjoyment which the Crystal Palace offered for the first time. It was a lovely summer's day, and the mere drive some miles out of London—for there was no noisy, whistling

<sup>6</sup> “Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works,” vol. i., p. xxii.

railway then—was a delight. The art collections were not so full, the flowers not in such rich luxuriance as they have been since; but there was a charm about the fresh beauty of the place, and in the new views of popular enjoyment that it offered, which added to the pleasure then something which more than loss of novelty has impaired.

“We were not altogether disabused at that time of the illusions of a new era of peaceful progress which the first Exhibition of 1851 had seemed to inaugurate. It is true that we were even then in the first stage of the Crimean War; but many still believed that the struggle would quickly end; the glorious days, the dark months of suffering yet to come, were little anticipated. . . . None shared the illusions of the period more fondly than Mr. Buckle. He thought he had reached philosophically, and could prove as necessary corollaries of a certain condition of knowledge and civilization, the conclusion which numbers held, without knowing why; and it was this train of thought which made the opening of ‘The People’s Palace’ interesting to him. . . . We had wandered through the different courts, reproducing in a manner as new then as it was striking, the memorials of the past. From Nineveh to Egypt, Greece, Imperial Rome, Moslem Granada, and Italy through her days of glory to her decline—all had been passed in review; and he then turned, as he loved to do, to the future, with its bright promise of reward to man’s genius, and of continued triumph over the blind powers of Nature; and it seemed but a natural transition from his own speaking, as if still uttering his own thoughts, when he took up Hamlet’s words: ‘What a

piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty !' ”

In August, 1854, Miss Shirreff paid a visit to Mrs. Buckle, who was stopping at Highgate for the summer. Here, she says: “I made real acquaintance with Mrs. Buckle ; and, apart from her being the mother of such a son, she was a very interesting person to know. It is curious how many people there are on whom their own lives seem to have produced no impression ; they may have seen and felt much, but they have not reflected upon their experience, and they remain apparently unconscious of the influences that have been at work around and upon them. With Mrs. Buckle it was exactly the reverse. The events, the persons, the books that had affected her at particular times or in a particular manner, whatever influenced her actions or opinions, remained vividly impressed on her mind, and she spoke freely of her own experience, and eagerly of all that bore upon her son. He was the joy, even more than the pride of her heart. Having saved him from the early peril that threatened him, and saved him, as she fondly believed, in a great measure by her loving care, he seemed twice her own ; and that he was saved for great things, to do true and permanent service to mankind, was also an article of that proud mother's creed, little dreaming how short a time he was to be allowed even for sowing the seeds of usefulness. . . . When I said above that Mrs. Buckle spoke freely of her own experience, I should add that her conversation was the very reverse of gossip. It was a psychological, rather than a biographical experience that she detailed. I rarely remember any names being introduced, and never unless as-

sociated with good. Of all her husband's family, the one she spoke of most often was his nephew, Mr. John Buckle, for whom she had great respect and affection. Henry Buckle (her son) also made frequent reference to his cousin's opinions, and had the highest esteem for his abilities and confidence in his friendship."

But besides the personal sympathy there was a literary bond between the two families. Mrs. Grey and Miss Shirreff had just published their "Thoughts on Self-Culture," and any literary occupation in his friends always aroused his warmest interest. Of this work he remarks in his diary, that it is "well written"—which is considerable praise from him, as he seldom takes the trouble to commend books in his diary; and he at once offered the authors every assistance in his power in their future literary undertakings, an assistance which was afterward returned by useful criticism on his own work. In one letter he writes: "But seriously, if you do anything while you are away, you will want books; and if you will, before I come, think of what you require, should they be in my library, you can take them with you. Who can work without tools? tell me that." But the correspondence will show, better than anything I can say, his great interest in such matters and constant kindness. He writes:

59 OXFORD TERRACE, 31st August, 1854.

"DEAR MRS. GREY: I feel that it was very ill-natured on my part not to press 'Comte' upon you last night when you so considerately hesitated as to borrowing it. To make the only amends in my power, I now send it you, and beg that you will keep it as long as you like. For I

promise you that, if I have at any time occasion to refer to it, I will ask to have it back. So that you need have no scruple on that head. The only thing I will beg of you is, that when not reading it you would have it put in some cupboard, as on several grounds I value it very much, and I never leave it out at home.

"I recommend you to begin by reading the preliminary view, 'Exposition,' in vol. i., then pass over the physical sciences in vols. i., ii., iii., and begin at vol. iv., the 'Physique Sociale.' Having read this to the end of vol. vi., you can then, if you like, read the scientific parts, which, however, are of somewhat inferior merit to the 'Sociologie.' By this means you will economize time and labor."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 9th May, 1854.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: After our conversation yesterday, touching the habits of acquisitiveness which literature is apt to encourage, it is, I think, no slight proof of the simplicity and ingenuousness of my mind that I should lend a book to a lover of books. But so it is. And I can only hope that the subject of Middleton's work<sup>1</sup> will protect the work itself, and that, although in it modern miracles are rejected, you may be induced by a miraculous interposition eventually to return what I so confidently offer.

"To speak, however, seriously, as one ought to do on theological matters, it has occurred to me that sending you the 'Letter' would save you some little trouble, as it is not likely to be found in many circulating libraries, and it

<sup>1</sup> Conyers Middleton, D. D., "A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church from the earliest Ages through several successive centuries. To which is added the Author's Letter from Rome."

is well worth being acquainted with from its own merit, as well as from the great effect it produced at its first appearance. Will you say to Mrs. Grey, with my kind regards, that I hope she also will read it; to any one unacquainted with the subject it will open a new field of thought—and to beat up fresh ground is, I am well assured, no slight pleasure both to Mrs. Grey and yourself.”

“SOUTH GROVE, HIGHGATE, 18th September, 1854.

“DEAR MRS. GREY: You sent me the first *three* vols. of ‘Comte,’ as I happen to remember, for I put them away directly they came. I am sorry you should have missed taking them with you, as in the country one particularly needs some intellectual employment to prevent the mind from falling into those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest. It is the old antagonism between the internal and the external—between mind and matter—between science and art. *That* is a battle which will never be ended.

“We intend remaining here till to-morrow fortnight, or, should the weather be very fine, a week longer. I am getting on rapidly with my work, but still I have many regrets that I am not going to review your book—it would for many reasons have given me great pleasure to do so. But I *think* you will acknowledge that I could not with any sense of what was due to myself have taken any further steps; and I am *sure* you will feel that my not having done so has arisen from anything but a diminished interest or a desire to withdraw from what I had offered. I say thus much because in my hasty morning visit to you the other day I fear that I hardly ex-

plained sufficiently what my views really were, and the causes of them.

I am now completing my examination of the causes of the French Revolution, which I think will interest you and Miss Shirreff too, if she could hear them. Pray remember me most kindly to her. I take great interest in what she is doing, or about to do, on female education. The grand thing would be to make women more ashamed of ignorance; but that is perhaps too difficult a task to undertake. The next best thing to seeing the ignominy of ignorance is to feel the beauty of knowledge—and *there* I think something might be done. And in this point of view I might caution Miss Shirreff against advising *too much* to be learned. In knowledge, as well as in morals, immense harm has been done by pitching the standard too high; the consequence of which has been that people, feeling they can't come up to it, cease to try, and, finding they can't get to the top of the tree, they won't even climb up one of its branches. Would it not be better to show them a shrub, and make them believe it was a full-grown tree?"

"49 SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON, *8th October, 1854.*

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . . We arrived in Brighton yesterday, and in passing through town I called on Mrs. ——. She expects to see Mr. — in about a month, and has promised to ask him to review 'Self-Culture.' I made the proposal that he should be asked, casually and in the general course of conversation, and not at all as if I had called for that purpose. Cunning me! Why was I not a diplomatist? That's my vocation! . . .



“And now in regard to what you are doing. I objected to your recommending too many subjects of study, not so much because they weaken the mind, but rather because they terrify it. When I said to you *concentrate*, that was my counsel for your own intellect, quite irrespective of what you should recommend to others. Generally, I think, there is too much concentration. But my fear is lest you should place the standard of excellence too high, and thus intimidate those you wish to allure. If you were writing a scientific work on education, then, indeed, it would be proper to raise an ideal; but, as your object is practical, the first point is, not what *ought* to be, but what *can* be. I cordially agree with all you say about a wide range of study being valuable for the sympathies as well as for the intellect, but remember that you are addressing minds most of which either do not perceive this, or, at all events, perceive it very faintly. The feeling of intellectual sympathy is by no means a very early step even in minds of some power, and in ordinary cases the step is never taken at all. I doubt, therefore, whether in this line of acquirement you can make proselytes. For those who are capable of being convinced will already be converted. Your mission is with the heathen; why, then, preach to the regenerate and baptize the elect? If you deal with average minds you must hold out average inducements—such, for example, as the value of knowledge, as a discipline in the acquisition of it; or, as a disgrace not to have it. These are substantial grounds; but the high ground of intellectual sympathy is too little understood to be available for your purpose. In nearly all minds the idea of sympathy is preoccupied by moral as-

sociations which leave no room for the admittance of intellectual ones. For fifty persons who confess the utility of knowledge as a discipline, you will perhaps find one who values it as a source of sympathy. Language has much to do with this; the meaning of sympathy being so fixed and settled that to many ears the mere expression 'intellectual sympathy' would seem pedantic. What, therefore, I mean is this: that if you recommend a large range of reading, you will be compelled to admit that the greater part of it must be superficial; and you can only justify this by the argument of intellectual sympathy—an argument quite decisive to those who understand it, but falling pointless on the immense majority of those for whom you write.

"We shall remain in Sussex Square with my aunt about three weeks; and, if anything occurs to you in any way as if any suggestion of mine could be of the slightest use, pray write to me here, as I should feel indeed happy could I aid your praiseworthy undertaking."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 8th December, 1854.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . . In reference to what you were asking me, I advise you to dismiss the larger subject from your mind until you have finished the smaller and more practical one on which you are engaged. I would suggest that it should be *entirely practical*, and short, so as to be published at a low price; and that, above all, it should be unmistakably clear, so that the meaning is at once obvious. In a work of that sort, parentheses and inversions are to be carefully avoided; and so any long sentence, unless broken up into distinct parts. . . .

The frequent use of the relative is a great aid to lucidity. I make no excuse for offering these somewhat presumptuous suggestions, as I have thought a good deal about language, and, above all, as I am sure you will look at the *intention* of the advice and my real wish to do what I can to further your pursuits. A short list of books given under the different chapters would be useful, and I hope when I return to town early in January to hear that it is wellnigh finished. I need hardly say how much will depend upon the arrangement of the topics, i. e., the order in which they succeed each other. You possibly adopt what is a good plan, of drawing up first a skeleton outline. . . . I send 'Cousin,' in five vols., but do not postpone what you are doing to read it."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 15th April, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I am sorry to say that I can give you no information about Dr. —, never having heard his name; nor do I know at this moment whom to apply to on such a subject, as his reputation is perhaps rather practical than physiological, and I believe I am unacquainted personally with any oculist, and none but an oculist would be a competent judge. Of course a man may be a great physiological oculist, and yet an unsafe person to trust as an operator; and the Germans are, on most surgical matters, considered very inferior manipulators to the French. You do not say whom this information is for; I trust not for Mr. —. Alas! alas! when it comes to a chance of losing one's sight—and yet the blind are contented; why, I never could understand.

"I received all the books safely, and am very much

obliged for the pains you have taken with Querard<sup>8</sup>. . . .  
I am *very* busy and tolerably well, though I think sometimes that my work is beginning to tell upon me."

" 59 OXFORD TERRACE, 12th May, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: What I probably said was, that you had better obtain a list of modern educational works. But I could not have offered to show you one, as I really know nothing of the subject except in its speculative bearings, and am hardly acquainted with even the titles of such works as you ought to recommend for female education. Perhaps your best plan would be either to call or write to some large educational publisher, such as Rivingtons, for a list of elementary books? In which case, if you could procure them from the London library or elsewhere, and if any of them are on subjects with which you are not familiar and I chance to understand, I will gladly read them and give you the best opinion I can form of their merit. This, or anything else in my power, I shall be truly happy to do; but never again use me so ill as to write me a note doubting whether or no I grudge giving up time in order to help you. There is no particular reason why I should hurry in my own work, and there is reason why I should assist you, if I can; the reason being simply the selfish one of doing myself a pleasure. However, as Hamlet says, 'Something too much of this.' So, I will only add, write me your plans and views *in detail*, and I will consider of them for a day or two, and give you at all events an honest and matured opinion.

"Yours truly,

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

<sup>8</sup> "La France Littéraire," etc.

“‘The Aspects of Nature’ are going on beautifully, notwithstanding the unkindness of some people, who promise to help some people, and then don’t help them at all.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 19th May, 1855.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I have carefully read the papers you sent me, and think your general scheme very good—indeed, so good that I can suggest no alteration. I still think that you propose more than the great majority of minds can finally retain; but this is only my own opinion, and it may well be that, on a subject on which you have evidently thought so much, you are more likely to be right than I. So on this I will say no more.

“As to the ‘Subjects of Lessons,’ the following additions occur to me, which I can recommend from personal knowledge:

“Lavallée, ‘Histoire des Français.’ (One of the best abridgments ever written.)

“Koch, ‘Tableau des Révolutions.’ (An admirable summary of general history of *Europe* in three volumes.)

“Keightley’s Histories of England and of Greece, but *not* his history of Rome, because there is a still better small history of Rome by Schmitz, the friend and translator of Niebuhr.

“For physical knowledge, Chambers’s ‘Educational Course,’ and Orr’s ‘Circle of the Sciences.’ (I have looked into some of them, and those I have seen are good.)

“Villemain, I think, is a one-sided book; and I would much prefer *parts* of Hallam’s ‘Literature of Europe’; also Craik’s ‘History of Literature and Learning in England.’ These two would probably be enough. You men-

tion 'Wharton.' I don't know if you mean Warton's 'History of English Poetry'? If so, it is an extremely prolix book, full of curious but irrelevant dissertations, and does not come down lower than the sixteenth century.

"I *entirely* agree with you that it is better to read translations of the classics than modern translations ;<sup>9</sup> and, above all, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Herodotus, and Cæsar.

"In political economy, not Marcet or Say, but Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' *must* be read, and is more important than the history of foreign countries. This *one* work is quite enough, if made a text-book, and perhaps exercises written on it, as it should be *mastered thoroughly*, which I believe most intelligent girls of sixteen are quite capable of doing.

"Whately's 'Logic'—far too formal and repulsive—and the elements of geometry would answer every purpose as a mental discipline. To Locke, I would add Reid 'On the Mind'; otherwise, by only reading one side, you only make a partisan, and Reid is really able, and in a small compass opens views untouched by Locke. This would be enough of metaphysics. Cousin is surely too long. Perhaps you might recommend Morell, 'History of Speculative Philosophy,' which, though not profound, I find to be accurate as far as it goes. Recommend at the same time the corresponding passages in Hallam's 'Literature,' and pray enforce the capital principle of passing from one book to another according to the *subject*, and not necessarily finishing the book first.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. ? Better to learn modern languages than ancient, provided both can not be learned ?

"Beckmann's ('History of Inventions' is the best book of its kind.

"Maps of the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge are really good.

"Geology *I* would omit; but, of course, you will use your own discretion. Only remember that geology, without animal physiology, comparative anatomy, and botany, has no scientific existence; and every good work of geology presupposes a knowledge of those subjects.

"I think astronomy essential; and fortunately Herschel's book is good, clear, and does not require much mathematics to understand it.

"Bailey, on 'Formation of Opinions,' is important in many points of view.

"I would give a short specimen of the best way of taking notes, and of keeping a commonplace book.

"This is all that occurs to me to say. If there is anything else I can do or suggest, you are well assured how willingly I will help you.

"Your papers I keep here, as, before I see you, I will read them over again.

"Yours, etc., etc.

"I will go on Monday to some booksellers, and try to procure a list of educational books. But, in writing your book, don't measure other minds by your own. In *all* practical matters it is dangerous to aim high."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 1st June, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . And you, I hope, are doing something touching which you will want advice; or, at all events, suggestions. I am very busy, very suc-

cessful, and *therefore* feel a little as I always do under such circumstances, which are rather unfavorable to one's Christian humility. Hence my idea of being able to help you. But, seriously, do not hesitate to ask for whatever I can do."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 8th June, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . My mother is certainly better; indeed, improving every day, I almost think, since her house has become emptier. She would like very much to see you, but *I* feel satisfied that, after two months of seeing people every day, she can not be too quiet; and therefore, for the present, it would be better to defer calling upon her. She has quite lost her power of walking; but it is evident that nothing is really the matter with her, as she looks well, sleeps well, and has lost all her formidable symptoms. . . .

"I will try and pay you a visit on Sunday evening, but don't think me neglectful if I omit doing so, as I am working very hard, and sometimes feel so tired after dinner that I can not move."

"HENDON, 29th June, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: You asked me to write about my mother; she is indeed altered, and I am becoming very uneasy. Such complete weakness as hardly to be able to move from one chair to another without holding something, and a necessity of taking nourishment every two or three hours. Mr. Rix says that, without active and prolonged stimulus, she may lose her memory altogether. She is to see no one, and keep very quiet. I see no improvement since we have been here—and you, who can form some idea, and only some, of what my mother is to  
cal.



me, may imagine how unhappy I am. It is hardly worth while, with this hanging over me, to say anything about myself; but I am not at all well—sleeping badly, and having painful, nervous feelings at night.

“My mother takes no medicine, and nothing is to be done but to wait the result. Her spirits are admirable, always smiling, and never does a complaint of any kind come from her. Indeed, this is the really favorable feature; and, as I am positively assured there is no organic disease, everything depends on the power of rallying.

“This is a sad note, but it is the only sort of one I can write. Still, I shall be glad, and indeed anxious to hear about you, what you are doing, and if you are going abroad? And Mrs. Grey, too: it will, I am afraid, be long before I see either of you. If I can give you any advice about your book, do not let the tone of this note prevent your asking me. I think, the more miserable one is, the more willing one becomes to draw nearer to others.”

“HENDON, *5th July, 1855.*

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: My mother is better. How much better, or whether or no permanently so, I can not tell, but certainly better. On Tuesday [3d inst.] I first saw a favorable change; and to-day she has walked a few yards in the little garden without help. She sends her love, and says she is very sorry that your absence from England will prevent her from seeing you—for, characteristically enough, she is now beginning to talk about seeing all her friends again. I have had the fullest written particulars of Mr. Rix's observations on her. He says he never saw such sudden and complete prostration, and he was

very apprehensive of some failure in the vital powers. While she was at Tunbridge Wells all this was kept from me, and she would not let my sister write to me the truth; but I learn that her weakness was so great that the few stairs she had to mount she literally crawled up, holding, not by the rails, but by the stairs themselves. But her spirits never flagged, and she wrote to me so cheerfully that I had not the least idea of her real state. I am not naturally sanguine—at least, not in the *practice* of life—but still I do hope now that the worst is over, and I feel that every day which passes without the appearance of mischief increases the probability that no mischief has been done.

“Your very kind and warm-hearted letter was indeed welcome to me, and made me feel as if we were old friends rather than recent acquaintances; and so you will, I hope, think, if at any time I can be of use to you in your special pursuits, or in any more general affairs. At present nothing much occurs to me in regard to what you are doing, as I do not know how far you have progressed; but I would particularly recommend you, when abroad, to inform yourself as to the best elementary German and Italian works on the history of literature. If you can mention any really good *short* and *clear*, it would add much to the value of your book; and on this I can give you no information. Lavallée, ‘Histoire des Français,’ and Barante, ‘Littérature au xviii<sup>e</sup> Siècle,’ are models in their own line; and I would ask to see some German and Italian works as nearly as possible on their plan. The librarians abroad I have always found very courteous and well-informed; and if you were to state your objects, and call

with Mr. — at one or two good public libraries (Geneva will probably be in your route), you would, I am sure, be well repaid. Unless any book on education is specially recommended to you, I would not lose time in reading it. Far better it will be to consult the original authorities and mature your own plan.

“I do not know what provision you intend making when abroad for your own improvement. Books are cumbersome in traveling, and one or two good, tough, solid works you will probably think enough to take. I should advise Mill’s ‘Political Economy’; if you have read it, never mind, read it again. We have had some talk on the laws of the distribution of wealth, and you will, perhaps, come to it in some degree with a fresh mind. Besides, we must remember that political economy is the only branch of political knowledge which is not empirical—the only one raised to a science. This alone is sufficient reason for carefully studying it; and Mill’s book is upon the whole the best since Adam Smith—though, for *pure political economy*, hardly equal to Ricardo’s. But Mill has larger social views than Ricardo, and is less difficult. Indeed, if you were to read Ricardo *now*, you would not do yourself justice, as no one can study him with advantage without preliminary training on his own subject. You spoke to me of Mill’s ‘Logic.’ I almost doubt if it would repay you the great labor of mastering, and, without mastering it, would do you little good. Suppose, for your other work, you were to take with you Lyell’s ‘Principles of Geology’ (the last edition in *one* volume royal 8vo), and really digest it and make an abstract of it. It is a great book, and would be very serviceable.

“And now, dear Miss Shirreff, I think I have no more to say, except to wish you every happiness while you are away, and to remind you that an imagination inflamed by the beauties of Swiss scenery *may* require the counterpoise of a severer train of thought than is necessary in a metropolis.”

“HENDON, *17th July, 1855.*”

“DEAR MRS. GREY: By all means keep ‘Hallam’ as long as you like, and take it into the country with you; and I sincerely hope that the change of air and quiet will do you good. I am truly sorry to receive so indifferent an account of your health. To hear such things is enough to prevent one from being an optimist—how much more so to you who feel them! I have often speculated on what you and Miss Shirreff could accomplish if you were made capable of real wear and tear; but this is a speculation I could never bring to maturity, because of the strong suspicion I have that with a given mind there must and will be a certain physical structure of which we may modify the effects, but never change the nature. Look at Miss Martineau! Give her delicacy as well as power, and I believe that she never could have gone through the work she has. However, one can’t talk about this in a note—the subject is too big. I do not perceive that my mother is better since I last wrote, but she holds her ground, and, if there is any alteration, it is an improvement, which is all that can be expected, as her treatment, which seems judicious, is intended to produce slow results. She is unquestionably stronger than when she first came here. I shall make a point (if all goes well with her) of coming to see you when you return to town—so you will, I hope, when

your plans are settled, let me know how long you intend remaining in London after you come back to it early in August."

"HENDON, 23d August, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: About ten days ago I heard from Mrs. Grey that you were quite well and enjoying yourself greatly, and that you would remain at Interlachen till the beginning of September. I therefore address to you there, as this agrees with the plan of your movements which you sent me—a rare instance, I should think, of travelers knowing beforehand what they are going to do! First of all, I will say that my mother is decidedly better, though her progress is slower than I ever remember to have seen it, and she is unable to walk a quarter of the distance she could four months since. Last week she had a very slight attack of gout, which is now passing off favorably, and there seems reason to hope that she will be better in consequence. She sends her love to you, and says she is much disappointed at not having seen you this summer. In her feeling of regret I share not a little, as I had hoped that we might have had some comfortable talk about what you are doing, and which, for many reasons, I am anxious should be done as well as possible. A really good book on education will be invaluable, and toward writing one nothing can avail so much as my favorite maxim *patient thought*, turning the subject round in one's mind, and looking at it in every direction. This I should rely much more on than any amount of reading. Have you taken the opportunity of making inquiries of *practical* persons as to the working of education in Switzerland? Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland are the three coun-

tries where most attention has been paid to this subject; and I make no doubt but that valuable hints might be collected. The fact that your book must be in some measure speculative makes it the more necessary to collect testimony; for all, even the best of us, are full of prejudices, and, by comparing the standard of different countries, this evil may be somewhat remedied. I would make particular inquiries as to the amount of time that young people can give to study with advantage. My own impression is, that the time given at school is generally too long for health, and there are strong physical reasons against lessons before breakfast for average children. In England the plan is, I know, very general; how is it in Switzerland? This is one of the things well worth ascertaining. Another thing is, how do they cultivate the memory? Whether by association, or by insisting on an effort of the will? You will see how important this question is, in regard to learning dates, teaching poetry, etc.; and it would be useful for you to know the plan ordinarily adopted at Geneva or other chief places in Switzerland. Perhaps you have done all this, and half laugh at my supernumerary advice; but I'll take my chance, and when I do write I like to say at once what comes uppermost.

“We leave here on 11th September for Tunbridge Wells, thence to Brighton, where we shall remain till late in November. My mother then goes to Boulogne, and, if she continues to improve, I shall not accompany her, as I wish, if possible, to have my first volume ready for the press by Christmas, which will be impossible if I am so long away from London. When shall you be in town? As my movements are not quite certain, please address to

me at Oxford Terrace. The last few weeks I have been remarkably well, and am working zealously, and, on the whole, satisfactorily; but the arrangement and classification of the notes is laborious beyond anything I could have conceived, owing chiefly to absence from my library. Still, I do hope that I am doing something which, so far as mere industry is concerned, will neither disgrace me nor disappoint my friends.

“When I recommended Mill’s ‘Political Economy’ I meant *John Mill*, and not his ‘Essays on Unsettled Questions in Political Economy’ (though they are very interesting), but his large work in two vols. called ‘Treatise on Political Economy,’ and published about nine years ago, and which I am certain would interest you much. Very recently I saw a copy second-hand of his ‘Logic’ in a catalogue sent to me, and I wrote for it for you, but was too late; it had been sold. The booksellers tell me that the demand for his works is increasing; and, considering what the works are, this, if true, is an honorable testimony to the present age. His ‘Logic’ has gone through three editions in a few years, and a fourth is now preparing. I hope you like Lyell’s ‘Geology.’ It is a grand book, though I think his arguments on the transmutation of species very unsatisfactory. Still, that is only a small part, and if you compare it, for instance, with our best books on botany, mineralogy, chemistry, or zoölogy, you will at once see how much Lyell has made of his subject, compared to what other men have done on other subjects.”

“BRIGHTON, 9th November, 1855.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I heard yesterday that you called last week upon my sister at Boulogne, and, as I take

for granted that was *en route* for England, I write a few lines to you, which, indeed, I should have done before had I felt sure about your movements. Uncertainty in this respect and (to say the truth) hurry and fatigue about my work kept me silent, but I heard of you from Mrs. Shirreff when I was in town.

“You will, I know, be glad to hear that my mother continues to improve. Still, she is far weaker than when you last saw her. My book goes on miserably slow, and at times I am daunted by the work still before me. The text itself is ready for the press, but the notes! oh, the notes! How unhandsome it is of mankind to expect authors to give proof of what they assert, and how silly it is of authors to give it! We shall remain here, I think, till the middle of December. Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Grey when you see her. What have you been doing abroad? Don't take my short notes as the measure of your answer. I would write at greater length, but am really overworked, and feel as if I could think of nothing but the ‘History of Civilization.’ When vol. i. is out I will become more punctual, less selfish, and more virtuous.”

“BRIGHTON, 21st November, 1855.

“DEAR MRS. GREY: . . . . My mother is really better, but still very weak in walking. She is, however, less nervous, and has lost those alarming sinking feelings which used to come on every afternoon. I am particularly well, but, miserable wretch that I am, I have no right to be well, because my book creeps on like a snail, and I ought to be affected by its slowness. Still it *is* moving. But I love not the drudgery needed to put it into motion.”



“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 15th January, 1856.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I really hardly know how to answer your question, because everything depends on the ability, and, above all, on the industry of the person seeking the information. Schlosser’s ‘History of the Eighteenth Century,’ though somewhat tedious, is, on the whole, one of the best books for *general accuracy*—I mean for the accuracy of the impression it leaves on the mind after reading it. The *last* edition of Koch, ‘Tableau des Révolutions,’ contains common facts of the eighteenth century, well put together; so do the later volumes of Sismondi, ‘Histoire des Français,’ and, above all, the admirable work of Flassan, ‘Histoire de la Diplomatie Française.’ These, with Mahon’s ‘History of England,’ would be enough to recommend; because, in the notes, there are references to the other and original sources. If a more special list is required, I will furnish it, as I can never be too busy to help a friend of yours.

“If you have the means of reading any foreign books on the philosophy of statistics—except Quetelet, which I know—I should be glad to have additional proof for my Chapter I, of the regularity with which, under the same circumstances, the same human actions repeat themselves.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 19th January, 1856.

“DEAR MRS. GREY: I did not return home last night till very late, when I found your note, and was not a little vexed at having missed your dinner. The truth is, that being somewhat deranged, if not altogether mad, at finding I had time to spare, I went out in the afternoon to enjoy myself, which I accomplished by playing chess for

seven hours, and difficult games too. I have not been so luxurious for four or five years, and feel all the better for it to-day.

"I *am* a Christian, and I *am* virtuous, and therefore would have come to you yesterday if I could; but, when I went out, the chance had not occurred to me of your sending so prompt and so kind an answer to my note. I have had a long interview with the two Parkers; they were very obliging and willing to meet me in everything, and handsomely. It is impossible to tell you all about it in a note. To-morrow I go to Whitehall to see Mr. Forster.<sup>10</sup> . . . My mother is a little better. She sends her love, or at least would if she knew I was writing to you."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 9th March, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I do not think you need allow any weight to your objection against [writing] novels. You have not, and, I am sure, will not, attempt to proscribe them. What harm, then, can there be in attempting to raise their character by setting a good model? Look at Miss Edgeworth—equally successful with her tales and with her works for educational purposes. *Every* branch of literature is good; improve what you will, but prohibit nothing. Two very different and yet very eminent men—Warburton and Mackintosh—have testified to the benefit they have derived from novels; and, although I now never read them, I can give evidence to their having aided my intellectual education.

"Mrs. Austen may, no doubt, if she likes, continue to

<sup>10</sup> "I called at Whitehall Place by appointment on Mr. Forster to talk about my book. He says I must not consent to Parker showing the MS. to a man unknown to me; but only to a common friend."—*Diary*.

translate—she has never proved that she can do anything better; but Miss Martineau does not translate (except with the view, as in her ‘Comte,’ of diffusing philosophical knowledge); nor does Mrs. Somerville; nor does any woman who reaches far and aims high, unless she is forced to do so. The more I think of it, the more I see it in this light. Remember that a given reputation represents a given income, and, even in this point of view, a *name* is the first thing to be desired. If, however, on mature deliberation, you think differently, I will make every effort to meet your wishes, be they what they may.

“I think that the construction of a plot is *not* the chief point in a good novel or tale. The language, and particularly the dramatic power—telling conversation and the like—go for more. See, for instance, Sir W. Scott, as compared with James.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 25th May, 1856.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I am deeply sensible of the kindness of your note, but I really am not working too hard; and if I were to go away for a few days, it would do me no good, because my mind would be in my work, and there would be no recreation. The day I called on you I was slightly depressed, but these are only little shadows which pass over me and leave me as before. I am very careful—no night work—no worry of any kind—and now never exceeding nine hours a day, and very often eight, and even less. Thank you for all your kindness about me; but yet a little while and I shall be free for some time, and will recruit, though, indeed, I have nothing to recruit, because by no means unwell.”

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 20th June, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: It will give me real pleasure if I can be of any use in regard to your work;" but, I need hardly say, it is a matter requiring a great deal of deliberation. I will make a point of seeing Mrs. Grey about it; and, as your return to town is doubtful, I wish that in the mean time you would write me a full and precise account of how you stand—i. e., how many copies you printed, how many remain unsold, whether they are all inquires or bound up, and what percentage Hope was to receive for distributing them; also, if his percentage was calculated on the published price, or on the trade price; likewise, what allowance he made to the trade on your behalf.

"Whatever his terms were, you must be prepared to submit to others more unfavorable, because whoever takes your book will not have the advantage of printing it, and therefore must get more profit in the distribution. I should say that the object to which all others should be subordinate is to get the public to buy the remaining copies, however small your profit may be. I wish I had an opportunity of talking it over with you; but shall not leave town till the 10th July, so there is time yet.

"My present idea is to test the effect of some advertisements in the 'Times'; but, when I hear from you, I shall be better able to judge."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 24th June, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY: I am putting *en train* a little plot of my own about the 'Self-Culture.' In the mean time I must have a copy of the last edition, for a purpose which

<sup>11</sup> Second edition of "Thoughts on Self-Culture."

I intend to make a mystery of until I bring it to bear. So don't be inquisitive. My copy I have lent; and, as Miss Shirreff has obtained the others from Hope, I can only get one from her or you—and, as the matter presses, I wish to have it at once: so, if possible, please send it by the bearer.

“I shall add no more, except that I am sure you will be satisfied with what I am doing.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 30th June, 1856.

“A thousand thanks, dear kind Mrs. Grey, for your most welcome letter, which I have this moment received. It is a greater pleasure than I can tell you to see how those I value care for me, for, with your letter, I also received one from Miss Shirreff, equally considerate. I will not be so affected as to conceal from you that I am a little alarmed, and at times very depressed, to think that with such large hopes I have such little powers. My head is at times weak and slightly confused; but it goes off (the feeling, *not* the head—I will have my joke) again directly. They tell me that I have nothing to fear, and I am not apprehensive except of my future.

“To break down in the midst of what, according to my measure of greatness, is a great career—and to pass away, and make no sign—this, I own, is a prospect which I now for the first time see is possible; and the thought of which seems to chill my life as it creeps over me. Perhaps I have aspired too high; but I have at times such a sense of power, such a feeling of reach and grasp, and, if I may so say, such a command over the realm of thought, that it was no idle vanity to believe that I could do more than I shall now ever be able to effect. I must contract

the field—maybe, I shall then survey the ground the better—and others will not miss what, to me, will be an irretrievable loss, since I forfeit my confidence in myself.”

But at least he had something to show for it; for his first volume was now potentially finished. The first indication that he was again nearly ready is the entry on 30th January, 1855, “Began to arrange the books which I quote in notes to vol. i. of Introduction”; and on 22d July, 1855, “Began at length the great task of copying my work for the press”; and again in the same year, “Began to despair of ever finishing”; for even while he was thus copying for the press he “wrote account of Botany in France under Louis XIV. as completely as possible till I get ‘History of Botany’ by Pulteney. Wrote account of bad Emperors favoring Christianity and the good Emperors persecuting it.” “Began and finished notes of ‘Spain’ and ‘Inquisition’ to prove that morals have not diminished persecution.” However, on the 1st of January, 1856, he “began at length to copy notes” for his MS., and entered into negotiations with Mr. Parker for its publication. “I have had a long interview,” he writes, “with the two Parkers. They were very obliging, and willing to meet me in everything, and handsomely.”

As we have seen by his letters, Mr. Forster strongly advised him not to intrust his MS. to the hands of any one unknown to him; and he therefore wrote to Mr. Parker as follows:

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 19th January, 1856.

“DEAR SIR: As Mr. J. Parker, your son, will, I suppose, have left England before you can receive this, I

write to you in reference to our conversation on Thursday, which I have now had time to think over.

“I quite agree in your opinion that the season is too advanced to bring out my work at present, and I am willing to defer going to press till July, which, I believe, you mentioned as about the month when it would be advisable to begin to print it.

“In ten days or a fortnight I shall have the MS. in such a state that the most important parts of it can be examined by any one you select to act on your behalf. But, as I mentioned to you, I feel nervous about intrusting it in the hands of a person of whom I have no knowledge, and that, too, for an indefinite period; and, having no copy, the risk I should run would make me very uncomfortable. I fully admit the propriety of your having an opinion on it in regard to the style of composition, and, therefore, probable popularity; but this might be obtained from some one with whom we are both acquainted, and to whom I could send the MS. direct at the time he would appoint, and when I knew he would be at leisure to read it *at once*, and return it *without delay*. The two most competent men I know are Mr. Forster and Mr. Baden Powell, with both of whom you are probably personally acquainted, and as to whose ability there can be no question. Would it suit you to ask either of these gentlemen to act as referees? In them I should have complete confidence; and, if you consulted either of them, it would be understood that, being appointed by you, he would act on your side rather than on mine. After all, the main question is, have I written the book clearly and popularly? for, as I have been engaged incessantly on it for fourteen

years, I shall not be presumptuous in saying that the amount of reading it will display will be such as to do no discredit to its publishers.

“I trust that you will not consider my proposition unreasonable; but I really feel an insuperable repugnance to intrusting to a person, of whose very name I am ignorant, a MS. which has cost me many years of continued thought.

“Believe me, etc.

“I may mention that, though I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Forster and Mr. Powell, neither of them has heard or seen a line of my work, so that they would come to it unprejudiced. Mr. Forster, as editor of the ‘Examiner,’ has, of course, peculiar facilities for judging if a book is likely to be popular.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 22d February, 1856.

“DEAR SIR: I am very sensible of your handsome proposal, of declining having a preliminary examination made of my MS. But I think myself bound to meet you in a similar spirit, and I would therefore suggest another plan—as it is my desire if possible to establish a permanent connection with your house in a manner satisfactory to both of us; and this I could hardly expect to do by seeking to induce you to undertake a work of such length, of which neither yourself, nor any person in whom you confide, ever heard a line.

“My suggestion, then, is this: that inasmuch as you appear satisfied with the general character of the work, and the industry employed on it, the point on which alone you will require information is as to the clearness and attractiveness of the style, which, as a matter of business,



will be your principal consideration. For, if the style is judged to be good, as well as the facts curious, a tolerable success is certain: since every book which has failed has owed its failure either to want of industry in collecting evidence, or else to want of lucidity in arranging it. In this view there are other gentlemen besides those I named, with whose judgment you might perhaps be satisfied. Dr. Mayo and Mr. Robert Bell are both able, clear-headed men; and to either of them I could give an outline of my scheme in half an hour's conversation, and let them see any part of the MS. which they wished. It seems to me that, in justice to yourself, something of this sort should be done; for I do not like the idea of my having refused your first proposal of having the MS. examined by a friend of yours, and eventually no examination taking place at all. In such an arrangement there is no reciprocity, and you would be placing a confidence in my abilities, which a man still unknown as an author can not reasonably expect.

“In regard to the terms of publication, this much I believe was arranged with your son as a preliminary to the negotiation: namely, that you should pay me a fixed sum for the copyright of the first edition of the first volume, which, as far as I can judge, will be about 600 8vo pages; though, until the notes are more advanced, I can only make a rough estimate of the size. As to what the sum ought to be, and as to how many copies ought to be printed, you are a better judge than I am; and there can, I think, be no difficulty between us on that head. But even this part of the business would be easier adjusted if you knew more of the probable popularity of the work; and on this, as on other grounds I have mentioned, I wish you to have an

opinion in which you could place confidence. If, however, you are really satisfied with the matter as it stands, and desire no examination of the MS., I will add on my own behalf that I am deeply impressed with the importance of a clear and popular style, and that I have made great and constant efforts to attain it.

“I now leave the matter entirely in your hands. I have done what I think just, in proposing that you should have the opinion of a third party; but, if you deem this unnecessary, then my suggestion is that an edition of 1,500 copies should be printed, and that you should state the sum you will pay for the copyright of that edition.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, *11th July, 1856.*

“DEAR SIR: By your letter of yesterday, I understand that you offer to print an edition of my first volume at your own cost and risk; and that you propose, as soon as it is ready for publication, to pay me a sum equal to one half the profits upon that edition.

“This proposal, as far as I can judge, seems fair and liberal, and I am willing to accept it—but not exactly in this form. You will perhaps remember that from the beginning I stated that I disliked uncertain arrangements, and that my wish was to receive a fixed and definite sum for the copyright of the first edition. To this you agreed, and the only question now between us is to name the sum. I am quite willing to take, as a basis of the arrangement, half the estimated profits; and, with your experience of books, it will be easy for you to form an idea of what that will be. The volume will be rather more than 600 pages 8vo, about the size of Macaulay (i. e., calculating the same

number of words on the page as in one of his volumes), and, as the notes will be numerous, you would probably think sixteen shillings a fair price at which to publish it. Supposing, then, a thousand copies are printed, you will be able to estimate the half profits; because I have taken the greatest possible care in preparing the MS. so that the corrections of the press will be very trifling.

“Whatever sum you agree to pay me will, of course, include such corrections as even a careful copy may be supposed to require (that is to say, I am not to be charged with them); but if I make any alterations of extent, such as interpolating or omitting sentences, I shall be willing and desirous to pay for them myself.

“I should wish to have twelve copies delivered to me free of charge for presentation to my friends. As to sending any copies to the reviews and newspapers, that I take for granted is your concern.

“In regard to any future edition, it will naturally be my wish to remain in your hands; but I can not formally bind myself down to any such engagement, because, to do so would in fact be surrendering the control of my own property; it would be equivalent to selling the copyright without reaping the advantages of the sale, since it would be a compact which would bind me without binding you.

“If what I have said meets your views, it only remains for you to fix a specified sum, as that was the condition mentioned at our first interview.

“I hope that you will consider what I have written as satisfactory. You have acted very frankly with me, and I wish to do the same with you.

“Believe me, etc.”

"I leave town early on Wednesday, 16th. If you wish to see me, I am always at home in the morning; but I hope there will be no further difficulty to give you the trouble of calling, and that a letter will be sufficient."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, MOUNT EDGECUMBE COTTAGE,  
"20th July, 1856.

"DEAR SIR: Judging from your letter, the obstacles to further negotiation appear insuperable. It will therefore be better that the matter should end here.

"I am sorry that you should have had so much unnecessary trouble."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 27th July, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY: . . . . The air here is really so fine, and my mother is so much improving in it, that I am almost beginning to like the country. A frightful and alarming degeneracy! Pray God that my mind may be preserved to me, and that the degradation of taste does not become permanent.

"I am as well as ever, and I think as busy as ever: deeply immersed in comparative anatomy, the dryness of which I enliven by excursions into free will and predestination. I find that physiology and theology correct each other very well; and, between the two, reason holds her own. My mother writes to-day to Miss Shirreff to try and coax her to come and stay with us. She sends her love, and hopes that, if you and Mr. Grey can not come here for the summer, you will at all events take a run down when Miss Shirreff is with us: and, if you get rooms at the Ephraim hotel, we can all breakfast and dine together; as our cottage is large enough for that, though it has but few bedrooms.

“The negotiation with Mr. Parker is off: he wanted to bind me down respecting subsequent editions, and I did not choose to be bound. It is not very important, and I am glad that something is settled.

“Do you keep a look-out as to the ‘Examiner.’ If there is a review of ‘Self-Culture,’ and you buy the paper, please to send it to me. I shall be very anxious to know about it.”

“TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 28th August, 1856.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: You do both me and yourself great injustice by calling your criticism ‘*unsought*.’ So far from this, I find your suggestions too valuable not to ask for them; and I have adopted at least five out of six of every emendation you proposed. In regard to the more general objections contained in your letter, I see considerable force in them: but, as they do not strike at any great principle, or even at the accuracy of any particular fact, it seems hardly worth while to undergo the labor of rewriting and rearranging so large a part of the MSS. Such alteration in any chapter would also compel me to alter the notes belonging to that chapter, as they are consecutively numbered, and could not be altered without defacing the text. Unless, therefore, there is anything fundamentally vicious in the arrangement and proportion of the different parts, I would not change them now. Besides this, I may fairly say that I have bestowed considerable thought on the general scheme, and I think that I could bring forward arguments (too long for a letter) to justify the apparently disproportionate length of the notice of Burke and Bichat. As to the French Protes-

tants, I am more inclined to agree with you : though, even here, it is to be observed that general historians represent the struggle between Protestants and Catholics as *always* a struggle between toleration and intolerance ; and, as I assert that the triumph of the Catholic party in France has increased toleration, I thought myself bound to support with full evidence what many will deem a paradoxical assertion. Read, for instance, Smedley's 'History of the Reformed Church of France,' which is constantly appealed to as an authority, and is the most elaborate work in English on the subject, and in it you will see how completely the author has misrepresented the contest of the two parties under Louis XIII. Even Sismondi, liberal as he is, does not treat the Catholics fairly. I have also worked this part of the subject at the greater length, because I thought it confirmed one of the leading propositions in my fifth chapter, to the effect that religious tenets do not so much affect society as they are affected by it. I wished to show how much more depends on circumstance than on dogma : it was therefore useful to prove that, though the Catholics are theoretically more intolerant than the Protestants, they were in France practically more tolerant ; and that this arose from the pressure of general events."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 8th October, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF : My mother is as well as when you were here. Her loss of speech, which lasted for a few minutes, has left no mischief behind so far as one can perceive ; only it is disheartening to see that with the utmost care so little has been done toward preventing such attacks. But Mr. Rix, in whom I place some confidence,

assures me most positively that she is upon the whole steadily improving; and he makes little account of her late temporary seizure. On the 29th we separate: she to Boulogne, I to London.

“In regard to your publishing translations, I thought, and still think, that, looking at your remote interests, the step is not advisable. But I had then hoped that before this time you would be fit for real work; and, as I fear that, though better, you are still hardly in a state to go on with what you projected, it remains for you to consider how far it is worth while to sacrifice the present to the future. The main point, I think, is, what prospect you have of a speedy recovery of strength. I am most unwilling to believe that you will be for any length of time unfit for work; but, if there were reason to apprehend this, certainly my objections against your appearing as a translator would be weakened. Wait till I come to town, and we will talk it over—for I do most sincerely trust that the mountain air will have done so much to reëstablish you that when we meet you will have gained your strength and lost your fears. If not, you know well that I will do whatever lies in my power either in the way of advice or of any description of active help which you may require. Meanwhile, don't try too much at present, and be a firm believer in *time* and *patience*. You say that you are better than you were. This is a clear gain, and shows the direction in which things are tending.

“Your letter raises several questions of interest which, if I had you here, I would answer categorically and discursively; but when I tell you that it is now ten o'clock at night, and that I have had a hard day's work, I know

you will excuse my not entering into them now. I am, in truth, so tired as hardly to know what I am writing; but I would not delay, as I wished this letter to meet you on your arrival at Manchester. Only one thing I will say in regard to 'Diversions of Purley': that Horne Tooke was a nominalist and sensationalist, and that Donaldson and Bunsen were idealists—hence the opposition. Tooke's book is a fine sample of deductive reasoning in philology; indeed, he says, if I rightly remember, that he arrived at his conclusions before knowing a word of Anglo-Saxon; so that his facts are *illustrations*, not *proofs*.

"I am sorry, but not surprised to hear of Hope; but I am glad that you have escaped from him with so little loss. As soon as I go to town I shall see what is doing with 'Self-Culture.'

"This is a sad scrawl, but I am really oppressed with work."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 28th October, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . . To-morrow I shall go to Petheram, to show him the notice, or rather, short review, of your book; and consult with him if it is worth while to extract anything to put in his catalogue. I should have liked to have known Mr. Puff. I always was a charlatan, and, the older I grow, the more the propensity waxes.

"My mother goes from Tunbridge Wells to Boulogne, avoiding London. She is, I think, better than when you were with us. I am just like a child come home for the holidays, in the midst of my toys. What lovely things books are! I suppose some time or other I too shall publish a book, but I don't know much about it."



"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 18th November, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY: I am doubly glad to hear of the article in the 'Church of England Review'; glad for the sake of your book, and glad too, as it proves that the orthodox are losing their power of distinguishing friends from enemies; and this I take to be a mark of their coming fall, for is it not written that they whom the gods seek to overthrow, they first dement?"

"On Friday next, 21st, at seven I shall wait upon you with the feeling of respect that your note naturally inspires."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 15th December, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . . I am certainly better, and fully intend returning from the sea"<sup>13</sup> vigorous and (if anybody contradicts me) dangerous. At present I am safe, cowardly, and taciturn.

"I have very good accounts from my mother."

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 22d December, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: You asked me to let you know how I was going on, and although I can not give a favorable account, I will not be so insensible to your kindness as to delay writing any longer.

"Dr. Allatt precisely confirms what Mr. Morgan said in London—that I am weak, with low fever hanging about me. I am to live well, and take quinine—both of which I have done since coming here, but without much effect. Fortunately, I only feel weak physically, and am as fit for head work as I ever was. This is a great comfort to me, and I am only sorry not to get on with my first volume;

<sup>13</sup> Boulogne.

though, if I were in town, I should probably feel the fatigue too much of moving and opening books for verifying my notes. Dr. Allatt suspects that the brain has been overworked, but says he will not speak positively at present; at all events, he thinks there is nothing which I shall not soon get over; but he strongly urges my putting aside my first volume for the present. To lose another season would be a great vexation to me; and then, too, these early checks make me think mournfully of the future. If I am to be struck down in the vestibule, how shall I enter the temple?

“I shall certainly stay here till the end of this month; and, then if I am not better, there is nothing for it but traveling, as while I am stationary I must work.”

It was indeed no wonder that at last his health began to feel the strain. No doubt personal experience originated his “strong suspicion” that, “with a given mind, there must and will be a certain physical structure, of which we may modify the effects, but never change the nature.”<sup>13</sup> We may modify the effects, indeed; but he aggravated, rather than mitigated them. The “while I am stationary, I must work,” was true enough; but not in the implication. It was simply impossible for him not to work, and he worked hard, though not so hard as when at home, while traveling. He read even in the train. While, too, he accomplished his minimum of seven hours a day, his only relaxation was playing at chess; and when we take into consideration that his weakness was not so much bodily in its origin as nervous, and the great anxiety he suffered on account of his mother's health, it is by

<sup>13</sup> “Letter,” July 17, 1855.

no means astonishing that the tension at last proved too great, and his health broke down." Miss Shirreff writes: "His mother knew too well that she could not afford to wait. During the spring and summer of 1856 she was more ill, and had a more general sense of failing than she would allow him to know. She kept up her courage and her spirits for his sake, lest he should be diverted from his work. I was staying with them for a short time at Tunbridge Wells, and daily she betrayed to me her knowledge that her days were numbered, and her anxiety to see her son take his right place in the world. She had been content that he should hide his bright gifts in their quiet home so long as the serious purpose of his life required it; but now that it was partly attained, that a portion of his work was ready, she grew eager to see those gifts acknowledged before she herself went forth, to be no more seen on earth. Chapter by chapter, almost page by page, had that first volume been planned with her, commented on by her, every speculation as it arose talked over with her; and now her mind was oppressed with the fear that she might never know how those pages, so unutterably precious to her, would be welcomed by those whose welcome would crown her beloved with fame. Yet, to spare him, she never would betray in his presence the real secret of her growing impatience; only when we were alone she would say to me: 'Surely God will let me

<sup>14</sup> There are several indications in his diary of great weakness. "June 24, 1856: Went to Divan. Coming home through Hyde Park, I suddenly felt ill, and fell down insensible." He does not say how he got home; and the next day appears to have been in his usual health. Again, October 31, 1856, he writes: "I sent for Dr. Morgan, who says that I am low, and the system generally out of order."

live to see Henry's book'; and she did live to see it, and to read the dedication to herself, the only words she was unprepared to meet. Mr. Buckle told me he bitterly repented the rash act of laying the volume before her, to enjoy her surprise and pleasure, for he was alarmed at her agitation. Even the next day, when showing it to me, she could not speak; but pointed with tears to the few words that summed up to her the full expression of his love and gratitude. She thus saw her ardent wish gratified, and her impatience was but too well justified. The second volume was dedicated to her memory alone!"

He had at the end of the year decided to print the volume himself, as he could not come to a satisfactory arrangement with Messrs. Parker. "February 7th, Mr. Levy came to show me a specimen page of my work printed, and gave me an estimate. I settled everything with him, and on Monday they (Levy & Robson) will begin to print and finish the volume by the end of April." He then wrote to Messrs. Parker to ask them whether they would undertake to publish it on commission:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 17th February, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR: As you were unwilling—and perhaps reasonably so—to run the risk of printing my work except on conditions which I was equally unwilling to accept, I have determined to print it at my own expense, and I received last Saturday a proof of the first sheet from Levy & Robson's, who were strongly recommended to me by Mr. Forster, and with whose care and attention I have, thus far, every reason to be satisfied.

"My object in writing to you at present is to ask if

you would be disposed to publish on commission the fifteen hundred copies which I am printing. In this way you would avoid the risk of loss, and, should the work prove tolerably successful, you will have a criterion by which to estimate any proposal you might like to make for the subsequent volumes, or for subsequent editions of the first volume. Should the book fail, you will, of course, not be bound to continue your connection with me after the first edition; and if, on the other hand, it should succeed, it will be for your interest and for mine that the connection should be a permanent one. We should in this way be united by the bond of self-interest, which seems more satisfactory than the one formerly proposed. I feel that, looking at the character of the works you publish, you are the best publisher I could select, and if you exerted yourself (as I am sure you would do) to push the work, there is no reason to think that there would be any difficulty about subsequent arrangements. At all events you will, I hope, look on my proposition as a proof that our negotiation was not broken off by the smallest want of confidence on my part, but simply by an impression that it was not for my interest to accept your terms—though I must cheerfully acknowledge that I do not believe any publisher ever offered terms so favorable for the first work of an unknown author.

“On Saturday morning I leave town for a few days; but, if you should be willing to reopen the negotiation, I will either send for a specimen of the paper and of the printing, or I will remain at home to see you any morning between 10.30 and 1.30 that you may appoint, if you will favor me by calling before Saturday.”

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, *2d April, 1857.*

"MY DEAR SIR: The volume will not be completed before the middle of May, as the notes are even longer than I anticipated, and require very great care in printing. If, however, you think that it is advisable to announce it at once, I have no objection.

"The title is :

'HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND,

'By Henry Thomas Buckle.

'Volume I.—Being the first part of a General Introduction.'<sup>15</sup>

"I believe it is understood between us that the issue of this edition (of 1,500 copies) is a sort of experiment to enable an opinion to be formed of the probable success of the book ; and that, in the event of the whole impression selling satisfactorily, we may then (i. e., if you think proper) recur to the plan of your paying a certain sum for each subsequent edition.

"As in matters of business much unpleasantness is avoided by being explicit at first, you will, I am sure, excuse my recapitulating this, and suggesting that a memorandum should be drawn up stating that our actual engagement is confined to the first edition of the first volume, and that you agree to publish it on commission for me according to the terms contained in your printed paper. If this is contrary to the usual course, it will be quite sufficient that you should write me a note to the same effect, as I trust that you feel as much confidence in my word as I do in yours, and my only object is to pre-

<sup>15</sup> It will be observed that this last was omitted.

vent the possibility of misunderstanding subsequently arising."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 3d April, 1857. .

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note is quite sufficient, and the advertisement is correct.

"In regard to boarding the volume, Mr. Bell suggested to me the other day that it would be better only to have 500 bound, and the remainder in sheets; as that, in case of the sale being slow, they would keep better in sheets, and be less liable to lose their color. Is this the case? and what do you think the best plan? If there is no fear of injury, I should prefer having the whole impression boarded at once.

"I shall be able to meet your wishes in regard to the point you mentioned the last time you called; and I can appropriate a dry room to receive 1,000 copies until you require them, leaving you only 500 at first.

"Believe me, etc.

"I am much obliged by the good wishes you express for my success, and I fully agree with you that we shall get on well together. Indeed, even at the time that I thought it advisable to break off our former negotiations, I always did justice to the open way in which you met me, and to the liberal character of your offer."

"BRIGHTON, 1st March, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: It is very cheering to hear you at length say that you are quite well and able to work once more regularly; but pray take example from your former state, and also from mine, and proceed *gradually*. I should never have been as I am now but for an eager

desire to save this season. Indeed, I was getting half ashamed at constantly putting off what I was perhaps too ready to talk about. However, all this is past, and comparing one month with another I certainly am not losing ground, so that I have every right to suppose that diminished labor will be rewarded by increased strength.

"In a week or two I shall ask you to revise Chapters XII. and XIV., the only two not quite completed. My mother, I really think, is better; but Dr. Bright says the greatest caution is needed, and allows her to see literally no one except my sister—not even her own niece."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 30th March, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . . I shall take my mother to Brighton the day before Good Friday if the wind is not too cold for her. She will stay there, but I must return to town early in the week. I am gaining strength slowly, but steadily, which I take to be the safest way."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 1st April, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I have not yet received your note by post, but shall be very happy to dine with Mrs. Shirreff to-morrow (Thursday) at seven. When you show me your Philos. Transac. I shall be better able to advise you about them.

"I will not delay a post in writing, and therefore have had no time yet to look at your notes, but am half inclined to be vexed at your thinking it necessary to apologize for their freedom. Let them be as free and hostile as they may, I well know the spirit in which they are dictated."



“BRIGHTON, *18th April, 1857.*

“DEAR MRS. GREY: I shall return to town on Monday, and am vexed to think that you are to leave London just as I enter it. Thanks much for the offer of Miss Shirreff's aid. Perhaps, as you have Descartes, she will take the trouble of verifying the references from his work, if you will send them to Chester Street.

“I forget whether or not I asked you some time ago (as I intended to do) to write to Mrs. — (I don't know if I spell rightly the name of your friend in Stockholm), for information respecting Swedish and other books on the ‘Life of Christina.’ Captain Woodhead is engaged by my advice on this subject, and is busy learning Swedish; and I have promised to collect information for him in regard either to MSS. or printed books. He meditates a journey to Stockholm in the summer, but it will save time to go there furnished with preliminary knowledge as to the best sources.

“Please, dear Mrs. Grey, why do you put to me such puzzling questions? That a man should be so unfortunate as to be asked to give an account of the transcendental process in a note! That he should have a friend who can make such a request! And then, perhaps, blamed for not complying with it! Such a man is greatly to be pitied—particularly when the poor creature intends entering into details respecting German transcendentalism in a second volume which he meditates writing, and which he hopes will convey comfort to those orthodox minds which his first volume may have embarrassed.

“Seriously, however, I do not think anything can be better on this most interesting subject than the passages

I have collected from Kant (at end of Chapter I.), in which he vindicates *transcendentally* the freedom which he destroys *logically*. The logical deals with the universal understanding; the transcendental with the individual reason. The first explains without feeling; the second feels without explaining. The first being performed by one mind may be repeated and imitated by another. The second is by its nature incapable of being copied because it concerns an eminently individual, and, as it were, an isolated process. Therefore it is that logical truths are dependent upon the age in which they are found. That is to say, the state of surrounding knowledge supplies the major premise. On the other hand, in the transcendental process, the mind itself supplies the major premise. From this it appears that, if two minds are exactly of the same nature, they will arrive at the same transcendental conclusions, whatever be the difference of country or age in which they live. In regard, however, to their logical conclusions, they will arrive at different results in proportion as the varieties of their surroundings. Knowledge supplies them with different ideas. Or, to give another illustration, the transcendental is *statical*; the logical is *dynamical*.

“There are extremely few persons (indeed, only two besides yourself) to whom I would have written all this: because, setting a high value on clearness, I dislike the appearance of mysticism. But I know you well enough to feel sure that you will not accuse me of affecting obscurity in a matter which is rather dark than difficult. Still, I am fearful that you will not quite catch my meaning. Do not keep this letter, but make a memorandum

of the heads, and when we meet I will try and explain what I have said. But oblige me by putting the letter itself in the fire; as I do not care about having my opinions on these most sacred subjects discussed.<sup>16</sup>

"I should like to have a line or two from you (to Oxford Terrace) to say how far our minds have met on common ground in this field of thought. One thing, at least, I know—that we both respect each other's convictions.

"I am, etc.

"My mother is really better. She sends her kind love. I wish you and she could see more of each other. She has gone through the process of which we have been speaking."

He writes to Mrs. Bowyear on the same subject as follows :

"You remind me that I have not answered your former questions respecting transcendental convictions, and the relation between them and religious belief; the reason of my silence is the impossibility of treating such subjects in a letter. In conversation you would raise difficulties and ask for further information on what seemed obscure, but you can not *cross-examine* a letter, and on subjects of such immense difficulty I fear to be misunderstood; and I shrink from saying anything that might give a painful direction to your speculations. In regard to books, on this there is nothing in English, and what perhaps I should most recommend are the minor works of Fichte, which I could lend you if you find yourself strong enough in Ger-

<sup>16</sup> This letter was kept by permission given afterward.

man to master them. The difference between the transcendental operations of the reason and the empirical operations of the understanding is also worked out by Kant, and at the end of my first chapter you will find all the passages collected in which that wonderful thinker applies this difference to solve the problem of free will and necessity. Coleridge saw the difficulty, but *dared* not investigate it. Miserable creatures that we are, to think that we offend God by using with freedom the faculties that God has given us ! There is only one safe maxim on these questions, viz., that, if we strive honestly after the truth, we satisfy our conscience, and, having done all that lies in our power, may wash our hands of the result. If this maxim be neglected, then investigations will only lead to a life of misery, and had far better be left alone."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 30th April, 1857.

"DEAR MRS. GREY: I inclose pp. 481 to 512, the only two sheets which you have missed. What you say about Descartes absenting himself from France is quite true, but there is no evidence that he did so for liberty's sake, though, if I remember rightly, the very imperfect account of him in the 'Biographie Universelle' " asserts that such was his motive. But in his correspondence he says that his object in going to Holland was to separate himself from his friends that he might meditate uninter-

<sup>17</sup> "Revenu des ses voyages, il jeta un coup-d'œil sur les diverses occupations des hommes ; il sentit que la seule qui lui convint était la culture de sa raison ; mais comme tout était extrême dans cette âme ardente, il crut que s'il restait en France il ne serait ni assez seul ni assez libre ; il vendit une partie de son bien, et se retira en Hollande (1629), comme dans un séjour tranquille, particulièrement propre à la paix et à la liberté de ses méditations."

ruptedly; and certainly there was at that time less free discussion in Holland than in France. In regard to his subsequent visit to Sweden, it was partly to procure a settlement (his pecuniary affairs being deranged), and partly from real admiration for that most remarkable and cruelly maligned woman, Christine.

"In regard to the note on the crystalline lens, I confess that I think you are right, and therefore I am wrong. My mind, and hence my reading, is too discursive, and, what is worse, the discursiveness is too ostentatiously displayed, as I clearly perceive now that the volume is printed. This is fortunately rather a blemish than an error, as the arguments and facts which form the framework of the book remain intact.

"My mother is a little better, and writes very sanguinely about herself. I do not get up my strength as I ought, and don't expect much improvement till I am through the press. . . .

"Observe that Descartes' works were not prohibited in France during his lifetime, and therefore *a fortiori* why should his person have been attacked?

"I shall insert a note at the end of Chapter VIII. to say that Descartes died in Sweden. Thanks, very much, dear Mrs. Grey, for your criticisms. They are useful to me, and I am also glad to have them as showing the interest you take in what I am doing."

The long-delayed work, which at last had to be printed at the author's expense, at length appeared, and met with an almost instantaneous success. In London it became the talk of the season, and its author the lion of the sea-

son. There was so much originality, such power, such industry, and such fearlessness, that public curiosity was piqued to meet the obscure author. Courted, feasted, and caressed in private, he was attacked in public by the mass of reviews. But, as he once said at Cairo, "the people of England have such an admiration of any kind of intellectual splendor that they will forgive for its sake the most objectionable doctrines," and his brilliant conversation was an additional incentive to all who met him to make his acquaintance; while, as he writes to Mr. Capel,<sup>18</sup> "If I had written more obscurely, I should have excited less anger," it had the effect of selling his book the quicker. "If men are not struck down by hostility, they always thrive by it," he writes,<sup>19</sup> and he had sold 675 copies of the edition at the end of the year of its publication. Mr. Parker agreed to buy a new edition of 2,000 copies for £500. It found its way all over the Continent. The Americans began reprinting it the same year that it was published, and, in May, he had a visit from a Russian gentleman, who told him of its success at Moscow.

It was, of course, impossible for Buckle to answer the very numerous attacks that were made upon him from all quarters. Had he done so, he would never have written anything more. But he collected and read them. In October, 1858, he writes to Miss Shirreff: "As I collect *every* criticism on my work, I wish you would let me know the date of the . . . . Such things in after years will be very interesting. Besides this, I want my book to get among the mechanics' institutes and the *people*; and, to tell you the honest truth, I would rather be praised in

<sup>18</sup> 24th October, 1857.

<sup>19</sup> September, 1861.

popular and, as you rightly call them, *vulgar* papers, than in *scholarly* publications. The —— and —— are no judges of the critical value of what I have done; but they are admirable judges of its *social* consequences among their own class of readers. And these are they whom I am now beginning to touch, and whom I wish to move.”

The greater number of the objections brought against his arguments by the various reviewers would, taken together, almost answer each other; and any one who might feel inclined to try will find a list of them at the end of this work. Buckle publicly answered only one,<sup>20</sup> which he selects because of the “marvelous ignorance” it displays, and which he uses as a vehicle to warn the public against lending too much weight to such ephemeral productions. But to his friends and privately he justified himself against attack. Thus, he wrote “a long letter to Dr. Lyon Playfair”<sup>21</sup> in answer to one just received respecting my chemical views of cheap food”; wrote<sup>22</sup> “a long letter to Vice-Chancellor Wood in answer to a long letter from him objecting to my superiority of intellectual laws”; and again, “to Professor Wheatstone, justifying my assertion that Malus discovered the polarization of light.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 31st October, 1857.

“MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR:” I can not sufficiently thank you for your interesting letter—interesting inasmuch as it deals with a most important subject which has cost me some years of anxious reflection; and, interesting in a

<sup>20</sup> “History of Civilization,” vol. ii., p. 5, note 5.

<sup>21</sup> October 18th, 1857.

<sup>22</sup> November 1st, 1857.

<sup>23</sup> Lord Hatherley.

narrower and personal point of view, because it shows the kindly feeling with which you regard my inquiries, even where you differ with their result. I have been for some time, partly from severe mental suffering, and partly from overwork, so reduced in strength as to be incapable of sustained application; and, although I am now steadily gaining ground, quite unequal to enter into so elaborate an argument as your objections require.

“Indeed, it would under any circumstances be impossible for me, within the limits of a letter, to make any reply worth your listening to. I can only hope that at some future day we may have an opportunity of talking the subject over, when I flatter myself that I should convince you—not that I am right (for our methods of investigation are too different to admit of unanimity of result)—but that I am not altogether and thoroughly wrong in ascribing the progress of society to intellectual laws rather than moral ones.

“In reference to the *individual*, I have always admitted the superiority of the moral elements, which I as strenuously deny in reference to the organization of society. I have not made the admission in my book, simply because my inquiry has nothing to do with the individual, but is solely concerned with the dynamics of masses. Thus, for instance, when I say that the marriages annually contracted by a nation are uninfluenced by personal considerations, I am surely justified in a scientific point of view in making this statement; because, although each individual is moved by such considerations, we find that they are invisible in the mass, and that the laws of food govern the phenomenon in its totality.



"This way of putting it is, I am afraid, very unsatisfactory—as must be the case in all attempts to defend a complicated paradox (for paradox it is) in a few words, and at a short notice, and, moreover, with diminished powers—for I have not energy left to reopen the great question. Still, I would not delay a post in answering your very kind letter and thanking you heartily for it.

"The mass of national marriages is no doubt *immediately* determined by the mass of personal consideration. But this, which in the individual is the supreme cause, is in the mass only the *proximate* cause.

"Scientifically, we always look at the most *remote* cause, or the highest generalization, which in this case resolves itself into the physical laws of food. Here, as in many other things, there is an antagonism between practice (which deals with the most proximate causes) and science (which deals with the most remote ones)."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 2d November, 1857.

"MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR: Since I wrote to you on Saturday night, it has occurred to me to make two remarks: The first is, that in from (I should suppose) fifteen to twenty different reviews which I have seen of my work, I do not remember that a single attack is made upon my assertion respecting the superiority of intellectual laws. The other remark I wish to make is, that in what I am told are generally considered to be the two ablest articles my theory is distinctly admitted.

"The 'Saturday Review,' July 11, p. 39, says: 'We think that Mr. Buckle makes good his point. The primary cause of progress is in the intellect, but the subordinate

cause—that is, moral motives—modifying the primary cause indefinitely.’ And the writer adds, what I fully admit, that such modifications are enormous, and until they are ascertained the science is incomplete.

“The ‘Westminster Review’ for October says, p. 396, ‘We may then very seriously regret, as Mr. Buckle does, the common notions of the influence of moral principle on the progress of civilization.’

“Who wrote the article in the ‘Saturday Review’ I do not know;” but the article in the ‘Westminster’ was written by an Oxford clergyman of considerable reputation, and, as such, not likely to be prejudiced in my favor.

“These facts show that among thinking men the balance of opinion is not so entirely against me as you suppose; and you will perhaps forgive me if I add that they may possibly induce you to reconsider some expressions in your letter which, on second reading of it, struck me more than they did at first. You object against me the confidence of my language, and yet you do not scruple yourself to pronounce conclusions, which I have arrived at honestly and with great labor, to be *glaring fallacies*. I have said, and I deliberately repeat, that my inferences are *from my point of view* (that is, an investigation of the *remote* and PRIMARY causes of civilization) impregnable. Unless the ordinary and received methods of argument are erroneous, I am satisfied that the superiority of the intellectual laws is proved both *a priori* and *a posteriori*; and I am equally satisfied that this is only applicable to the progress of *society*, but that in regard to the *individual* the superiority of the moral laws may be proved as decisively.

<sup>24</sup> It was Mr. Sandars, whom he soon after met at Mr. Parker's.

"You will, I trust, accept this second letter as an evidence of the value which I attach to your opinion. If I cared less for your judgment, I should write less earnestly; but I can not sit down quietly under the conviction that able and upright men believe me to have asserted doctrines which are erroneous, and which nothing but their palpable absurdity prevents from being pernicious.

"You say that printing *diffused* moral truths, and hence caused progress. This is quite true; but, if the intellect invented the printing, it follows that the result is due to the original mover. If I push a man against you and kill you, who is the cause of the death? The proximate cause is the man pushed, but the real cause is the man who pushes. The object of all science is to rise from proximate causes to more remote ones, while in practice (which concerns the individual, and deals, not with the *science*, but with the *art* of life) the safest course is to look at what is proximate. Therefore I hold that in the former case the intellectual laws are supreme: in the latter case the moral laws. To return to my illustration: in practice you would save your life by avoiding the man who was pushed against you; but in criminal law (which is, or rather ought to be, a science) you would direct your attention to the more remote cause, and prosecute the man who pushed. Here is the antagonism between science and art which lies at the root of many of my speculations."<sup>29</sup>

<sup>29</sup> Of the reviews I have seen, Buckle's view on the superiority of intellectual laws is attacked in the following:

REVIEW.	PUBLISHED.	MONTH.	YEAR.
"Edinburgh Review" . . . . .	Edinburgh,	April,	1858
"Blackwood's Magazine" . . . . .	. . . . .	November,	1858
"Fraser's Magazine" . . . . .	. . . . .	September,	1859

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 5th May, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR:" In our conversation last night you remarked that, in speaking of Malus as the discoverer of the 'polarization of light,' I had used a mode of expression which was not used by any writer of authority, and, on my suggesting that Biot had so expressed himself, you said that he was careful to qualify the statement as 'polarization of light *by reflection*.'

"Of course I admitted at once, what indeed is known to every one interested in these subjects, that Malus's discovery was as you stated it; but I still venture to think that there was nothing unusual in my way of putting it. I now find on referring to Biot's 'Life of Malus' ('Biographie Universelle,' vol. xxvi., p. 410) that M. Biot uses the very words which I have employed, *without* the word *reflection*. He says: Malus 'auteur d'une des plus importantes découvertes de la physique, celle de la polarisation de la lumière, naquit à Paris,' etc.

"Besides this, M. Pouillet, in his 'Elemens de Physique' (vol. ii., part ii., p. 484, Paris, 1832) says that Malus 'découvrit en 1810 la polarisation de la lumière.'

"Neither of these eminent authorities thinks it necessary to qualify his statement; and I do not see how any

REVIEW.	PUBLISHED.	MONTH.	YEAR.
"Dublin University Magazine" . . . . .	. . . . .	January,	1858
"National Review" . . . . .	. . . . .	January,	1858
"North American Review" . . . . .	Boston, .	October,	1858
Ibid. . . . .	. . . . .	October,	1861
"The Christian Examiner" . . . . .	Boston, .	March,	1858
Ibid . . . . .	. . . . .	January,	1863
"The Bradford Review" . . . . .	. . . . .	March,	1860

The letter to Lord Hatherley was written 2d November, 1857.

"Sir Charles Wheatstone.

one can be fairly accused of inaccuracy in following their example.

"I would not have troubled you with this letter except that your kindness in suggesting what you thought a necessary alteration in my work makes me wish to testify the respect I feel for any opinion of yours, and makes me also desire to prevent your supposing that I retain what I have written out of mere obstinacy. I confess, too, that I should be sorry if able and accomplished men were to believe that I would write on the history of physical science without having properly qualified myself to do so.

"Sincerely thanking you for the interest you take in what I have done,

"I am, dear sir, with much regard,

"Very truly yours,

"HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE."

"BODMIN, 18th July, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR:" Your two letters of the 7th and 11th did not reach me till some ten days after they were written, as I have been exploring out-of-the-way parts of Cornwall, and could not calculate my movements precisely, so had to wait for my letters at Penzance.

"I have now read the articles in the 'Athenæum' and 'Saturday Review.' Of the former I say nothing, because it is an attack upon my book, and no man is a fair judge in his own cause. In regard to the 'Saturday Review,' the writer has shown considerable skill in grasping the salient points, and, I think, has exercised remarkable discretion in giving no extracts. Whoever he may be, he

is unquestionably a man of very considerable ability and power of analysis.

"I do not know if any other notices have appeared. On the 23d and 24th I shall be in Bristol, where I have directed my next batch of letters to be sent."

"BRIGHTON, 10th October, 1857.

"MY DEAR CAPEL: I return Mrs. Huth's note, which I am much pleased to read. You rightly judge that I assign considerable weight to any opinion expressed by thinking women, and in this instance I have, of course, special reasons for doing so, as to praise her opinion is to praise my own work—and thus do we delude ourselves!

"I agree with you about 'Fraser.' Indeed, the only real judgment of my book is that in the 'Saturday Review';<sup>28</sup> and even there the writer has not stated the fundamental principles of my method—viz., that political economy and statistics form the only means of bridging over the chasm that separates the study of nature from the study of mind. I wish, too, that I could get a well-written article in a scientific journal—not one reviewer having grappled (either by way of attack or defense) with my more strictly physical views."

"The 'Westminster' reviewer<sup>29</sup> brings two special charges against me. He says, first, *That* in the latter part

<sup>28</sup> July 11th, 1857, and "Fraser" for October, 1857. They were both, however, by the same hand—Mr. Sandars.

<sup>29</sup> A little before his death one such review appeared, not in a scientific journal, but in "Blackwood's Magazine" (November, 1861, vol. xc., No. 553, pp. 582–596), entitled "Mr. Buckle's Scientific Errors"—but which is itself, apart from other matter, full of errors of mere statement.

<sup>30</sup> For October, 1857, vol. xii., new series, Art. No. iv., pp. 375–399.

of my volume I violate my own method, and write deductively instead of inductively; and, second, *That*, while I deny the importance of individuals, I ascribe the greatest effects to Louis XIV.

“I answer: First, *That* in the first five chapters I establish certain principles by *induction*, and in the next nine chapters verify these by a *deductive* application; and that this is not an *infringement* of my method, but a necessary *change* of it, inasmuch as the alteration of *aim* requires an alteration of *treatment*. The ‘Principia’ are partly inductive and partly deductive, but who on that account ever charged Newton with inconsistencies? They alone are inconsistent who do not change their scheme if the change of plan demand it.

“To the second objection I say *that* I only ascribe a *transient* influence to Louis XIV., since his work was undone by the reaction of the eighteenth century. So that my general proposition still holds good—viz., that in the *long run* (or on the great average of affairs) individuals count for nothing. Besides this, I distinctly state, in Chapter xi., that the way was *prepared* by the Protective Spirit for Louis XIV.; so that even his transient influence was partly due to the action of those general causes which governed the march of the French mind.

“I shall remain here probably till the last week in October, and then return to Oxford Terrace. I am certainly better, and am able to write a little of my second volume. I am now engaged on the first chapter, which contains an analysis of Spanish civilization, and of the causes and consequences of the influence of the Church in Spain.”

“TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *13th August, 1858.*

“MY DEAR CAPEL: I am afraid I can't help you about the quotations. It is so long since I paid attention to these matters, and, to say the truth, it is the last point upon which I had expected to be attacked. You were shrewd enough about the authorship of the article in the ‘Quarterly’—you know your own trade-mark.” I wish you had told me how you enjoyed your trip. I am quite well, and working very hard at Scotland—a tough morsel.

“I am almost sure you will find something in ‘Wetstein.’”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, *5th August, 1857.*

“MY DEAR CAPEL: Thanks for your note, but I don't feel inclined to supply the American gentlemen with the information about myself in this indirect manner. They have both the power and the right to reprint my book in any way they choose, but the notes are so voluminous that, unless they appoint some competent editor, the volume will swarm with blunders, and in such case I shall, for my own reputation, disavow it by public advertisement. In works of this character the usual course has been with the most respectable American publishers to communicate directly with the author or with his publishers. I mean this has been the course if they required any aid or information; but it is quite unusual for them to get their information by applying indirectly, and obtaining what they want through the author's friends. If the American publishers have any proposal to make, and will write to me, I shall be anxious to meet them in a fair and liberal spirit, so far

<sup>81</sup> Mr. Capel was a clergyman.



as is consistent with the interest of my publishers, to whom, of course, I shall refer the matter. . . .

"Parker's account of my book is very satisfactory, and additional copies have been recently taken by Mudie, making twelve in all. About a week ago twenty-five copies were sent out to America on speculation."

Messrs. Appleton reprinted his first volume without giving him anything; afterward, when the second volume was published, they sent him perhaps £50." He afterward wrote to Mr. Theodore Parker as follows:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 9th July, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR: Absence from town prevented me from receiving till yesterday your very kind and friendly letter. I certainly shall not venture to write upon the civilization of your noble country until I have visited it, and satisfied myself in regard to many matters respecting which books (as you truly say) supply no adequate information. Indeed, in the national character of every really great people there is a certain shape and color which can not be recognized at a distance. But, at present, I am exclusively occupied with an analysis of the civilization of Spain and Scotland, which I hope to publish early next year; and, should I fulfill that expectation, I shall hope to visit America in the summer of 1859.

"In regard to Scotland, the leading facts are its religious intolerance and the absence of municipal spirit during the middle ages. The causes of these phenomena I have attempted to generalize.

"Spain I have almost finished, but I find a difficulty

in collecting evidence respecting the rapid decline of that country during the reigns of Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. In investigating the *causes* of the decline (both remote and proximate) I trust that I have not been wholly unsuccessful. In Mr. Ticknor's singularly valuable 'History of Spanish Literature' there is more real information than can be found in any of the many Spanish histories that I have had occasion to read.

"You mention a book on America by a Pole as being important, but I can not quite decipher his name. I should be very glad to buy it, and if you would take the trouble to send its title either to me or to your London bookseller, with a request that he should forward it to me, you would render me a service.

"I do not like reading at public libraries, and I purchase nearly all the books which I use. I have at present about 20,000 volumes.

"I believe you correspond with Mr. Chapman; if so, would you kindly beg him to send me any criticisms which appear in America on my book? You ought to know of some which he would not be aware of.

"Some time ago I received from an American publisher a request that I would write my life. At that time I was very unwell, worn from overwork, and harassed by domestic anxiety. I also thought the form of the request rather blunt, and from all these causes I was induced to return a somewhat curt answer, and one very foreign to my usual habits. But you and I are no longer strangers to each other, and I willingly send you the particulars which you desire for your friend.

"I was born at Lee, in Kent, on the 24th of Novem-

ber, 1822. My father was a merchant. His name was Thomas Henry Buckle, and he was descended from a family one of whom was well known as Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1840. My mother, who still lives, was a Miss Middleton, of the Yorkshire Middletons.

“As a boy my health was extremely delicate, and my parents were fortunately guided by that good and wise man Dr. Birkbeck (whose name I believe is not unknown in America), who forbade my receiving any education that would tax the brain.

“This prevented me from being, in the common sense of the word, educated, and also prevented my going to college. When I was in my eighteenth year my father died (January, 1840), and left me in independent circumstances, in a pecuniary point of view.

“My health steadily improved, and to this moment I had read little except ‘Shakespeare,’ ‘The Arabian Nights,’ and Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ three books on which I literally feasted.

“Between the ages of eighteen and nineteen I conceived the plan of my book—dimly indeed—but still the plan was there, and I set about its execution. From the age of nineteen I have worked on an average nine to ten hours daily. My method was this: In the morning I usually studied physical science, in the forenoon languages (of which till the age of nineteen I was deplorably ignorant), and the rest of the day history and jurisprudence; in the evening general literature. I have always steadily refused to write in reviews, being determined to give up my life to a larger purpose.

"I have, therefore, produced nothing except the first volume of my 'History,' and the 'Lecture on the Influence of Women.'

"This, I think, is all you requested me to communicate. Any further information which your friend may require will be much at his service. I should always feel it a pleasure and a privilege to hear from you." "

It is time, however, that we should pause a little to consider the history which was emphatically Buckle's Life.

<sup>22</sup> Weiss's "Life of Theodore Parker," pp. 468, 469, I.

### CHAPTER III.

Carelessness of Critics—Free Will—Greater Laws including Lesser—Influence of Circumstances—Mental Laws the Key of History in Europe—Comparative Influence of Intellectual and Moral Progress—The Claims of Religion, Literature, and Government as Civilizers—The History of the World too vast to be undertaken at present by One Man—Why England is chosen—Plan of the Body of the "History"—The Qualities needed by the Historian—Mournful Forebodings.

ENOUGH has been said of the reception of the "History of Civilization," but a few words will be of use on its conception. No fragment indeed, before or since, has ever made so deep an impression. The boldness of its generalizations, the vast learning, the singularly clear and simple style, together with the intimation that the reader had before him in that weighty volume but a part of an introduction to a work, must inevitably excite a world-wide curiosity. The way in which Buckle said what he thought, despite ancient prejudices and traditions, greatly captivated the mass and equally excited the anger of the dull and mechanic plodder, who is at once ignorant enough to consider himself the salt of the earth, and torpid enough to be positively hurt by any jog to the even run of his ideas in their accustomed groove. But the very beauty and perfection of this fragment exposed it to the attack of disingenuous foes, as well as to that class of careless readers, who, misled by the beauty of the outline, considered and criticised it as though

it were a finished drawing. "Mr. Buckle has not proved this, and not proved that," they say; "He has omitted to mention this, and forgotten to give due effect to the other"; as though, forsooth, the work were finished and the proof were done. As well might we blame Fielding for the preference Mrs. Blyfil shows for Tom Jones to her own son. It is only necessary to consider that we know the author's plan better than he does himself, and omit to read the finish of his novel. Moreover, since these critics are unaccustomed to look at history in a scientific spirit, and are smarting under the free use of Buckle's surgical knife to their social and literary excrescences, they are, perhaps, and not unnaturally, very anxious to find fault. Despite many worthy exceptions, we too often see death preferred to an honorable surrender, and the pitiful spectacle is presented to us of minds, capable enough, reduced by their narrow education to carping criticism. Men who undertake the office of critic should at least take the trouble to understand their author, and not blame Buckle, as, for instance, M. von Oettingen does, when really he is himself to blame. M. von Oettingen has only failed to understand Buckle, and hence I choose this instance in preference to others, in which I might be led into saying harsh things upon certain authors who wander out of their course to gratify their appetite of revenge, and indulge in this happiness unhurt, only because such criticisms are ephemeral, and must fall from very rottenness before the advance of knowledge. The instance I take from M. von Oettingen is a very typical one. He talks of Buckle's "dilletante manner," and then blames him for his assertion that, "In round numbers . . . for every twenty girls,

there are twenty-one boys born. . . . Does he not know," says Von Oettingen, "that, if the still-born are included, the proportion should be expressed as twenty-two and twenty-two hundredths of a boy?"<sup>1</sup> It is a pity that M. von Oettingen, who is an able and laborious man, should not have taken a little more care in first ascertaining what point Buckle wished to illustrate in mentioning these numbers. Supposing he had been utterly wrong about the births, and said that more girls were born than boys, what on earth would it have mattered? All he wishes to show is that a law was discovered by the method of statistical inquiry, or observation of the mass, which could not be discovered by observation on the individual; and how would the mistake we have supposed have affected this? Again, how often have I seen, not only in contemporary reviews, but in the current literature of the day, an utter confusion as to the sense in which Buckle uses the word *skepticism*? And yet he has himself defined it more than once<sup>2</sup> as the spirit of doubt which makes us question ourselves as to our knowledge; and not merely religious skepticism, which is but a part of it. Without this no one can advance, for every one is satisfied with what he knows. The same applies to Sir H. S. Maine's terrible warning concerning Buckle's imprudence in ascribing the low state of Indian civilization to the fact that their principal food is rice, which, he says, is not the case. If Sir H. Maine had read his author more carefully he would have seen that Buckle was not mistaken, that he did not depend solely on old travelers for his information, but that, among

<sup>1</sup> "Moralstatistik," p. 49, 1874.

<sup>2</sup> "History of Civilization," e. g., vol. i., p. 308.

many other authorities, the frequent mention of rice as the chief article of diet in their ancient codes of law shows its great and general importance. However, let us suppose for the moment that Sir H. Maine is right on this point; again Buckle's argument would stand. For, in the first place, whatever the food, there is no doubt it was cheap; in the second, this is only one among many causes; and, thirdly, India is only one instance among many countries of the same chain of causes producing the same effect.

This prevalence of misconception, which is chiefly due, as I have already said, to the fragmentary state of the work on the one hand, which supplies only one side of the proof, and on the other to the want of reiteration of proof and example which would have been supplied in the body of the work, has induced me to give a condensed account of Buckle's work, with a sketch of the general plan. One thing, however, the reader should bear in mind: it is hardly to be expected that I, with inferior powers, should be able to write in a few pages what Buckle, with his vastly superior powers and great command of language, required two volumes, and more, adequately to state. What I have done is merely to show what the plan of his history was as nearly as can be ascertained. In some cases, indeed, I have attempted to supply additional illustrations on those points which have been most criticised; but nowhere have I attempted to strengthen his authorities, for which the reader must turn to what is extant of the "History of Civilization."

Buckle begins his inquiry into the laws of civilization with an investigation into the possibility of the actions of



man being determined by natural laws. If they are not the result of fixed laws, then they must be due to chance or to supernatural interference, and thus, being by their nature capricious, can never be predicted, and the actions of mankind can therefore never be raised to a science. If, for instance, on dissecting animals we found that different individuals had a great variety of organs, arranged in no particular order, and sometimes one set present and sometimes another, anatomy could never have been raised to a science. If, again, the chemist found that under the same conditions the same reactions did not take place, or that, in other words, the elements possessed a will of their own to combine how they liked, chemistry could never have been raised to a science. In the same way, if mankind are wholly uninfluenced by their general constitution and the circumstances in which they are placed, their actions can never be predicted, and can therefore never be raised to a science.

Now, this preliminary question resolves itself simply into this: Are our actions the result of free will; or are they all preordained; or are they neither the one nor the other, but simply the result of what has gone before? If I take up my hat and go for a walk, is my will the cause; or has it been preordained that so many thousand years after the creation of the world an individual should exist, who at a certain period of his life should take that particular walk? or is it not rather the result of my constitution and the influence of external matters, such as the physiological want of air and exercise, the condition of leisure, my power of walking, my education, the fact that I have an overcoat, or perhaps that it is a fine day, or that

I have a friend to visit, and a thousand and one causes that no person can possibly fully weigh? Even should I toss up whether I shall go out, is not that action again determined by a similar series of causes? Even if there be such a power as free will, it is most certain that it is closely hedged about and subordinated to the action of its circumstances. It may be visible in the individual, but in the mass is nowhere to be seen. The progress of mankind is like that of a ship full of passengers, ever moving onward in the same direction, sometimes retarded, and sometimes assisted by the weather, while the individual passengers may walk a little forward or a little backward, or sit, or sleep, and still progress. This is what we see in the statistical mirror of our actions: under the same circumstances, the same results; given the antecedents, the result can be predicted—an impossible consequence were our actions undetermined by their antecedents. While, therefore, the theory of predestination can only be advanced under the admission that God is bad, and while free will can only be advanced under the supposition that one particular state of consciousness is always true<sup>8</sup> while others are not, the theory that our actions are caused by what has happened to us before—by which, of course, is meant our inherited internal machinery, the circumstances which have influenced our education, and the actual circumstances amid which we are placed—is not only highly probable in itself, but is borne out by the only method we have at present for showing it—statistics and history. For in such matters the observation of one in-

<sup>8</sup> See, for a fuller explanation, the "History of Civilization," vol. i., pp. 12-16.

dividual upon himself is so liable to individual perturbations that observations conducted in this way can never be relied upon to do more than confirm conclusions arrived at by a larger method. Conclusions arrived at from the fact that they explain history and statistics are not directly proved, indeed, but they are proved in the same way as Newton proved the theory of gravity, and rest on as assured a ground as the theory of biological evolution.

Surely, if free will exists, and mankind are uninfluenced by their antecedents, it is a marvelous thing that we can predict what, under given circumstances, men will do; that we can predict the numbers of persons who will marry in a given year as easily as the number that will be born; that we can predict, not only the number of people who, driven to desperation, or in a moment of madness, will put an end to their own lives, but that most of them will do so in June, on a Monday, at about midnight, and how many will cut their throats, or hang, or shoot, or drown themselves; that year after year a crime like murder, so often committed in a mere fit of passion, and so often again long premeditated and carefully planned, should year after year occur with a regularity which is simply inexplicable on the theory that such deeds are uninfluenced by external laws; that year after year the same number of octogenarians will marry; and that even the same number of persons yearly forget to address their letters before posting them.

It is not that, should the man, whom circumstances force to suicide, not kill himself, some one else is doomed, but that the man can not escape so long as the circumstances are unchanged. We can picture to ourselves such

things in this way: If a crowd is closely encircled by a wall, the number of people next the wall is only regulated by the circumference; but the individuals next it are determined by their relative strength, the position they held to begin with, and their like or dislike of their position. "But," it is objected by those who argue for free will, "in every class of affairs only a certain number of actions are possible, and hence we must always find certain of them occurring with regularity, provided that we take a sufficiently large number or a long enough time." Mr. Drummond, who advocates this view, instances the throws of dice, "which when narrowly viewed seem utterly capricious, are found, when our observations are allowed a sufficiently wide sweep, to pass under the dominion of fixed rules."<sup>4</sup> In the first place we may object that, did we know all the antecedents of the individual throw, such as the original position of the dice in the box, their weight, the number of times they are turned over, the friction, the angle at which they are thrown out, the height and the length of the box, we might predict the throw, and that, therefore, if we take the word "chance" in the strictest sense, no cast of dice can be said to be due to chance. And, as concerns the application of this illustration to mankind, we are not at present interested to show that their actions can be predicted, but that they do not originate from bare free will, and that they are due to various motives. However, we can afford to waive this objection because a direct connection has been fully shown between circumstances and the actions of mankind. If Mr. Drummond's theory were true, and the actions of mankind were

<sup>4</sup> "Free Will in Relation to Statistics," p. 16.

no more subject to their antecedents than impossible dice from an impossible box, then, despite such calamities as famine and war, among the same number of people in a good length of time, the same actions should occur with their wonted regularity. But how stands the fact? Marriage, which being a legal act is more certainly registered than any other class of human deeds, is found to be affected in a way that can not be gainsaid: when the prosperity of a country decreases, from whatever cause, marriages become fewer between young people, and old people obtain for their money young husbands or wives.

It is needless to give more such instances of a direct connection of antecedents with human actions, for they have been patent to all who seek them for the last twenty years. But those who admit a causal connection between circumstances and actions still stand up for a certain amount of free will. Von Oettingen, and even Drummond in another place, admits this causal connection, but seeks to explain its compatibility with the exercise of choice.\* Von Oettingen seeks to explain the regularity of man's

\* Thus, Von Oettingen says: "Gerade weil der freie Wille keine accidentelle, sondern ein constante und nach gewissen Gesetzen der Motivation wirkende Ursache ist, müssen auch die dieser Ursache proportionalen Wirkungen eine bei richtiger Analyse und Gruppierung unverkennbare gesetzmässige Constanz hervortreten lassen."—"Moralstatistik," p. 126. And so Drummond: "The most zealous advocate of the doctrine of free will must admit that man's freedom moves within very narrow limits. . . . Nor does the doctrine of free will teach that we can act without motives. . . . Upon this point, then, the Necessarian and the Free-Willer are at one: both allow that man always acts from a motive. The former, however, asserts that he must always obey the *stronger*; the latter accords to him a choice involving moral responsibility, between the *better* and the *worse*. . . . The mind, in short, is a living force; by its own act it throws its weight into the scale, and by joining itself to any one motive gives this the preponderance over all the rest."—"Free Will," etc., pp. 8, 9.

actions by the supposition that man is so made that he wills to act according to laws, and which he calls the law of God's providence.\* He does not seem to see that this is a mere sophism, and really means absolute absence of true free will. Mr. Drummond, again, does not seem to see that if the man obeys the apparently weaker of two impulses by throwing the weight of his mind into the scale, that this is nothing more than saying that a man's actions are determined by a variety of antecedents, among which are his constitution and education. To return to our former illustration: these writers see that by the nature of things a certain number of people must be next the inclosing wall, but they will not admit but that it is a free matter of choice to each whether he will be next the wall or no.

This is not fatalism, though it has been frequently mistaken for it. When the length of the wall is altered, the number next it is different. When the course of the ship is altered, the course of the passengers is also changed. But no one man can effect a change of this sort. The mass is too weighty to be moved by his puny strength. Free will there is, in the sense that each one seeks to satisfy his individual wants; wants which are incompatible with the wants of others clash and are annihilated, while wants which do not clash are a part of the general progress. If all are agreed to alter the course of the ship for Australia, it can not be done if no one knows where Australia is, nor if the provisions will not hold out, nor if the ship is a sail-

\* "Moralstatistik," p. 747, among others. "Welches wir das *Gesetz göttlicher Providenz* oder väterlich heiliger Liebe nennen können," or a modification of Leibnitz's philosophy.

ing-vessel and the wind is strongly against it. No change in the number of murderers will take place *so long as* the causes which produce murder are unaltered. But they *can* be altered, and are always changing, not indeed merely by alteration of the laws, but by alteration in the general constitution of society. We are wandering, however, beyond what it is necessary to show. It is quite sufficient for Buckle's purpose if it be admitted that there is a causal connection between men's actions and their antecedents. It may be called free will if we like, so long as we admit that, given precisely the same antecedents, the same act will be performed; and, given similar antecedents, similar acts will be performed. This being admitted, we admit the possibility of the science of history, because we admit that men are not different in their action from other parts of our universe, and, consequently, could we obtain a knowledge of their behavior after certain antecedents, we may predict their behavior at a future period under similar antecedents.

Before proceeding further into an inquiry as to how these antecedents relatively affect men's actions, it will be necessary to draw attention to Buckle's method of procedure. If we look at the ascertained laws of other sciences, it will be found that there are some laws which it is convenient to call greater, and others, less; that is, some laws which include others, as gravitation includes molecular attraction, or those which describe the normal case and leave the minor variations out of account. If, for instance, it were said that all vertebrates have a circulation, that would be perfectly true as a general description, yet the vertebrates have very different kinds of circulation. If,

again, we were to say that one difference between mankind and the lower animals is that the former can communicate their thoughts to one another in articulate speech, that too would be perfectly true in the main, though some people have not the power of speech. If, again, we say that a stone dropped from a given point will always strike the same spot, this is also true in the main, but the wind may in some cases alter its direction. In these cases we have a perfect right to talk in generalities, just as we have a perfect right to manipulate figures by means of algebraical signs. They are perfectly true, with the understanding that we are talking in generalities. If, then, we wish to describe a general law, it is needless and confusing to set down all its minor details. If we wish to arrive at the acting cause of our motion in space, we take the ultimate cause as high as we can reach it, and leave out of account such minor disturbing causes as the action of the planets. The results thus obtained may not be absolutely true, but it is unquestionable that scientific truths are obtained by these artifices which could not be obtained by endeavoring to include all the factors at once. If a mathematician were to try to work with a line that had breadth, his conclusions would soon become hopelessly confused.

There is, in short, even in our present state of knowledge, a possibility of determining the grand laws of human progress; and, as we progress in knowledge, there is no doubt that we shall be able to determine nearer and nearer the conduct of individuals. The mass of beings are governed by laws which we can even now follow. The individual is influenced by minor laws which we can not yet determine. It is as if we had discovered the planetary



system, but had not yet discovered that each revolves round its own axis, or was attended by minor satellites governed by their own laws. Given the prosperity of a country and the number of its inhabitants, we can predict the number of marriages which will take place in a year; but without further knowledge we can not predict which individuals will marry.

It is the business, then, of a historian to show the causal relation between historical actions and their antecedents. And, since men's antecedents are both internal, or mental, and external, or physical, the earlier qualifications of a historian sound nowadays rather ridiculous: "He understood ancient and modern history so exactly as to be master of all the principal names and dates!" He must, indeed, understand every science, besides the chronicle of men's actions, or how can he do this? No one previously to Buckle did so. Comte had no knowledge of political economy.<sup>7</sup> Mill did not write on history, and our most brilliant historian of modern times knew nothing of natural science and hardly anything of mathematics.<sup>8</sup> For most of the so-called historians, indeed, a disputed pedigree is of far greater importance than the system of thought of the country they are describing.

Buckle set to work in a different way. He begins by a process of elimination in order to arrive at the highest or most general laws which govern the progress of mankind. Man's progress is influenced by his antecedents. These antecedents are some of them within him, as we have said,

<sup>7</sup> Chalmers's "Biographical Dictionary," Art. *Abouazif*.

<sup>8</sup> "Philos. Posit.," e. g., vol. vi., p. 123.

<sup>9</sup> Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," vol. i., 87, 372, 410.

and some without; which of the two has the most influence on his conduct? Which of the two is the most general and includes the other?<sup>10</sup>

Now, there are four classes of physical agents which affect mankind, namely: climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature, all of which are found to exercise a most important influence on civilization,<sup>11</sup> and a preponderating influence in tropical countries. In these, such as India, Egypt, and Mexico, the means of supporting life are cheap, on account of the fertility of the soil and the suitability of the climate to the growth of food plants, and the little need of clothing; with the result that population increases far beyond the demand for labor, and the price of labor is consequently small. Capital is therefore accumulated in the hands of the few, and a despotism necessarily ensues. Moreover, the fierce heat of the sun, the vastness of the oceans, the mighty height of the mountains, together with monsoons, tropical storms, the annual rise of the Nile, volcanoes, and other manifestations of the power of nature, oppress mankind with a sense of his insignificance, and excite his imagination. A powerful priesthood is called into being, and the chains of slavery are more firmly riveted. To this class all the earlier civi-

<sup>10</sup> This division is of course merely arbitrary, for the convenience of classification and elimination; for a man's constitution is as much due to antecedents lying outside him as are his present circumstances.

<sup>11</sup> Buckle has been much blamed in some quarters for not naming *Race* among these causes. Such authors forget that race is not a primary cause, but a consequence itself of the causes mentioned. And, though it persists for some time after these causes are changed, it does not do so for as long as is generally supposed; and, even if it did, the racial characteristics are still not the primary cause, but climate, etc., together with those physical causes which lead to emigration.

lizations belong, because in such countries a large population can exist with plenty of leisure, even though the arts of commerce and agriculture be in their infancy. This leisure they can employ in mighty buildings or laborious carvings, or poetry, but science is almost neglected, because the imagination predominates, and it occurs to no one that nature may be led captive.

In Europe, on the other hand, greater labor is required for the production of food, clothing is necessary, and the cost of living greater. Seas, again, are small; earthquakes are generally light and occur rarely; volcanoes are few, mountains are low, and the sun of comparatively little power. Hence men are not so subject to despotisms, and, losing their awe of nature, they begin to examine her and cultivate science.

“Hence it is that, looking at the history of the world as a whole, the tendency has been in Europe to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe, to subordinate man to nature. To this there are, in barbarous countries, several exceptions; but in civilized countries the rule has been universal. The great division, therefore, between European and non-European civilization is the basis of the philosophy of history, since it suggests the important consideration that if we would understand, for instance, the history of India, we must make the external world our first study, because it has influenced man more than man has influenced it. If, on the other hand, we would understand the history of a country like England or France, we must make man our principal study, because, nature being comparatively weak, every step in the great progress has increased the dominion of the human mind over the agen-

cies of the external world. Even in those countries where the power of man has reached the highest point, the pressure of nature is still immense, but it diminishes in each succeeding generation, because our increasing knowledge enables us not so much to control nature as to foretell her movements, and thus obviate many of the evils she would otherwise occasion. . . . If, therefore, we take the largest possible view of the history of Europe, and confine ourselves entirely to the primary cause of its superiority over other parts of the world, we must resolve it into the encroachment of the mind of man upon the organic and inorganic forces of nature."

For European civilization, then, the study of mental laws is necessary; and the effect of nature on mankind is, comparatively, subordinate. How shall these laws be studied? By the study of individual minds, as the metaphysicians have attempted? This method Buckle rejected, because he found that the ablest metaphysicians had been led to opposite conclusions according as they adopted the deductive or inductive method of investigation. Those who follow the first say that all men have "the same notion of the good, the true, and the beautiful"; those who follow the second say "there is no such standard, because ideas depend upon sensations," and sensations upon circumstances.

An eclectic school is impossible, because no one can mediate between them without being a metaphysician, and no one can be a metaphysician without being either a sensationalist or an idealist; in other words, without belonging to one of those very parties whose claim he professes to judge. So long as deductive and inductive rea-

soning can not be reconciled, so long the subject requires some preliminary difficulties to be removed, or it is not capable of scientific treatment. Moreover, such a method is unscientific, because it presumes that the peculiarities of the individual are common to all. As well might we expect to discover from the anatomical construction and physiological functions of one man those which are universal, or from the investigation of the course of a particular disease in one individual learn its usual course. There is no reason why we should study the science of man after a different fashion to every other science, and therefore Buckle, rejecting the individual, studies the mass of mental actions in the only possible way: that is, historically. "It now remains for us to ascertain the manner in which, by the application of this method, the laws of mental progress may be most easily discovered. If, in the first place, we ask what this progress is, the answer seems very simple—that it is a twofold progress, moral and intellectual, the first having more immediate relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge. . . . There can be no doubt that a people are not really advancing if, on the one hand, their increasing ability is accompanied by increasing vice; or if, on the other hand, while they are becoming more virtuous, they likewise become more ignorant. This double movement, moral and intellectual, is essential to the very idea of civilization, and includes the entire theory of mental progress. . . . A question now arises of great moment, namely, Which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the more important? For, the progress itself being the result of their united action, it becomes necessary to ascertain which of them works more

powerfully, in order that we may subordinate the inferior element to the laws of the superior one."

This mental progress, moral and intellectual, can not be said to owe anything to inheritance. Such a thing is indeed possible, but we have no proof whatever of it;<sup>12</sup> while, on the other hand, as far as history extends, and in all countries, we have records of men possessing an intellectual power which, taken as a whole, has never since been exceeded. Be this as it may, it is indisputable that human progress advances with strides out of all proportion to any possible advance of intellectual power by means of inheritance, and we must therefore look to the causes

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Galton has, indeed, attempted a proof in his "Hereditary Genius." But the attempt, valuable as it is as far as it goes, has failed from the inherent difficulty of such an investigation, and partly, as it seems to me, on account of the method he adopts. The number of individuals whose history he investigates is small compared to what it should be; and the biographical material at disposal is lamentably imperfect. It is quite possible that a person may have great intellectual powers and not leave any record of it. It is quite possible, again, that a father who occupies a high position may bring on a commonplace son by superior education and opportunity. Buckle himself had a strong suspicion that superior intellectual power was inheritable ("Posthumous Works," vol. i., pp. 326, 593; and "Lecture on the Influence of Women"). He points out that we must not only inquire "how many instances there are of hereditary talents, etc., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary" ("History of Civilization," vol. i., p. 161, note 12). The largest view of the question is perhaps that taken by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who points out that negro children educated with whites can only keep up with them up to a certain point, and then fall behind. Mr. Wilson again ("Prehistoric Man," 1876, vol. ii., p. 325) considers such evidence not reliable, and due solely to caste prejudice. Lady Duff Gordon, however, who saw with her own eyes, and can not be accused of prejudice, says of a mixed Herrenhut school at Cape Colony of blacks and Bastards: there "three jet-black niggerlings . . . grinned, and didn't care a straw for spelling; while the dingy yellow little Bastards were straining their black eyes out with eagerness to answer the master's questions." ("Last Letters from Egypt, to which are added Letters from the Cape." London, 1875, p. 276.)

of this advance, not to any possible inheritance, but to the circumstances which surround the infant after birth.

“On this account it is evident that, if we look at mankind in the aggregate, their moral and intellectual conduct is regulated by the moral and intellectual notions prevalent in their own time,” and “it requires but a superficial acquaintance with history to be aware that this standard is constantly changing, and that it is never precisely the same even in the most similar countries, or in two successive generations of the same country. . . . This extreme mutability in the ordinary standard of human actions shows that the conditions on which the standard depends must themselves be very mutable; and those conditions, whatever they may be, are evidently the originators of the moral and intellectual conduct of the great average of mankind.” When, however, we look at our present knowledge of moral truths, and compare it with the past, there is not a single one of any moment that was not propounded at least two thousand years before Christ. The grand precepts of self-sacrifice, honor your parents, forgive your enemies, restrain your passions, are still unimproved upon and stationary. “But, if we contrast this stationary aspect of moral truths with the progressive aspects of intellectual truth, the change is indeed startling. All the great moral systems which have exercised much influence have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different.” Not only have the moderns made most important additions to every department of knowledge that the ancients ever attempted to study, but they have created sciences,

the faintest idea of which never entered the mind of the boldest thinker that antiquity ever produced.

When, therefore, we know that progress depends upon the advance of moral and intellectual truths, and we find that moral truths are stationary, while intellectual truths are highly progressive, the only conclusion it is possible to draw is, that human progress depends on the advance of intellectual knowledge, and that this advance is independent of moral knowledge.—

It may be well to notice here a very common objection to Buckle's views, which appears to rest on an imperfect conception of the action of morals. It is urged by Solavév and several other reviewers that it is not only new advances in intellectual knowledge that work. Suppose, for instance, that mankind discover a new food—say the potato; that discovery will last for all time in nourishing mankind. So a moral truth is ever new, like the law of gravitation. Moreover, scientific truths exist, and exert an influence over us though we know them not. Gravitation existed, and worked the same as now, before we knew it; and so moral laws may work upon us and increase our civilization, although we may have no distinct perception of their existence.

This last objection involves a misconception as to what constitutes progress. Putting aside the theological view, there can be but one answer, namely, the attainment by mankind of greater happiness on earth.<sup>18</sup> This

<sup>18</sup> This, of course, does not mean that individuals may not occasionally be made even more unhappy than heretofore; but it is the greatest happiness for the greatest possible number. The abolition of the Corn Laws may have made a certain number of people less comfortable than before, but a far greater number were made more comfortable. The imprisonment



can only be done by increasing knowledge of the natural laws, or, in other words, by increasing knowledge of the invariable sequence of forces. As long as we are ignorant of any one, so long are we unable to turn it to our benefit—either directly, as in the case of electricity, which we turn to use, or indirectly, as in the case of our knowledge of disease germs, which we ward off. As long as conditions remain the same, consequences must remain the same; electricity has always existed, as far as we know, but it exerted no influence on progress until we knew its laws.

The other half of the argument is, in short, the assertion that a constant force will work an inconstant effect. In reality, moral truths, as compared with intellectual truths, are sterile. Let us compare the two, as we compare the richness of two languages, by taking the highest specimen of each. The prodigy of intellectual genius makes discoveries and popularizes them. These “acquisitions made by the intellect are in every civilized country carefully preserved, registered in certain well-understood formulas, and protected by the use of technical and scientific language; they are easily handed down from one generation to another, and, thus assuming an accessible or, as it were, a tangible form, they often influence the most distant posterity; they become the heirlooms of mankind, the immortal bequest of the genius to which they owe their birth. But the good deeds effected by our moral faculties are less capable of transmission; they are of a more private and retiring character; while, as the motives to which they

of a burglar may make him less happy than before, but his intended victims are saved pain.

owe their origin are generally the result of self-discipline and of self-sacrifice, they have to be worked out by every man for himself; and, thus begun by each anew, they derive little benefit from the maxims of preceding experience, nor can they well be stored up for the use of future moralists. . . . Indeed, if we examine the effects of the most active philanthropy, and of the largest and most disinterested kindness, we shall find that those effects are, comparatively speaking, short-lived; that there is only a small number of individuals that they come in contact with and benefit; that they rarely survive the generation which witnessed their commencement; and that, when they take the more durable form of founding great public charities, such institutions invariably fall, first into abuse, then into decay, and after a time are either destroyed or perverted from their original intention, mocking the effort by which it is vainly attempted to perpetuate the memory even of the purest and most energetic benevolence." \*

A moral maxim unknown, therefore, can have no effect. No moral maxims have much effect on individuals, because to work them out requires an individual effort, which is little capable of being lightened by the experience of others, and is comparatively incapable of transmission. The only remaining argument is that symbolized by our potato. This will only nourish the man who has it; or, in other words, only the man who knows a moral truth can be benefited by it. To get a more general benefit from the discovery of the potato as a food, it must be widely grown; and so, to get an increasing effect from the same moral truth, it must be more widely diffused. It may be urged that, though moral truths are unprogressive, their

effects may be increasing. A greater proportion of people may now be made acquainted with them than formerly, and hence a greater proportion may live morally, and hence, again, civilization may be advanced. This may be true, only the increased diffusion of moral truths is also due to the advance of knowledge, which has improved the means of intercommunication of thought by steam and by printing. Then, it may be urged, there is really no separate advance, but a reciprocal progress; knowledge advancing morality, morality advancing civilization. This is very frequently urged; but, if moral progress is not subordinate to intellectual progress, and entirely dependent on it, then it must be shown that the diffusion of moral truths among people who had them not before has civilized them. Have they done so? It is admitted by the missionaries themselves that the attempt to convert without first introducing some little intellectual improvement is useless. When Christianity was introduced, so far from civilizing the people, it was itself dragged down to their own level. Its only effect was to satisfy the aspirations of those already cultivated enough to receive it; for the mass it was a mere substitution of names. Venus and Ashtaroth became the Virgin Mary; Apollo and Horus became Christ; Jupiter and Osiris, God. The mystic trinity of the Assyrians and Egyptians was introduced into Christianity, while the horde of lesser gods, displaced by the saints, were relegated in the minds of the ignorant multitude to the depths of hell.

That this is the invariable effect of the introduction of any system of morals superior to the state of knowledge of the people on whom it is imposed, we may prove by a

cursory review of the fate of other great systems of religion. Look at India. There is a country which has had great religious teachers, who inculcated most of the moral truths which we are accustomed to think were first introduced by Christianity. Indeed, one of them taught a religion which so singularly resembles Christianity as to afford an instructing example of the constant effect of the same causes. Buddhism was a religion for the poor and degraded: "My law is a law of grace for all"; "My doctrine is like the sky; there is room for all without exception." There are reverence for parents, forgiving of enemies, absence of revenge, and a universal charity, which extends not only to all mankind but to the whole animal kind as well. The object was, indeed, a selfish one, the salvation of the individual from further penance on earth; but this object is one common to all religions, and among the early Christians assumed a form which well-nigh extinguished the virtue of charity altogether.<sup>14</sup> This religion was imposed upon a people in much the same state of civilization as the early Christians were, and with a result that was strikingly similar. Neither in Christianity nor in Buddhism was there any authorization of a priesthood, and, indeed, both the New Testament and Buddha speak against such institutions. But now, in both religions, every temple is full of graven images; there is a regular hierarchy, culminating in a Pope, as well as all the abuses of asceticism in monasteries and nunneries.

This parallel, indeed, only existed up to the Reformation, in Europe taken as a whole, though it still exists in

<sup>14</sup> I allude to the inhuman treatment by some of the most celebrated saints of their nearest relatives.

those parts, such as Russia and certain South European countries, where the people remain almost untouched by the progress of knowledge. Why does this parallel no longer hold good? Wherein has the development of Eastern Asia and Western Europe differed? It can surely not be asserted that a greater proportion of Buddhists than of Christians are ignorant of moral truths. If anything, the fact is the other way. But, owing to causes which have already been described, knowledge has steadily advanced in Europe, while in Asia it has remained comparatively stationary.

Let us turn from the comparative effects of the knowledge of moral and intellectual truths upon the practice of religions, to mark what each has done for the amelioration of the great scourges of humanity. We see, in the past, a succession of men—most conscientious, upright, and zealous, fully acquainted with all the great maxims of morality—hang, burn, torture, and destroy thousands upon thousands of their fellow creatures, merely because they and their victims were not agreed as to the exact constitution of the Holy Trinity. In the present age we see men, their equals in every respect, equally earnest and upright and intelligent, condemn their predecessors' actions as barbarous and wicked, and inconsistent with morality. What is the cause of this difference? The advance of moral and intellectual truth? This can not be, for the religious persecutors well knew that they should do good to them that hate them, and love their enemies as themselves. Nor has anything been added to moral truth since their time. We are then forced to adopt the view that this progress is caused by the progress of knowledge, and

not by a progress of moral knowledge. In this particular case, indeed, we may show directly that intolerance is removed by knowledge. Who has not been moved in his childhood with the story of the Crucifixion? Who has not hoped against knowledge in the choice of the people before Pilate? and whose heart has not sunk before the cry, "Give us Barabbas," and risen in indignation against the mob and them that wrought this wrong, even to a desire of revenge, and a feeling that every Jew should be tortured to death to make amends? Again, if a man is firmly convinced that only those who think as he does will be saved from an eternal torture, will he not be right, in his own light, in attempting to scotch the pestiferous germs of heresy, and thus save the many from torture by the torture of a few? Can any moral knowledge whatever eradicate such a belief? No, assuredly not. The advance of knowledge alone, which shows a man he is not infallible, that there have been other views in the world besides his own, and shakes the faith in his heart of hearts that the dogmas of religion are all necessary and authenticated truths—this alone can work an alteration in a good man, while a bad is too indifferent either to persecute or to show charity.

And this is the reason why bad men have often made the best rulers, and good men have frequently, indeed generally, done harm in proportion to their power. For bad men, being solely devoted to their own pleasure, care nothing for the salvation of others, or to constrain men to think as they do. For a selfish gratification they will curtail the power of their successors and thus increase the liberties of the people. In this way the best Roman

emperors were the worst persecutors; our most immoral kings were those under whom the liberties of England most increased: and the same phenomena are everywhere to be seen.

For the aggregate, then, moral knowledge is of hardly any importance as compared with intellectual. For the individual it is far more important than intellectual knowledge. The foundation of morality is the will to do good; and this is so necessary a feeling to the well-being of individuals, that the man who is without it is without half the pleasure of life. It is dangerous, however, in direct proportion to the power and ignorance of the person who practices it; because the will to do good without a knowledge of the way to do so must necessarily be harmful. But the science of morality is so little understood that it may be taken as an axiom that the best men do the most harm. Their hearts are tender, and they can not resist the appeals of the needy; they are unwilling to suspect ill of any one, and become the tools of knaves; they will not take advantage of their opportunity to get rid of a criminal, and the community suffer in consequence.

While, therefore, moral laws are naught but disturbing factors in the steady march of civilization, the progress of intellectual knowledge is the great moving force—the general of the army under whose orders the inferior leader, moral law, performs his evolutions. From this it follows that, if the analysis thus far is true, it only remains to investigate the laws of intellectual progress to arrive at a knowledge of the laws of civilization, which are ultimate laws for us.

Before attempting to do so, however, it will be well to

consider the claims of religion, literature, and government to be the chief factors in the march of civilization. Such an examination were indeed unnecessary, had not so much stress been laid upon these as factors by former writers on human progress; for it follows as a necessary corollary, from what has been said on the subjection of moral practice to intellectual knowledge, that the others are subjected in the same way. If the morality of a given age is determined by its knowledge, we can hardly say that religion is independent. Literature must by its constitution be dependent; and legislators can, no more than other people, be far in advance of the age in which they live. If, for instance, a man appears who propounds a religion far in advance of the present state of the people, it will either be dragged down to their own level or neglected until such time as the people have advanced to it. The Jews had a religion in advance of their civilization, and they were practically idolaters. The same happened on the introduction of the Christian religion, the religions of Buddha and of Mohammed. In every case the religion was corrupted until the people were civilized enough to receive it. In the same way, when a nation grows too civilized for the religion it holds, like the French, it is quietly neglected.

It is the same with literature. During the earlier middle ages Latin was a living language; but the people who might have read the best authors of antiquity preferred the legends and fables which satisfied their grade of civilization, and raised a class of literature which rather retarded than advanced their progress. Here was a literature above them, and it could not touch them; neither



could Luther touch those who were unprepared. The exponent of the stage of thought of one part of Europe, he was heard and followed there ; while for the rest his voice was as one crying in the wilderness. For the same reason the Greeks failed to retain that civilization which at one time they had acquired, because their first men spoke to each other and not to the people. The horses went on without the carriage. It was the same with the philosophers of Germany, who wrote in a style far above the heads of the people, in a language which only those who had made a special study of it could understand ; with the result that they advanced, but the people did not follow.

Nor can a "wise law" by a "far-seeing legislator" in any way hasten the march of civilization. In the first place, no legislator ever invented a law that he has enacted and that has not soon after been repealed. In the quality of a thinker he may certainly see what should be done, but he can not do it until he has persuaded the people also that it is desirable. If we examine those enactments which are said to have benefited the people, it will invariably be found that the people demanded them first, and the laws were made afterward. So far from the legislators being the leaders of civilization, they are as a rule behind the civilization of their age ; because, being accustomed to look at questions from their practical side, they are in most cases unable to look at them from a speculative point of view at all. And this is borne out by their private correspondence, in which they express their fears of the result of those very measures which the pressure of outside opinion obliges them to advocate in public. But the legislator is best judged of where he is

least dependent on the demands of the people. Here if anywhere he should aid their civilization; and what has he done? Crippled trade, made laws against usury, meddled with every step of the individual, and tied his tongue; these are the benefits for which we are to be grateful—and again be grateful for their abolition. “To maintain order, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to adopt certain precautions respecting the public health, are the only services which any government can render to the interests of civilization. That these are services of immense value no one will deny; but it can not be said that by them civilization is advanced or the progress of man accelerated. All that is done is to afford the opportunity of progress; the progress itself must depend on other matters.”

“By applying to the history of man those methods of investigation which have been found successful in other branches of knowledge, and by rejecting all preconceived notions which would not bear the test of those methods, we have arrived at certain results, the heads of which it may now be convenient to recapitulate. We have seen that our actions, being solely the result of internal and external agencies, must be explicable by the laws of those agencies; that is to say, by mental laws and by physical laws. We have also seen that mental laws are, in Europe, more powerful than physical laws, and that, in the progress of civilization, their superiority is constantly increasing, because advancing knowledge multiplies the resources of the mind, but leaves the old resources of nature stationary. On this account we have treated the mental laws as being the great regulators of progress; and we have looked at

the physical laws as occupying a subordinate place, and as merely displaying themselves in occasional disturbances, the force and frequency of which have been long declining, and are now, on a large average, almost inoperative. Having, by this means, resolved the study of what may be called the dynamics of society into the study of the laws of the mind, we have subjected this last to a similar analysis, and we have found that they consist of two parts, namely, moral laws and intellectual laws. By comparing these two parts, we have clearly ascertained the vast superiority of the intellectual laws; and we have seen that, as the progress of civilization is marked by the triumph of the mental laws over the physical, just so is it marked by the triumph of intellectual laws over the moral ones. . . . From all this it evidently follows that, if we wish to ascertain the conditions which regulate the progress of modern civilization, we must seek them in the history of the amount and diffusion of intellectual knowledge; and we must consider physical phenomena and moral principles as causing, no doubt, great aberrations in short periods, but in long periods correcting and balancing themselves, and thus leaving the intellectual laws to act uncontrolled by these inferior and subordinate agents."

"The totality of human actions being thus, from the highest point of view, governed by the totality of human knowledge, it might seem a simple matter to collect the evidence of the knowledge, and, by subjecting it to successive generalizations, ascertain the whole of the laws which regulate the progress of civilization." Since, however, so-called historians have not hitherto recognized this fact, and, instead of giving information respecting the progress

of knowledge, have almost confined themselves to petty biographical details, there is nothing ready to the historian's hands. Several generations of workers are requisite to collect such evidence as is still to be had, for no single man is equal to such a task; and hence Buckle had to abandon his original plan of writing the history of civilization, and confine himself to the history of civilization in England. ✓

England he chooses to illustrate the laws of civilization, not on account of its being the most civilized country, though that may be the case, but because it is the country which has developed with least interference from outside. In every science laws are most successfully discovered by means of experiments; and experiment means simply isolation of phenomena, or freedom from complications whereby the phenomena are obscured. That country which has worked out its civilization most freely by itself, which had most escaped foreign influence, and had been least interfered with by the personal peculiarities of its rulers, would most fulfill the conditions of an experiment. England, during the last three centuries at least, answers this requirement better than any other country, and hence England is chosen as the best representative obtainable of the development of civilization: the country whose history Buckle chooses particularly to study in order that he may discover, from successive generalizations on the progress of knowledge there, the laws which govern the general progress of knowledge, and hence the laws which govern the progress of civilization of mankind.

But, in limiting his sources of investigation, his deductions must, to a proportionate extent, be uncertain, because it may be that an inferior law is more prominent in

that one country than it would appear on a survey of the whole globe. As an illustration, let us say that in Hanover the sexes are born as 1 to 1·07; we should conclude, therefore, that it was the common case in all Europe that children are born, 1 girl to every 1·07 boys, unless we extended our observations to other countries, and saw that there male births were in excess. From this we should see that there was a superior law governing the proportion of the sexes, which we should never detect if we confined our observations to Hanover, which law seems, as far as we are yet able to say, to be that the sex of a child depends on the relative vigor of the parents taken in its largest sense, and including the inherited tendency to produce a particular sex, which is itself possibly a form of vigor, or its absence. This law would, therefore, in its turn be governed by that which determines the relative age at which the two sexes marry; which is, in the main, the general prosperity of the country. Thus, since women do not earn their own living as a rule, the age at which they marry is determined chiefly by the age at which their beauty is most captivating to the opposite sex, which is much the same for all Europe. The age at which the bread-winners marry depends upon the prosperity of the country: the greater the prosperity, the earlier the men marry. If all this be true, we should say, then, that the equality of the sexes born in Hanover showed that most people had insufficient to live upon—a law at which we could not have arrived had our statistical information been restricted to Hanover alone.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup> I would guard here against the supposition that I advance the above as a scientific truth. It is merely intended for an illustration. Though not

There are certain intellectual peculiarities, again, which have had very important effects on civilization, considered as a whole, but which were comparatively rare in England. The results of these peculiarities must, therefore, be studied in the history of those countries where they were most marked and strongly developed; just as an anatomist who wishes to study certain obscure muscles in the human back dissects the tiger or porpoise, in which they are more fully developed. Until a secure groundwork of the comparative effects of the different forms of thought is obtained, it is difficult to form a conclusion as to which is the most important, which advances civilization, or which is mere perturbation. The remaining part of the introduction was therefore designed in some measure to fill the void caused by the impossibility of writing a history of general civilization; that is, England was chosen as the country whose civilization has followed a course more orderly and less disturbed than any other, and therefore the laws of normal development could best be traced; while, when it is necessary to investigate the effects of social developments which have been injurious to progress, their effects will be best seen where they have been strongest. ✓

Thus, in England, the effect of the spirit of protection, or interference with individual freedom of thought and action, has been felt, but in so slight a degree that it is difficult to estimate its true effect until we turn to the history of some country where it has existed in a much greater degree. This is not difficult, because France, Germany,

improbable in itself, it must certainly be more complicated, since what one country, such as Ireland, considers living in comfort, another, such as France, would by no means consider so.

Spain, Italy, and Russia have been strongly protective. If, however, we wish to estimate the effect of a disturbing cause in other scientific investigations, we compare two things identical in all respects but in that disturbing cause the effects of which we want to investigate, and by these means we isolate it. To investigate the effect of the shape of the head of a projectile on its speed we fire projectiles with variously shaped heads, with the same charge of powder, on the same day, from the same gun, on the same range; and know that any difference shown is due to nothing but the shape of the projectile's head and resistance it affords to the air. We must, therefore, choose a country for comparison with England as similar as possible in all other respects but that of protection. Germany and Italy have been split up into small states. Germany and Russia have been long behindhand in civilization. Spain has been, and is, exceedingly loyal and superstitious. All but France have been exceedingly backward in the spread of knowledge. In short, without mentioning other reasons, France is the country whose circumstances and state have been most similar to those of England, with the one exception that the spirit of protection has been strongly prevalent in the one country and not in the other. For this reason France and England are historically compared, in order to bring out clearly the effects of this interference with progress and estimate its value—in order that its perturbations may be recognized where present in the history of England. "But the French, as a people, have, since the beginning or middle of the seventeenth century, been remarkably free from superstition; and, notwithstanding the efforts of their government, they are very adverse to

ecclesiastical power; so that, although their history displays the protective principle in its political form, it supplies little evidence respecting its religious form; while, in our own country, the evidence is also scanty." Hence it was necessary "to give a view of Spanish history, because in it we may trace the full results of that protection against error which the spiritual classes are always eager to afford. In Spain the Church has, from a very early period, possessed more authority, and the clergy have been more influential, both with the people and the government, than in any other country"; it is "therefore convenient to study in Spain the law of ecclesiastical development, and the manner in which the development affects the national interests." Another circumstance which operates on the intellectual progress of a nation is the method of investigation which its ablest men habitually employ. This method can only be one of two kinds: it must be either inductive or deductive. Each of these belongs to a different form of civilization, and is always accompanied by a different style of thought, particularly in regard to religion and science. These differences are of such immense importance that, until their laws are known, we can not be said to understand the real history of past events. Now the two extremes of difference are, undoubtedly, Germany and the United States; the Germans being preëminently deductive, the Americans inductive. But Germany and America are in so many other respects diametrically opposed to each other, that "it is expedient to study the operations of the deductive and inductive spirit in countries between which a closer analogy exists. . . . Such an opportunity occurs in the history of Scotland, as compared



with that of England. Here we have two countries bordering on each other, speaking the same language, reading the same literature, and knit together by the same interests. And yet it is a truth . . . that until the last thirty or forty years the Scotch intellect has been even more entirely deductive than the English intellect has been inductive." Again, in Germany, for instance, "the accumulation of knowledge has been far more rapid than in England; the laws of the accumulation of knowledge may on that account be most conveniently studied in German history, and then applied deductively to the history of England. In the same way, the Americans have diffused their knowledge much more completely than we have done." In that country, therefore, the laws of diffusion may most conveniently be studied, and thence applied to the phenomena of English civilization.

In the course of these historical comparisons Buckle did not omit to point out the effects in each country of the protective spirit, the method of scientific investigation, the credulous habit of thought, and how all these acted and reacted on each other. The causes of the different directions thus pursued by these countries having been pointed out, he would close the "Introduction" with a generalization of the causes themselves; "and, having thus referred them to certain principles common to all, we shall be possessed of what may be called the fundamental laws of European thought, the divergence of the different countries being regulated either by the direction those laws take, or else by their comparative energy." Their demonstration in the two volumes only was necessarily incomplete, and Buckle therefore warns his reader

“to suspend his final judgment until the close” of the “Introduction,” when the “subject in all its bearings” would be laid before him.

In the “Introduction” Buckle’s method was on the whole inductive; that is, he studied the effects in order to learn the causes. And though he altered his method in parts of his historical comparisons to confirm the results he had already inductively obtained, yet in the main the “Introduction” was inductive. The body of the work was, on the other hand, to have been deductive; that is, having discovered inductively the fundamental laws of human progress, he would have applied them to English history, which would have served as a series of illustrations of the truth of those laws which he had already discovered. But here again he would not have confined himself strictly to the one method, and would inductively have established those minor laws which now appear to us as aberrations of the larger or fundamental ones. With this view he proposed, for the sake of clearness, to divide what he called the special history of society into certain classes, not according to any arbitrary standard, but according to the actual condition of things—as, for instance, clergy, aristocracy, agriculturists, manufacturers, and the like. This division he would only adopt as a scientific artifice, and with the view of showing that the principles which he had arrived at from a general observation of history were applicable to all the different classes of a special period. If such a proof could be made out, it was evident that such a series of parallel reasonings would be more confirmatory of the original principle than the ordinary method of investigation. If, for instance, he could

show that a certain law which he had arrived at by a general consideration of history is in any large period separately applicable to all the great classes of society, he would have made out a case very analogous to that in which the general laws of natural philosophy are applied to mechanics, hydrostatics, acoustics, and the like. This is also the way in which general physiological principles collected from the whole of organic nature have been applied to man, and the nutrition of plants throws light on the functions of human nutrition. At the same time, and by way of further precaution, he would, while investigating periods of special history, take occasion, when very important principles were at stake, to recur to general history, and not hesitate to collect evidence from other countries, in order to prove that it holds good under the most different conditions. If this should be accomplished with any degree of success, not only would he have pointed out some of the great laws which regulate the progress of nations, but he hoped that, by a reflex process, some light would be thrown upon the general constitution of the human mind, and that some contribution would have been made toward the formation of a basis on which metaphysical science could be hereafter erected.

But it is evident that, looking upon society as a whole, it admits of two sorts of divisions: a division into classes, and a division into interests. The nature of the first set of divisions is very obvious, because it is constantly passing before our eye. But the nature of the division into interests is much more obscure; and this seems to arise partly from the circumstance that men love their interest much more than they love the class to which they belong, and

partly because, to understand the different interests, it is necessary to have a much more comprehensive knowledge than is required in understanding the feelings of the different classes by which those interests are put in movement. These great interests are, in every civilized society, six in number, which will, from selfish motives, be always especially protected by certain classes. These are religion, science, literature, wealth, liberty, and the great principle of order, or that conserving impulse which is exceedingly dangerous in the contracted minds of ordinary politicians, because it makes them oppose themselves to the healthy development of society, but which, notwithstanding, has more than once saved this country, and is the only protection we possess against the anarchical license into which, unhappily, liberty is so prone to run. It is evident that the most perfect society is that in which each of these great interests is developed to the highest possible pitch that is compatible with the free existence of the others.

How he would have executed this project we have an example in the "Fragment on Elizabeth," whose reign would most probably have formed one of those epochs around which he proposed to group the history of the various classes and interests of the period, and show how everything fitted in with the laws of history already enunciated. The Great Rebellion would probably have formed another. These periods again would have been connected by a short summary of the last group, and short anticipation of the next, so that each would have formed, as it were, a link, perfect in itself, in the chain of the history of England.

All this would have served as illustrative and confir-

matory of what he had already advanced in the "Introduction." In that he did not pretend to investigate questions of practical utility, or to trace the connection between the discoveries of science and the arts of life. In the "History" he hoped to do this, and to explain a number of minute social events, many of which are regarded as isolated, if not incongruous; how great events never spring from small causes, and everything is connected with and determined by its antecedents. He would have worked out the fact that the advance of European civilization is characterized by a diminishing influence of physical and an increasing influence of mental laws, the complete proof of which could only be collected from history; have shown how every great increase in the activity of the human intellect has struck a blow at the warlike spirit; and how the yeomanry class gradually decayed. He would have shown how Elizabeth humbled first the Catholic and then the Protestant clergy; the effects produced on the whole structure of society by the sudden change which took place in the value of the precious metals, and have shown that the fall of prices was particularly detrimental to those landlords whose lands were permanently let at a fixed rent; and hence how the clergy were weakened through their pockets, tried to recoup themselves by other means, and so helped to bring on the Reformation; how the growth of manufactures, by taking men away from agriculture, made them see that the powers of nature were not beyond their control, and therefore diminished superstition; and how the Puritans were more fanatical than superstitious. He would have traced the influence of Warburton's book, "The Alliance

between Church and State," which appeared in 1736, and which argues that the state has nothing to do with errors in religion, nor the least right to repress them—"To make such a man a bishop was a great feat for the eighteenth century, and would have been an impossible one for the seventeenth." He would have examined carefully and in detail the inductive tendency in English thinkers for more than a hundred and fifty years after the death of Bacon; and how only in the nineteenth century an attempt was made to return in some degree to the deductive method; why England devoted herself to practical pursuits and politics, instead of to physical science and metaphysics during seventy years after the death of Newton; and would have shown how the opponents of Young were able to put down the undulatory theory of light as a valuable illustration of the history and habits of the English mind. He would have given an account of the angry contests which arose between the lovers of things past and the lovers of things future shown in the hostility directed against the Royal Society as the first institution in which the idea of progress was distinctly embodied—a contest which is among the most instructive parts of our history. The immense services of Locke in England, in deposing the mere classical scholar from his pedestal of supreme knowledge, would also have been related, together with the details of such discoveries as were subservient to civilization. He would have shown how the advance and spread of knowledge stopped the political retrogression of George III.'s time; and how lawgivers are never reformers; how the rise and growth of clubs were of immense importance, and played a great part in

the history of England during the latter part of the eighteenth century; and have collected the evidence of the development of the love of traveling, and the influence of the French and English intellect on each other.

These are a few of the points which he would have treated in the body of the work, collected from a few stray remarks in what he published. Little as they tell us of what he would undoubtedly have done, they are nevertheless valuable as giving some indication of the way he would have written his history, and his extraordinary breadth of view. At the end he would have again returned from his restricted field of England, and, casting his eyes over the whole of Europe, he would have examined the present condition of the human mind, and endeavored to estimate its future prospects, fix the basis of our present civilization, and indicate its future progress.

It is painful to be thus reminded of the vastness of our loss in the death of a single man far away in Damascus; but let us console ourselves in the fact that nevertheless we have the greatest, by far the greatest, part of what it would have been possible for him to give us. Though the proof is not so cogent, though we have not the detail of the method, yet the method itself is there in all its majesty of simple truth: "When the true path of inquiry has once been indicated, the rest is comparatively easy. The beaten highway is always open; and the difficulty is not to find those who will travel the old road, but those who will make a fresh one. Every age produces in abundance men of sagacity and of considerable industry, who, while perfectly competent to increase the details of a science, are unable to extend its distant boundaries. This

is because such extension must be accompanied by a new method, which, to be valuable as well as new, supposes on the part of its suggester, not only a complete mastery over the resources of his subject, but also of the possession of originality and comprehensiveness—the two rarest forms of human genius.”

Had he lived to finish the introduction, we should have had a work as complete in itself as Comte's “*Philosophie Positive*”; that is, the philosophy of history without the detailed historical proof. It is sad that he did not live to finish his work, and sad, indeed, that he did not live to finish that one more volume. That he would have finished the whole work, despite the chorus of doubt raised by the reviewers on the appearance of the first volume, is pretty certain. “They do not know the amount of material I have collected,” he was wont to say. And we, who are privileged to see a part, and but a small part, of what he had collected in his published commonplace books, can well believe that, had he lived, the work would by this time have been an accomplished fact. Nine more volumes had to be written, and he calculated that each of them would have taken two years to write.<sup>16</sup> It was no careless ambition that laid the foundation of so grand an enterprise. With the faculties he felt that he possessed, and the ample materials he had collected; with the determination to postpone to that one work every other object of ambition, devote his whole strength to that alone, and sacrifice to it many interests which men hold dear, he was justified in his belief that such power

<sup>16</sup> His own estimate varied considerably. I have heard it stated on good authority that he had estimated the number of volumes required at twenty.



and self-denial should yield success. Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action he must disregard. "Not for him," he says, in that mournful peroration written soon after his mother's death"—"not for him are those rewards which in other pursuits the same energy would have earned; not for him, the sweets of popular applause; not for him, the luxury of power; not for him, a share in the councils of his country; not for him, a conspicuous and honored place before the public eye. Albeit conscious of what he could do, he may not compete in the great contest; he can not hope to win the prize; he can not even enjoy the excitement of the struggle. To him the arena is closed. His recompense lies within himself, and he must learn to care little for the sympathy of his fellow creatures or for such honors as they are able to bestow. So far from looking for these things, he should rather be prepared for that obloquy which always awaits those, who, by opening up new veins of thought, disturb the prejudices of their contemporaries. While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him; while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached; while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, and of attacking the foundation of all religion, as if he were some public enemy, who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward, and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenor of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he can

<sup>17</sup> To the fourth chapter of his second volume.

not but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke. These are the qualities and these the high resolves indispensable to him, who, on the most important of all subjects, believing the old road is worn out and useless, seeks to strike out a new one for himself, and in the effort not only perhaps exhausts his strength, but is sure to incur the enmity of those who are bent on maintaining the ancient scheme unimpaired. To solve the great problem of affairs, to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations, and to find in the events of the past a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this will build up afresh the fabric of our knowledge, rearrange its various parts, and harmonize its apparent discrepancies. Perchance the human mind is hardly ready for so vast an enterprise. At all events, he who undertakes it will meet with little sympathy, and will find few to help him."

And then his voice sinks to a more somber tone, as he almost foresees the sad fate which awaits him: "And, let him toil as he may, the sun and noontide of his life shall pass by, the evening of his days shall overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete. He may lay the foundation; it will be for his successors to raise the edifice. Their hands will give the last touch; they will reap the glory; their names will be remembered when his is forgotten. It is, indeed, too true that such a work requires, not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought

otherwise. Once, when I first caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts and the relation they bore to one another, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able, not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at the fleeting forms which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. In those early aspirations there was much that was fanciful; perhaps there was much that was foolish. Perhaps, too, they contained a moral defect, and savored of an arrogance which belongs to a strength that refuses to recognize its own weakness. Still, even now that they are defeated and brought to naught, I can not repent having indulged in them, but, on the contrary, I would willingly recall them, if I could. For such hopes belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core; and when, the bitterness of disappointment not having yet been felt, difficulties are unheeded, obstacles are unseen, ambition is a pleasure instead of a pang, and, the blood coursing swiftly through the veins, the pulse beats high, while the heart throbs at the prospect of the future. Those are glorious days, but they go from us, and nothing can compensate their absence. To me they now seem more like the visions of a disordered fancy than the sober

realities of things that were, and are not. It is painful to make this confession, but I owe it to the reader, because I would not have him to suppose that either in this or in future volumes of my "History" I shall be able to redeem my pledge, and to perform all that I promised. Something I hope to achieve which will interest the thinkers of this age, and something, perhaps, on which posterity may build. It will, however, only be a fragment of my original design." It was necessary to curtail the "Introduction," or he could never hope to finish the "History" as he had laid it out.

To turn from the consideration of Buckle's work to that of some of the criticisms which have been lavished upon it is a passage from the sublime to the ridiculous. Some call him the "English Comte"; some "Quetelet's *Enfant Terrible*"; some go even so far as to call the work a mere compilation. These charges are not, as might be thought, mere spite aroused by the unpleasant truths which Buckle has told. Had they been so, it would not have been worth while to notice them. But they are specimens of a sort of mental incapacity which is fostered by microscopic study, an inability to generalize or see a generalization. It will be well, therefore, to fix, in some measure, Buckle's place in history, show to which among his predecessors he is really indebted, and what is the amount of that debt.

## CHAPTER IV.

Only Comparative Originality possible—Comte and Buckle—Vito—Machiavelli  
—Bodin—Bossuet—Montesquieu—Kant—Buckle—His place in History.

ORIGINALITY, as understood by the vulgar, is independence of the labors of others. Its utter impossibility under such a definition is, however, sometimes recognized, and hence originality is sometimes allowed to a man who invents a new way of threading a needle; or they may call the discovery of the retina-purple original because it has not an obvious connection with the labors of former physiologists. But, if a man patiently and laboriously collects all that has been done in his particular study, and then, in full public view, generalizes the facts and evolves order out of chaos, "Oh," say they, "we could do the same ourselves!" The one is the obvious and almost mechanical result of the other; we will not allow originality to what seems so calm and unbroken a process. Reasoning in this way, it is just as easy to deny all merit to the designer of the Parthenon. Temples have been built of a like form before. These Doric columns are to be seen in Egypt; that ornament is a transformation of the Assyrian honeysuckle pattern. Is there, then, nothing new in the exquisite proportion of those columns, the subordination of the several parts, the gentle curves on every side, the rejection of what is bad, and the position of what is good?

Were originality, as thus defined, possible, then, as-

surely, of all classes of authors, the writers of fiction should owe least to their predecessors; and yet in no class of literature is the dependence on what has gone before more marked. Leaving out of consideration mere imitation of style and choice of subject, which constantly runs in sequences until it is stopped by some form of ridicule, such as Cervantes's "Don Quixote," or Boileau's "Héros de Roman," we can not shut our eyes to the evident evolution of one piece of fiction from another, and even to the instances of direct plagiarism with which the best and most original works of fiction abound. Name whom we may, a little consideration will convince us that each has been greatly dependent upon his predecessors. Let us cite the first great poets whose names occur to us—say Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. With the exception of the first, who can be left out of account, it is easy to show their dependence. Dante avows his obligations to Virgil, a poet himself greatly dependent on Homer, and who, in his turn, has inspired most of the heroic poets of the middle ages. Ariosto has been greatly indebted to him, to Ovid, and even to Horace.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For example:

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit  
Littora—"

"Le Donne, i cavalier, l' arme, gli amori  
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese io canto,  
Che furo al tempo che passaro i Mori  
D'Africa il mare," etc.

"Neque  
Decedit ærata triremi, et  
Post equitem sedet atra cura."

"Lo trova in su la roda e in su la poppa  
E se cavalca, il porta dietro in groppa."

Shakespeare has no original plots. Spenser is deeply indebted to Ariosto, and we find at least one example<sup>2</sup> of a very important idea common both to him and Shakespeare. Milton, too, is a boundless borrower.<sup>3</sup> Indeed, so far does this dependency go that not a single work of any description can be said to be original in the strict sense laid down at the opening of this chapter. Each one improves a little or draws new truths from the works of his predecessors. Nor are the prose writers of fiction any more original than the poets. From the earliest times before stories were committed to writing their universal origin was in a fact, such as a love-story or a fight. This was told in various forms, incidents were added, stories divided, and mixed and made new again. Thus Spenser introduced an island full of allegorical personages into his "Faëry Queen," which was after the fashion of many productions of this period; this gave birth to Fletcher's "Purple Island," which produced Bernard's "Isle of Man," from which, in its turn, arose Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." And this is an example of what should, according to our definition, be another sort of want of origi-

<sup>2</sup> "Cæsar dead and turned to clay," etc.

"Ne, when the life decays and form doth fade,  
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,  
But chaunged is and altred to and froe."

<sup>3</sup> Thus Mr. E. Gosse points out ("Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe," London, 1879) that Milton's "Paradise Lost," in plot, speeches, and description, is founded on the "Lucifer" of Van den Vondel. He is, besides, indebted to Ariosto; e. g.:

"Perchè fatto non ha l' alma Natura,  
Che senza te potessi nascer l' uomo," etc.

"Oh, why did God . . . create at last  
This Novelty on earth?" etc.

nality: his description of *Vanity Fair*, for instance, was probably taken from *Bartholomew Fair* or his own experience, like characters are taken from life by various authors and worked up into different forms; and so, too, with feelings that are common to the human race; for Dante and he both open with the same sort of description of tribulation and doubt. Swift, again, in his "*Gulliver's Travels*," Fontenelle in his "*Plurality of Worlds*," Voltaire in his "*Micromegas*," are all indebted to Bergerac. Even Lord Macaulay's *New Zealander* is taken from a conceit of Gibbon's; Sheridan's *Mrs. Malaprop* from Fielding's *Mrs. Slipslop*; Dickens owes his style and many of his incidents, such as the *Duel* and Samuel Weller's offer of money to *Pickwick*, to Smollett, and Weller's story of the muffins in all probability to Beauclerc's account to Johnson of the tragical end of Mr. Fitzherbert. Indeed, a man who was really original in everything he said would be a very prodigy, as great a prodigy as a new animal not derived from some similar ancestor. There is no single work whose dependence may not be traced upward from suggester to suggester until its origin is lost in antiquity, and it only remains for us to infer from analogous cases that it originated in some fact.

Such being the true genesis of all works, it is idle to expect in Buckle or any one else complete independence of all predecessors. But he, and many other men of genius, are none the less original because their works are laboriously raised upon the studies of mankind. To pull down the old building, reshape its stones, and build it up into a more harmonious and perfect whole, is to produce original work. The difference between this and a com-



pilation is the same as between one of Mr. Galton's ingenious combination photographs and the Venus of Praxiteles. The first is a combination of all that is there; the other requires not only combination, but selection of the best, together with that creative genius which coördinates and harmonizes the whole into a beauty which has never yet existed. And so, in Buckle's plan, we may trace passing resemblances, while, as a whole, his work is as original and fresh as any creation of genius yet produced.

It follows: that supposing Comte and Buckle equals in genius, and of the same tone of thought, they should have produced works extremely similar to each other. And so they both were, in part. They were both deeply imbued with the idea of the order and regularity of everything in the universe; both had had the same predecessors; they were contemporary and men of genius; but there they diverge, and their circumstances were so different that the resemblances are almost insignificant. We should do Comte an injustice were we to compare him directly with Buckle. Though they wrote on the same subject, their aims were entirely different: Comte's main work was the classification of the sciences, to which sociology was only added as the crowning-point. He erected a temporary bridge over the gulf which separates the science of man from the remainder of the sciences; but it was only a makeshift, because he neglected to use all the material which former workmen had collected on its shores. His judgment, moreover, was warped—I had almost said enslaved—by the circumstances in which he had the misfortune to be placed. Amid a nation worn out with the excitement of endless revolution, condemned like those

unhappy spirits on the fiery sands of the seventh circle to constant movement, and whose momentary pause before the allotted time was punished with a hundred years of additional torment; giddy with change, their faculties amazed by the doubt thrown upon every principle that in quiet times is almost inborn and clings to us unquestioned through a lifetime. Rampant theories jostled each other in the race for power; while Comte, amid all this bustle and clatter, this jangling and jarring and hurly-burly of opinions, turned a longing eye to those quiet and sleepy times when there was an authority to direct the opinions of men—a time doubly quiet and orderly when viewed through the mist of ages past, when all, in theory, obeyed unquestioning the behests of the wisest of their race. He looked and longed, indeed, but no mind could pass through those stirring times and remain the same as it was before. He was like to him tempted of the fiend in the guise of a fair woman, who loathes the form which holy water reveals, but would wish to recall what his imagination depicted. And so Comte imagined an impossible pope and priesthood endowed with power over the opinions of mankind, telling them what to think, and what they should believe; while there was to be another division of the government to carry out these theories—an executive, as it were, to a moral privy council. This was his aim in his “Sociologie,” which is further elaborated in his “Philosophie Politique”; and it is enough to repeat what Buckle has already said of it, that its serious proposal would make the plain men of our island lift up their eyes in astonishment, and probably suggest that its author should for his own sake be immediately confined—so monstrously and

obviously was it impracticable.<sup>4</sup> It was, indeed, inevitable from the circumstances of his life that he should be unpractical. Had he possessed practicality, he would have been a very great writer, and, even as it is, he is far beyond the ordinary run. But his incapacity to see the need of freedom, and particularly of that primary need so emphasized by Buckle, that governments must always follow the wishes of the people, and can never lead them, is alone sufficient to show that he had not grasped the science of history. With Comte the people can not move intelligently out of the leading-strings of the government; with Buckle, the sole function of a government is to express as best it may the sum of the national will. He has made a great advance; he has shown the interconnection of many historic facts of western Europe; he has insisted on the subjection of man to his antecedents; but he has neglected the connection between man and natural laws.

What is usually advanced as representing this connection is the famous law of the Three States, on the value and importance of which he so strongly insists. But it appears to me that its value has been very greatly exaggerated, and it is well known that it is original only in its modification, and can be traced upward from Comte, through St. Simon, Turgot, Fichte, Vico, to the early writers on the philosophy of history. They represent the last remains of that universal passion for ticketing which was formerly thought to constitute science. Everywhere in these earlier philosophies do we see history carefully divided into so many ages—the Age of Gold, the Age of Bronze, and the Age of Iron; or the ages of childhood, pu-

<sup>4</sup> "Essay on Mill," "Fraser's Magazine" for May, 1859, p. 511.

berty, manhood, decline, and decrepitude. In all, the present age is invariably the age of decrepitude; nor is Comte an exception, for with him the present and positive stage is also the last. Just as ages of childhood, manhood, and puberty serve in some measure to picture the actual progress of the world, so the three stages of Comte also roughly represent a true course of thought. In so far, they are of value, but they serve little or nothing to explain the dynamics of civilization—*why* mankind should progress in one way more than another, *why* certain nations should outstrip their compeers; in a word, just that which he thinks they explain.

The recklessness of the assertion that Buckle owed everything to Comte is obvious to whoever will consider what each has achieved in the science of history. Indeed, their similarity is only incidental. They held certain views in common because their subjects overlapped each other—Comte in seeking for a rational form of government, and Buckle in showing how every movement of mankind is subject to law. But the difference between the two is far greater than that between Comte and St. Simon, or Buckle and Montesquieu; and, moreover, it is fundamental. Their different treatment of history is shown most clearly in such points as Comte's failure in every case to account for the greater advance of one country than another, as, for instance, Italy than Spain; or why certain countries adopted Protestantism and others did not; and in his irrational exaltation of Catholicism, due to his ignorance of the early heresies and his false notions of its unity and power. He has idealized it; he supposes it existed as a great moral power, and that from

it, during the middle ages, all reform originated. He either did not know, or he ignored the fact, that the Catholic Church was never so united as it has been during this century; that in earlier ages the difficulties of communication were too great to allow of more than a nominal exercise of the central power; and that, from the earliest to the present time, it never had the power that he claims for it. The priesthood, which he alleges to have been of immense importance in all countries and nations as a speculative class, have, moreover, considering the leisure they enjoyed, done little or nothing compared with other classes. They did not separate theory and practice, but were in all nations rather practical than theoretical. The treatment of the middle ages, for which Comte has been most praised, was indeed that in which he failed most signally, partly on account of his early education, which narrowed his mind, and partly on account of his protectionist bias, which led him to look behind the revolutionary period for the quiet for which he longed, and, trusting to De Maistre's account, to imagine that something of the same organization as existed in the middle ages would calm existing troubles and reconcile existing distraction.

There are many points upon which Comte and Buckle are one; perhaps they are even more than those in which they differ; but, while the former are mostly subsidiary, the latter are mostly fundamental. Comte's laws of civilization are evolved as a necessary deduction from his hierarchy of the sciences; he supposes mankind to be subject to natural laws, and not above them, simply because other matters have been reduced to order and brought into the domain of science. Buckle, on the other hand, proves the

predictability of human actions by statistics. Comte advances as important laws of history his theological, metaphysical, and positive stages, which he afterward reasons deductively by illustrations from history. These, which are mere tickets of phases of thought, analogous to the labels on specimens in a museum, are rightly unnoticed by Buckle, who discovers the laws of civilization first inductively, and then, when he has done this, reverses the process and proves them deductively. In this the Comtists accuse him of inconsequence, because they are more familiar with the "Philosophie Positive" than the "History of Civilization," and urge that without the proof of the hierarchy of the sciences history can not be made positive; when, in fact, Buckle has proved directly and incontrovertibly the dependence of human actions on their antecedent circumstances, while the hierarchy of the sciences is a very unsafe proof indeed.\* Every step Buckle takes is strictly reasoned, and his proof is more positive and verified than any Comte chooses to give us; that is, Buckle's work stands on the same basis as any other scientific work, while Comte, with all his positive claim, stands on a basis not much more secure than, say, Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," or, in other words, though his method is positive, there is no inductive complement to his

\* Without entering upon this large subject in the way of proof—which has been done, indeed, far better than would be possible to me, by Mr. Herbert Spencer—I would merely point out the obvious truth that chemistry could be as well understood without mathematics and physics as astronomy without chemistry, physics, and geology. The failure of M. Comte's proof as to the hierarchy of the sciences, as that of the value of the three stages, though it greatly lessens the value of the work according to his own estimation, nevertheless deprives it of little merit; for, as he himself so often points out, any work which coördinates human knowledge is of value; and in details the "Philosophie Positive" is extremely valuable and suggestive.

deductive proof. Again, Comte knows hardly anything of and despises political economy ; and supposes that it would be both practicable and desirable that all nations should be directed by their governments, and that all nations should agree to be governed by a parliament of the wise, and accept their laws on trust—laws, the object of which they did not understand—a proposition which of itself shows how little Comte grasped one of the most important of historical facts ; while Buckle's chief merit is that he first made a science of history by connecting it with political economy and statistics, and has shown how every advance is intellectual from the people, and never in the opposite direction. Indeed, one of the truths he most insists upon is, that it is better to make a harmful law with the concurrence of the people than to make a good one which they do not like. Neither is Buckle solely a positivist like Comte, for he allows the truth of the emotions. Nor does he venture to set a limit to the conquests of human mind, as Comte, and even scientific men of the present day, are so fond of doing, when a mere cursory survey of history must convince all unprejudiced people that we are far too ignorant to give any opinion on the matter beyond this, that the achievements of the human mind will be far beyond anything we can at present even imagine. In religious opinion they were much the same. Both Comte and Buckle allowed that the existence of God and the immortality of man could not, at all events at present or in the immediate future, be positively proved. But there they diverged—Comte to a ridiculous ritual under the belief that, the one being unattainable, human needs must be satisfied on the model of what had satisfied the only Church

he ever knew; Buckle to what at least was for himself a transcendental proof, that what for mankind was a universal need was also a scientific truth.

In these, which are all of them fundamental points, and which might have been added to, there is, as I have already said, more difference between the views of Comte and Buckle than between either of the two and many of their predecessors; and I have dwelt the more upon them than on the points of similarity, even at the risk of appearing unjust to Comte, because they are both more important, and also refute the shallow opinion that Buckle has only popularized in England what Comte had first discovered in France. At the same time, there are many and valuable hints which Buckle has obtained from Comte in minor matters, which no doubt saved him trouble, though, in my opinion, his book would have been very much as it now is had Comte's never been written.\* The points of resemblance are mostly necessary deductions, such as the value of the inventions of gunpowder, the compass, and printing;<sup>7</sup> that the standard of clerical recruits is not as high as it was;<sup>8</sup> that the supposition that morality is identical with religion is ruinous to the former;<sup>9</sup> and others, together with certain deductions which at first sight

\* This is not M. Littré's opinion, who says: "Il n'aurait jamais écrit un tel livre, s'il n'y avait pas eu avant lui le livre de M. Comte" ("La Philosophie Positive," p. 55, vol. ii., January to June, 1868). To which we may oppose M. de Rémusat, who is at least unprejudiced: "Et cependant nous pencherions à croire qu'il lui doit peu de reconnaissance. Rien ne nous prouve qu'il n'eut pas trouvé de lui même ce qu'il lui emprunte" ("Revue des Deux Mondes," p. 19, vol. xviii., 1st November, 1858). But this is a minor consideration; it is sufficient that no one can justly say that Comte was Buckle's "master."

<sup>7</sup> "Philosophie Positive," vol. iv., p. 104.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid., pp. 422, 423.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid., p. 554.



seem to be identical, such as their common neglect of metaphysics, but which, in reality, are fundamentally different; since Comte refuses to have anything to do with metaphysics on the ground that the mind is unable to observe itself,<sup>10</sup> and that transcendental views are unprovable; while Buckle, on the other hand, does not discard metaphysics altogether, but points out that the method of observing individual minds is not trustworthy, and the right method is to study first the manifestations of the mass of minds, and then only confirm these observations by the former method.<sup>11</sup>

Of course Buckle would have been the last to claim for himself originality in the sense that he owed nothing to his predecessors, to whom he was indebted in the mass, and without whose labors he could not have written as he has. To point out the particulars of his indebtedness, or whose was the ore from which any grain of metal has been extracted, is, however, beyond the scope of this work, and would, moreover, be as difficult and unsatisfactory as to endeavor to point out in what Praxiteles's Venus was indebted to each of the hundred models. In each and every of Buckle's predecessors we must of necessity find some points of resemblance; but it will be sufficient for us to consider his real predecessors, or those who have taken an important step in advance, and leave out of account the feudal crowd who can only follow whither their knightly leaders have gone before.

Now the really important ideas which have made a science of history possible are extremely few. These are:

<sup>10</sup> "Philosophie Positive," vol. iv., pp. 483, 488.

<sup>11</sup> Buckle's "History of Civilization," i., 151, 152.

Firstly, that man's course on earth is orderly, and not erratic; first really propounded by Vico. Secondly, that man is governed by natural laws; a proposition really due to Montesquieu. Thirdly, that the laws of history are to be looked for in the actions of the mass of mankind, and not in those of the individual; propounded by Kant. And, lastly, that moral laws are dependent or intellectual; a proposition first enunciated and established by Buckle.

The great skeptic Vico was the first who fairly grasped the view that we must look for the laws of history, not in divine interference, but in natural and earthly circumstances. And, though so great an opponent of Descartes, he nevertheless lays down the same fundamental proposition—that the machine of life, once started, goes on without the constant interference of Heaven. This view, which his position at Naples made dangerous, and his religion perhaps made him unwilling to express, he concealed under the veil of that very Providence which he denied, saying that man was so constituted by it that he must move in a constant direction. He generalizes history. He saw that the history of the Roman Empire, the only history he knew, was not a solitary and peculiar instance of growth followed by maturity and decay, but the result of general laws; that the minds of men were everywhere the same, and the same circumstances would produce the same history; that individuals do not shape laws, but laws shape individuals. Nay, so bold were his generalizations and so skeptical his mind, that he denied that Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Solon, and Dracon had had any existence, and averred that their codes were first produced by the wants of man, and then ascribed to them, by that tendency in ignorant

ages to ascribe everything great to individuals. In the same way he anticipates the criticism of the present day as to the personality of Homer, of Orpheus, and of Hercules; allowing, in some cases, a slight personality which has been beplastered with all the great deeds of the like kind which really happened afterward, or which the imagination of succeeding generations considered would render the image more symmetrical. His method is the same as Comte's. He has inherited of the classical period with its successive metaphysical developers the theory of stages of development, and shows that he has rightly conceived the possibility of a science of history, by applying them, all imperfect as they are, to the history of ancient nations, and more particularly to that of Rome, where he again anticipates the criticism of Niebuhr in his denial of the early myths and in their rational explanation. And, though he himself is not guiltless of the production of mythological history, and we may now smile at his thunder-storm theory of civilization, we must remember that it does not materially differ from the tone of thought which produced the geological-catastrophe theories prevalent before the era of Lyell.

Justly, therefore, has Vico been styled the father of the philosophy of history, in the sense established by literary usage, which, however, is in the same sense that some type of Lemur is the father of mankind. He is the ancestor up to whom we can trace the lineage; but he is not the father. Though he had glimpses of truth, there was much worthless matter together with that which was good. He seized the fact that civilization is not due to individual lawgivers, who are merely the expression of the age; that progress is due to the natural satisfaction of human needs,

for which he was to some extent indebted to Machiavelli's axiom that each man seeks what is best for himself; that, given the same circumstances, the same history will be evolved; but, owing to the age in which he wrote and the consequent narrowness of his view, he thought that the same circumstances did sometimes recur, and hence his well-known historical *corsi* and *ricorsi*. With little more than the Roman history and the Italy of his day in view, he thought the only possible change was to some form which had existed before; and for this again he was indebted to Machiavelli, who was to Vico much the same as Alexander Bodin to Montesquieu—that is, both Bodin and Machiavelli revived the classical tone of thought and amplified it. But the sixteenth century was too early, and those who might have succeeded were necessarily doomed to fail in an enterprise which was reserved for the genius of the eighteenth. Before Vico everything was considered from a supernatural point of view, a method of treatment of which Bossuet is the most perfect exponent, notwithstanding that he lived a hundred years later than Bodin. Had Bossuet not been a priest, and Louis XIV. not been his king, it is possible that his great powers might have earned for him the title which Vico subsequently won. His circumstances, however, overcame his genius, and the work which professed to be a history of the causes of the rise and fall of nations, from the earliest times down to Charlemagne, turned out to be simply so many instances, made to fit in from history, to his leading idea that the world exists for the sake of the Catholic Church.<sup>19</sup>

<sup>19</sup> I have hardly found in Professor Flint's "Philosophy of History," or in his account in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," a single word in Buckle's

Vico, like Comte, has not taught us laws of civilization. But he has taught us to look for them in the doings of

praise; and not only does he practically adopt many of Buckle's views without a reference to him (e. g., "Philosophy of History," pp. 7, 27, 94, 101, 104, 128, 129), but actually goes out of his way to accuse him of unfairness and dishonesty in his account of Bossuet. Mr. Flint's accusation is this: that it is untrue that Bossuet neglected the Mohammedans, or overrated Martin of Tours; and he maintains that the Jewish nation is the most remarkable in antiquity. Now, in the first place, though Bossuet does say that he has deferred all consideration of Mohammed for his subsequent work, yet it is indisputable that he has written a scheme of what he considers the history of civilization without any mention of Mohammedan learning. Mr. Flint says Bossuet did not profess to write a history of civilization. I answer, then, what is the meaning of "*je reprendrai en particulier, avec les réflexions nécessaires, premièrement ceux qui nous font entendre la durée perpétuelle de la religion, et enfin ceux qui nous découvrent les causes des grands changements arrivés dans les empires*"? He certainly puts religion first; but as certainly professes to treat of the *causes* of political and social changes. I doubt, moreover, that, even if he had written the continuation he proposed, from the time of Charlemagne to Louis XIV., which "*vous découvrira les causes des prodigieux succès de Mahomet et de ses successeurs*," he would have done more than give some account of the Crusades. It is indisputable, again, that Bossuet, when he does mention Mahomet, gives a very clear idea of what he considers the "False Prophet" had to do with civilization, which was simply to inflict a great evil on the Christian religion. Does Professor Flint really think anything further entered into Bossuet's mind? Again, as to St. Martin, I have yet to learn that an author is to be blamed because he cites in a note his authority for the text. "All that Bossuet has written in his 'Discours,'" says Professor Flint, "is just the two lines which Mr. Buckle quotes." Well, and what then? Buckle does not accuse Bossuet of saying more than he has quoted of Martin of Tours. What he does say is: "When he has occasion to mention some obscure member of that class to which he himself belonged, then it is that he scatters his praises with boundless profusion." But Professor Flint does not consider that to say of an ignorant priest who is now deservedly forgotten that his "unrivalled actions filled the universe with his fame, both during his lifetime and after his death," is scattering praise with boundless profusion; nor does he mention that this is only the most striking instance among many. And, lastly, if Professor Flint holds the Jewish nation to have been the "most remarkable in antiquity," I would ask him on what grounds? They *were* ignorant, and *were* obstinate, as Buckle says. Their morals, their learning, and their laws were obtained from their neighbors. Their monotheism was perhaps independently

mankind, and not in the doctrines of any theology. Therein lies his merit, which is rather a negative than a positive one. ✓

Montesquieu was the first comprehensively to treat the phenomena of civilization according to natural laws. There had been attempts before him, and especially by Bodin, to connect human affairs with external nature; but these treatises are analogous to the sensations of a man who has lived all his past life in ignorance at home, and who suddenly finds himself in a foreign country where every custom is new to him. He can not think himself into his subject. So Bodin, the ablest of Montesquieu's predeces-

evolved, but the Buddhists, at least, showed a contemporary monotheism, and it is probable that the early Assyrians were also at one time monotheistic. The Jews naturally had a good deal of influence on Christian thought, but certainly not so much as Platonic, Persian, Buddhistic, and Egyptian theology. But the subject is too large for my space. I will merely add that both Professor Flint and M. Mayer have read Buckle carelessly if they suppose that he is unjust to Bossuet in not making allowance for the age in which he lived. Buckle is not writing a biography of Bossuet illustrated by history, but a history illustrated by Bossuet. His narrowness and credulity are solely referred to as an illustration of the fact that under Louis XIV. even the "towering genius" of Bossuet could not overcome the tendencies of the age. "In no instance," says Buckle, "can we find a better example of this reactionary movement than in the case of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. The success, and indeed the mere existence, of his work on *Universal History*, becomes from this point of view highly instructive. Considered by itself, the book is a painful exhibition of a great genius cramped by a superstitious age. But, considered in reference to the time in which it appeared, it is invaluable as a symptom of the French intellect, since it proves that, toward the end of the seventeenth century, one of the most eminent men in one of the first countries of Europe could willingly submit to a prostration of judgment, and could display a blind credulity, of which, in our day, even the feeblest minds would be ashamed; and that this, so far from causing scandal, or bringing a rebuke on the head of the author, was received with universal and unqualified applause."—See Buckle's "*History of Civilization in England*," vol. i., pp. 721-729; Flint's "*The Philosophy of History in France and Germany*," pp. 89-92; Mayr's "*Die Philosophische Geschichtsauffassung der Neuzeit*," pp. 20, 21.

sors, who had been accustomed to see the finger of God in every trifling event, suddenly finds, in the writings of Plato, Hippocrates, Polybius, and other ancient authors, the very obvious remark that the customs of men are adapted to the climate in which they happen to dwell. He attempts to graft these original ideas upon those amid which he had grown up, and necessarily and inevitably fails. But Montesquieu, on the other hand, enjoyed the immense advantage of living two hundred years later than Bodin. He was thoroughly imbued with the truth enunciated by Machiavelli and Vico, that mankind were perpetually seeking to satisfy their wants; that, therefore, their customs and laws were made to suit these wants, or, in other words, that every law is the result of the circumstances by which its makers are surrounded. This is a discovery which had never been anticipated, and for which he will ever live. Nor is his conception of the origin of laws, great as it is, his only merit, for he also was the first completely to separate history from biography. Voltaire had already insisted on the necessity of a reformation in the manner of writing history, by paying more attention to the history of the people, and less to that of their rulers, and this improvement, as Buckle further points out, "was so agreeable to the spirit of the time that it was generally and quickly adopted, and thus became an indication of those democratic tendencies of which it was, in reality, a result. It is not, therefore, surprising that Montesquieu should have taken the same course, even before the movement had been clearly declared, since he, like most great thinkers, was a representative of the intellectual condition, and a satisfier of the intellectual wants in which he lived.

✓ But what constitutes the peculiarity of Montesquieu in this matter is, that with him a contempt for those details respecting courts, ministers, and princes, in which ordinary compilers take great delight, was accompanied by an equal contempt for other details which are really interesting because they concern the mental habits of the few truly eminent men who, from time to time, have appeared on the stage of public life. This was because Montesquieu perceived that though these things are very interesting they are also very unimportant. He knew, what no historian before him had even suspected, that in the great march of human affairs individual peculiarities count for nothing, and that, therefore, the historian has no business with them, but should leave them to the biographer, to whose province they properly belong. The consequence is, that not only does he treat the most powerful princes with such disregard as to relate the reigns of six emperors in two lines, but he constantly enforces the necessity, even in the case of eminent men, of subordinating their special influence to the more general influence of surrounding society."

"In his work on the 'Spirit of Laws,' he studies the way in which both civil and political legislation of a people are naturally connected with their climate, soil, and food. It is true that in this vast enterprise he almost entirely failed; but this was because meteorology, chemistry, and physiology were still too backward to admit of such an undertaking. This, however, affects the value of his conclusions, not of his method," which, as Buckle proceeds to point out, is not affected by the truth or falsehood of his illustrations. "The difficulty is not to discover facts, but to discover the true method according to which the laws



of the facts may be ascertained. In this Montesquieu performed a double service, since he not only enriched history, but also strengthened its foundation. He enriched history by incorporating with it physical inquiries, and he strengthened history by separating it from biography, and thus freeing it from details which are always unimportant and often unauthentic. And, although he committed the error of studying the influence of nature over men considered as individuals, rather than over men considered as an aggregate society, this arose principally from the fact that, in his time, the resources necessary for the more complicated study had not yet been created. . . . He failed partly because the sciences of external nature were too backward, and partly because those other branches of knowledge which connect nature with man were still unformed."<sup>13</sup>

Montesquieu's mistake of studying the influence of nature over men as individuals was remedied by Kant, the greatest of German thinkers, with the exception of Goethe. He it was who first pointed out that, in a large view of human affairs, free will can be left out of account, and necessity take its place. He even adduces the tables of births, deaths, and marriages in support of the fact that human affairs are subject to natural laws.<sup>14</sup> He clearly sees that history is governed by circumstances, and, indeed, has anticipated Laplace's doctrine of necessity in the simile of human progress to trees in forests which

<sup>13</sup> Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," vol. i., pp. 752-756.

<sup>14</sup> Kant: "Idee zu einer allgemeinen Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht"—"Was man sich auch in metaphysischer Absicht für einen Begriff von der 'Freiheit des Willens' machen mag; so sind doch die Erscheinungen desselben, die menschlichen Handlungen, ebensowohl, als jede andere Naturbegebenheit, nach allgemeinen Naturgesetzen bestimmt."—"Werke," vol. iv., p. 293.

can only grow upward because their companions determine their growth.<sup>15</sup> He points out that, though we can trace no general laws of civilization in individuals, we can see a tendency in the mass, which, he thinks, is to express an entity, an ideal man in humanity, brought about, not by his desire to do this or that, but by the pressure of circumstances which leave but one course open to him. Kant's merit is to have perceived that the force of circumstance is too strong for free will, and that laws may be traced in the conduct of the mass of human beings, which are invisible in the individual. Yet he, like so many others, must conceive a goal toward which all men are striving. It is this assumed necessity for an aim in civilization beyond the present—even in the remote future—which marks how little the true laws of civilization have as yet sunk into men's minds, a badge of slavery to the old idea that mankind are extra to the rest of nature, and not subject like the rest of the universe to general laws. Hence it is that so many reviewers have complained that Buckle has left civilization undefined. Define civilization? As well might we attempt to define the Deity, or think it necessary that He should be defined before the laws of morals could successfully be investigated! When will mankind cease talking of humility and be really humble? When will they allow the universe to be something more than a mere pedestal for their display? When will they admit that they are but a part of a grand whole, and that, perhaps, not the apple of the eye? No one thinks it necessary to look for a *summum bonum* in mathematics, chemistry, or geology, and, if they

<sup>15</sup> Kant: "Werke," vol. iv., p. 299.

do look wistfully to the future for a time when all sciences shall be displayed, they know they do but dream, and such speculations are not necessary to the perfection of any science. Why, then, should it be so difficult to conceive that the laws of history may satisfactorily be studied without first determining whither man's steps are tending or where his progress shall be stopped?

Kant, however, confined his speculations rather to the political side of progress than the material, and this is always apt to lead to those dangerous assumptions as to imaginary perfection such as misled St. Simon, Comte, and others. He saw that history *might* be predicted, and, above all, saw that to do so required a large historical knowledge; and hence, though he failed in giving a forecast of the way in which history should be written, he has contributed to its philosophy important and original truths, without attempting an elaboration, in which he certainly would have failed.

Finally came Buckle, who, with a precision hitherto unknown, has pointed out the real laws which govern human affairs. He is the first to have raised history to a science, because he first wrote it scientifically. He pursues the same method as scientific workers in other branches of knowledge, and substantiates his researches in the same way. Here there is no groping in the dark, no ideas thrown out of which the author does not know the full value, no hap-hazard and uncorroborated statements. Everything is strictly logical: not a mere logic of words, but a logic of facts. Compare him with whom you will—compare him with Comte—and how striking is the difference! The latter may be challenged at every

step; the former, armed from top to toe, is invulnerable. They were contemporary, and, if anything, Comte, with his foreign education, to whom speculations on the laws of civilization were open from his childhood, had the advantage over the English thinker, to whom these things must be new. But mark the difference. The great Frenchman, sagacious, quick, and extremely self-confident, chooses his course while his mind is yet green and unformed, and deliberately shuts himself off from all further knowledge, in the vain hope that his views would by such means be more logical; and that, since he would not hear conflicting opinions, neither would he be influenced by wrong ones. Vain hope! He only succeeded in shutting out those views which might have corrected and broadened his field of humanity. There is hardly a note to his "Physique Sociale," never a confirmation of a fact; and, having adopted the three-stage theory from his predecessors, and modified it to truth, he treats it as an hotel-keeper does his wine labels, which he considers have the power of changing the quality of the wine. Instead of looking upon the three stages as mere descriptions of an invariable sequence of ideas, he makes them dynamical, and refers everything to their action, rather than to the action of general laws, to which he assigns a very subordinate position.

Buckle, on the other hand, might have been writing the elements of Euclid, as far as his method is concerned. In his proof that men do not act without motives, that these motives are the natural result of their circumstances, and so on through his book, he proceeds step by step, eliminating, as a chemist during an analysis, law after law.

He then begins to confirm these laws by pointing out how every action of mankind is explained by them. Though he probably has not connected man with nature as intimately as hereafter he will be,<sup>16</sup> he did connect for the first time all the known sciences with history, and is, therefore, just as much the founder of the science of history, in the true sense of the word, as Adam Smith was of political economy. Both had predecessors in their work, and both, unlike their predecessors, left the foundation of their subjects so sound and sure that, though they may be added to, the foundation itself need never be altered. Much will no doubt be added to Buckle's work, as much has been to Adam Smith's, but nothing will be taken away. He has left the main part unfinished, but it will have to be finished in the way he has indicated. The general laws, not merely evolved out of his inner consciousness, but discovered by patient investigation, are there. Some, of course, were known before, but they have been relieved of their superincumbent mass of useless matter, so as to have acquired a new, an increased, and a far more general force. Others, and some of the most important, he has enunciated for the first time: such as the dependency of morals upon the intellectual state of the people;<sup>17</sup> the greater value of popularization of knowledge as compared

<sup>16</sup> As, for instance, in the probable effects of astral influences on meteorology and economical affairs.

<sup>17</sup> Comte certainly pointed out that moral truths are useless without some civilization, and that the value of morality depends upon the way in which it is practiced ("Philosophie Positive," v., 416-419). But he did not see that moral truths are stationary, and dependent upon the state of intellectual knowledge for their interpretation. There have, besides, been many other approaches; but none come near to Buckle. What Condorcet says, for instance, was simply to show how small is the power of the Church when not backed by public opinion.

with its concentration ; and, above all, he has shown, what Montesquieu and his disciples could only indicate, the impossibility of escape from general laws ; not that he taught man to be permanently subject to them, as so many of Buckle's reviewers have carelessly conceived, but that it is useless to draw off the water of a dropsy until the heart is cured ; it is useless to amend the proximate agent unless the higher and governing power is altered.

I know well that I shall be accused of the common fault of the biographer, that I have gazed upon the brightness of my hero until I can see naught else. And truly there is so much of goodness and greatness in mankind that the character of any one who towers above the rest must necessarily and honestly be most worthy to him who studies it most. To others, his light is obscured by the multitude of other lights ; in some cases the nearer appear to the careless observer the brightest ; in others, he may ascribe mysterious magnitude to the distant twinkle which has shone from time long gone through all the time ensuing. I can not say. My judgment may be affected as the judgments of others have been before now. But, looking at those things on which our judgment should be based, it does seem to me that reason, at least as much as affection, has governed me in my estimation. Consider his youth, his delicate state of health, his self-education, the enormous drudgery he went through, and vast amount of reading he achieved ; his self-denial, his love of truth, his kindness to others, his charity and warmth of heart. These raise him personally above the average of men. Consider, again, the breadth and depth of his speculations, his wonderful memory and vast power of assimilation,

which gave him in every book he read a new soldier in his army of truth ; an army in which every man was effective, because Buckle knew how to use him, while another would have been simply confused, each individual would have impeded the other, and the greater the army the more hopelessly would they have been clubbed. This gift of generalship, and the still higher and rarer gift of generalization which Buckle possessed in so eminent a degree, when found together with that quality which is best defined as strong common sense, are so rare and valuable that we can not choose but allow him greatness who possesses them. It is proved when a man of small fortune, without assistance from friends, is suddenly sought after and caressed by all that is best in his native country, his fame spreads to the four quarters of the globe, his name long after his death constantly appearing in the literature of the day, and his works, translated into the chief European languages, continually being reprinted, and creating a literature of their own.

And these works, what are they ? But a fragment of a fragment.

## CHAPTER V.

Election to the Athenæum—To the Political Economy Club—Lecture at the Royal Institution—Success and Sorrow—Letters—Volume II.—Anticipation of Death—Mill's "Liberty"—The Rights of Women—Death of Mrs. Buckle—Grief of her Son—Pooley's Case—"Letter to a Gentleman"—Illness—Stay at Blackheath—Kindness to Children—Utilitarianism and Morals—Death of his Nephew—Stay at Carshalton—Further Illness.

THE full recognition by society in London of the value of Buckle's work had hardly time to show itself before its ebb. But with the returning flood at the beginning of 1858 the tide of honors began rapidly to rise. Having been put up for election at the Athenæum, it soon became evident that this election would meet with considerable opposition; the clerical element, which had not been lovingly treated in the "History of Civilization," did not propose to return good for evil, but would do their utmost to avenge his trespasses against their profession, and prevent the purity of their club from being spotted by the membership of such a skeptic: insomuch that Buckle was even advised to allow himself to be elected by the committee rather than run the risk of failure, which his friends, numerous as they were, believed to be imminent. But this was not Buckle's way. Great as the honor of election by the committee is, it would have been contrary to all self-respect to shirk the battle. His friends did their utmost; and, when the time came, it became clear that he had no-



thing to fear. Some there were who knew him, many who admired his book, and many more who could not brook the disgrace which the action of a mere cabal sought to bring upon the club. One gentleman told an active supporter of Buckle's that he had been asked to go down to vote against him "because of his religious views." "If that is your reason," he replied, "I shall certainly go and vote—for him." Indeed, so invisible had the opposition become that many of those who had feared it most began to doubt whether it had ever existed; yet it was the opinion of a member of no mean authority that the party had had a very substantial existence, but had drawn off on seeing the strong general manifestation in Buckle's favor—probably from a proper respect to the wishes of the club, though a different reason has been assigned for it.<sup>1</sup> It is fair to say, however, that the greater number of clergy were in his favor, and in the result he was triumphantly elected by 264 votes to 9. The Political Economy Club spontaneously elected him a member,<sup>2</sup> and finally he was invited by the Secretary of the Royal Institution to lecture there.

With the knowledge that we have since the publication of his "Posthumous Papers," we see how he thought much on the "Influence of women on the progress of knowledge," and would naturally choose that theme for his lecture. "Most able men have had able mothers," he remarks as an accepted axiom in his mind; and adds, "I shall hereafter from a vast collection of evidence prove that the popular

<sup>1</sup> It has been said, with how much truth I know not, that the majority gave the cabal pretty clearly to understand that, if Buckle were pipped, they would do the same for every clergyman put up.

<sup>2</sup> December 2, 1868: "Dined for the first time with the Political Economy Club, which elected me a member spontaneously."

opinion is correct, that able men have able mothers. Women ought to educate their children, and, in fact, nearly always do so after a fashion; for education is not books.”<sup>\*</sup> He felt what an inestimable benefit the atmosphere of a cultivated mother had been to him, and he wished to point out—perhaps influenced by Miss Shirreff’s work—how mankind is harmed by neglect of women’s education.

Expectation was on tiptoe. The novelty, the great reputation of Buckle, and the fact that he had never spoken in public before, excited the liveliest curiosity. He began preparing his lecture on January 18th, and worked daily at it up to the 21st February, writing out the main points, and then (as he calls it) studying it, or, in other words, rehearsing. He also, very wisely, attended the Friday-evening lectures at the Royal Institution, which he had never been to before, in order that he might accustom himself to the theatre and the audience. On the 9th he began writing it out for the press, as Mr. Parker was anxious to publish it in “Fraser”; but broke off, writing to Mr. Parker:

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 10th March, 1858.

“MY DEAR SIR: I can not make up my mind to write the lecture, because, if I were to do so, I am sure that new views or expressions would open themselves to me in speaking, and I should deliver something quite different from what I had written.

“But I intend to take notes, and, as I have a pretty good memory, I am certain that with their aid I could write out the lecture in two days after it was delivered; and, as you appear anxious [to] have it, I should not object

<sup>\*</sup> “Posthumous Works,” vol. i., pp. 325, 326.

to do so. The only proviso I would make is, that I do not forfeit the copyright in it by your printing it in 'Fraser.' Of course I have not the least intention at present of exercising such power, and I need hardly say that I would do nothing to effect the sale of 'Fraser,' if you print the lecture there. Only as a principle, I have determined never to surrender the copyright in whatever I write.

"Have you succeeded in getting a ticket for the 19th? If not, I will, if I possibly can, send you one, but I can not promise till three or four days beforehand. Please let me know as soon as you can.

"If the lecture is printed in 'Fraser,' could I have eight or ten copies struck off separately, or would this be inconvenient or unusual?"

Numberless applications for tickets had to be refused, and even Buckle could not get as many as he wanted. As Mr. Barlow writes to him: "It is very hard that you should be limited because of your just popularity. But what can be done? I can not expand the lecture-room, nor prevent members from exercising their right to indulge themselves and their friends with a high intellectual gratification."

On the evening of March 19th the doors of the Royal Institution were opened some time before the usual hour to admit the throng of fashionable people who had collected, and by the usual time for opening the theatre was crammed from floor to ceiling by a brilliant and excited audience, of which ladies formed a by no means inconsiderable portion. As the hour struck, and Mr. Buckle

walked in, the loud buzz of conversation was drowned in a burst of applause, which in turn gave way, as the lecturer opened his lips, to a silence in which one might have heard a pin drop. Beginning in a somewhat low voice, to husband his power, he soon warmed up, and spoke on with great energy and action in that beautifully modulated voice so well known to his friends, without pause, without even hesitation, for an hour and forty minutes. He had written the heads of his lecture on a card, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Barlow, who warned him how terrifying he would find the fixed gaze of nearly a thousand people, and how probable it was that the sight of his first expectant audience would unnerve him; but he never once took it out of his pocket. This thorough success of his maiden lecture gave Buckle the greatest pleasure, which he did not attempt to conceal. Faraday, Owen, and Murchison severally thanked him for the great treat they had enjoyed; and from all sides he received letters of congratulation and of thanks.

Notwithstanding the letter to Mr. Parker, he had already written the lecture out before it was delivered, and immediately after he set to revising it. On March 22d he writes again to him:

“I have, by sitting up very late last night and working hard to-day, succeeded in writing out the lecture. I am really so tired that I can't read it over, and I send it to you as it is, feeling quite unequal to make a better copy, as I had intended. You will, of course, let me see the proof *with* the MS.

“I have received the most gratifying letters from men of influence as to the effect produced by my lecture—all

regarding it as an epoch, and urging me to have it published. From this I have reason to believe that the demand will be considerable. Possibly you may think it worth while to print a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, more copies of 'Fraser' than usual. I do not mean this in regard to myself, as I don't intend to give more than four or five copies away.

"Yours very truly, etc."

"*23d March.*—I was unavoidably prevented from sending this last night, and I now open my letter to add that, since writing it, I have received such a quantity of fresh communications as proves that the effect produced is far greater."

Immediately after the publication of his first volume he had begun to work at the second, for which he had already got the greater part of the material by his previous reading. Yet, even while engaged upon this, and also on the preparation of his lecture, he could still find time to help his friends. We have already seen one letter for help for Captain Woodhead; he also helps Miss Shirreff:

"HALSTEAD, *19th June, 1857.*

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I am very much distressed to hear from Mrs. Bowyear so poor an account of your health; and what I regret, if possible, more is, that your letter, as she tells me, shows symptoms of a want of confidence and a disheartening feeling respecting your work, and the probability of bringing what you are engaged on to a successful issue. What this is I have experienced, though happily only for a short time, and at long intervals; but when, as in your case, it is aggravated by sharp

physical pain, the combination must, indeed, be hard to bear. The best way for you to console yourself is to reflect that the mental depression is mainly *caused* by the state of the body; that it will pass away; and that it is essentially unfounded, because, on comparing what you can do with what others have done in your field, you have every right to feel sanguine. You know that I make it the business of my life to study what pertains to the intellect, and I may therefore venture to believe that on such a point I am a fair judge; and I do honestly and deliberately say that what you can and will do *must* be valuable—looking at the amount of careful thought and of natural power you have already expended on the subject of education. I hope you know me too well to hold me capable of the baseness of flattery; but, firmly as I am satisfied of the truth of what I am saying, I would not say it except that I fear you are flagging in mind as well as in body, and my regard for you is too sincere to let me think this without doing what I may to remedy this case—so far as the want of confidence is concerned. If I can possibly help you in any way, if you want my opinion respecting any educational books or others which I have not read, I will get them, read them carefully, and let you know what I think. Pray give me something to do for you. I am now pretty well, my time is my own, and a few weeks' delay in preparing my second volume would be as nothing compared to the pleasure of furthering your labors and cheering you in the prosecution of them. Any MS. you have prepared I will read through carefully, and would play the true part of a friend in criticising it *closely* and *severely*. But pray keep up your spirits, and remem-

ber that the subject you are engaged on is one of the noblest that could possibly be selected; and that I am as certain as I am of my own existence that you will succeed.

“I am enjoying myself here very much, and, instead of the two or three days I meditated, shall remain till the beginning of next week.”

But, while in the very noontide of his fame, strong in the citadel of his reputation, honored, fêted, and feared, he saw only too clearly that happiness would nevermore be his. He had had hardly time to sip the cup before it was dashed from his lips. As he turned homeward from those gatherings of all that was of worth in London, the contrast was great, indeed, of what was and might have been. Another's loss too clearly shadowed forth his own:

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, *5th August, 1857.*”

“MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I am shocked, indeed, at this melancholy event. Poor Mr. Grey! how deeply I feel for him—to lose his mother thus suddenly—I wish you had told me how he bears it. What anxiety, too, for Mrs. Grey! But I think more of her husband. She loses only an aunt; he, a mother. Poor Grey! I wrote a few lines to him the moment I received your letter. I much wish I could have seen you this evening, but I dine at Mrs. ——’s, with little heart, however, either for that or anything else. I am broken-spirited, and care for nothing—but I would not put off my engagement: I am easily excited, and excitement just now will do me good.

“To-morrow I go to Herne Bay. My mother is miserably feeble; but the threatening symptoms have all disappeared, and they assure me that there is no cause for

present apprehension. This is what they say—*present* apprehension! I know the meaning of that, and I see the future but too clearly.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 5th August, 1857.

“MY DEAR GREY: Perhaps I ought to abstain from intruding on your grief, while sorrow is still so fresh; but we have been for some time on such intimate terms that I can not resist the impulse of my heart, which urges me to express the deep and earnest sympathy which I feel for you under your irreparable calamity. Not that I, or indeed any one, can offer consolation; for I have more than once undergone in anticipation what you are suffering in reality, and it has always seemed to me that consolation may be for the dead, but never for the living. Still, you are not, as I should be—you have not lost all, you do not stand alone in the world. At all events, if I may judge of my own feelings of what would be precious to me had I received so heavy a blow, you will not think that, in saying how from the bottom of my heart I sympathize with you, I am unduly trespassing on what is sacred to yourself. You will rather believe that I write to you because my mind is overflowing, and because it seems to me that I have need to tell you what I feel.”

“HERNE BAY, 11th August, 1857.

“MY DEAR MRS. GREY: Your few lines with Mr. Grey's note have been just sent to me from Oxford Terrace; and, glad as I am to hear of you, I am almost sorry that at such a moment he thought it necessary to answer what I wrote, as I am fearful of ever seeming to intrude on the thoughts of one bowed down by so grievous an affliction.



"I left town early on Thursday morning for Herne Bay, and found my mother very weak, but calm, and perfectly happy. Month after month she is now gradually altering for the worse—at times slightly better, but, on the whole, perceptibly losing ground. Her mind is changed, even since I was here last;<sup>4</sup> she is unable to read, she confuses one idea with another, and nothing remains of her, as she once was, except her smile and the exquisite tenderness of her affections. I while away my days here doing nothing, and caring for nothing—because I feel that *I have no future.*

"Dear Mrs. Grey, I did not intend to write a note to make you feel uncomfortable; but my mind is now full of one idea, and I can not help dwelling on it. When you too are suffering, it seems selfish in me; but you would not care for my writing if I did not speak what was within."

"HERNE BAY, 5th September, 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: You will no doubt have received through Mrs. Grey a message from me. To that I have now nothing to add, except that all remains the same—the mind (at least the intellect) irretrievably shattered; but what remains is apparently safe for the present; at least, there is no reason for apprehension beyond the constant uncertainty incidental to such a state. For the future I shall say nothing upon this, unless, contrary to all expectation—I had almost said contrary to all possibility—there should be a favorable change; in which case you shall know immediately.

. . . . .

<sup>4</sup> June 80th.

"Your account of the progress of your own work is very cheering. Any parts of it that you wish me to see in MS. I will gladly read and give my very best attention to. Do not scruple about this, as to help you would give me real pleasure ; and, although I am still unable to write, I am as equal as ever to reading and thinking. If you could send it in the form of a *registered letter*, I would keep it with my own papers till I had read it, and return it to you *registered* ; in which case there is, I believe, hardly an instance of loss, so many precautions being taken. I am very anxious that you should execute this work really well. Much will depend upon it, both for your sake, and for the sake of the important subject of education. I do not for a moment suppose that I should be able to suggest to you new ideas on a subject you have so deeply pondered, but possibly something might occur to me (if I saw the whole work) as to the *arrangement* of the topics or chapters ; and I need not remind you how dependent all books (and particularly one like yours) are on this almost mechanical consideration.

"Perhaps, too, other little points might be brought out ; at all events, whatever the length of your MS. may be, I should like to see the whole of it (if you are willing that I should do so) when and how you think advisable. As soon as I know full particulars I will take the first opportunity of speaking to Parker, and I believe I can answer for his acceptance of what I shall strongly, but most conscientiously, recommend to him.

. . . . .

"I receive from all quarters the most favorable accounts of the success of my work—and, strange enough,

even at Oxford among the High-Church party. This passes my comprehension; but the 'Gentleman's Magazine' is entirely in the hands of the Oxford people; and yet see what they say of me in the number for September just published."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 26th October, 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I received your letter yesterday, and though very glad to hear from you, the pleasure was somewhat lessened by the account you give of your work. What! Faint at the eleventh hour! Impossible! Surely you do not mean that you despair about your book because it can not be all that you wish. And as to your other objection, that your system of education is different from others, and that therefore you will not get a hearing, I do not believe that these are days in which a view of education (or of any other subject) can be suppressed because it is new. Pray go on; then let me see it; and trust the rest to me, to Mr. Parker, and to the public. *Me* first! and the public last! Observe the vanity of the man. Seriously, I want to know that you are advancing, as the right publishing season will soon be at hand.

"I am better; and able to work, and even to write a little. . . . We are now settled in town. We have never returned home so early, and I do not know how so much of London will agree with me. For my mother I make no doubt it is the best plan, as we dare not risk for her the chance of taking cold in traveling, and she always seems happier here than anywhere else. . . .

"My book is selling extremely well."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 4th February, 1858.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF : I am delighted. You have come up to my expectations, and that is saying much. I have now (2 P. M.) read to page 70, and therefore will delay no longer telling you what I think. When I saw you last night I purposely abstained from giving you an opinion, though I saw that you wanted one. I abstained, because your opening did not satisfy me, and does not quite satisfy me now ; and seeing you so unwell I could not find it in my heart to tell you so : and I should ill repay the confidence you place in me if I were to flatter you ; therefore I said nothing. But the latter half of Chapter I. and what I have read in Chapter II. are truly admirable. But the opening is weak : I mean weak, not in conception, but as a work of art. I intend first to finish the whole ; and then carefully read again, and, if necessary, study the first chapter, and we will then look it over. It is *possible* that I may change my mind ; but I do not think I shall. You may rely upon my giving your work such earnest and patient attention as real friendship can secure.

"Remember that I am only discontented with a small part ; and that only because I compare you with yourself. I would have called to-day to tell you all this, but am obliged to go in a different direction ; and as I dine out at a distance and must be home earlier than usual to dress."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 5th February, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF : . . . Since writing to you yesterday I have read about 20 more pages, *all good* : clearly arranged, clearly written, and sometimes eloquent. I have no alterations to suggest beyond a few trifling matters

solely in regard to style. If you have written the remainder in the same way, I shall venture to pronounce it much superior to anything you have yet done."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 15th February, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I send with this note your first *four* chapters. The fifth I have nearly finished; but, as I am reading the MS. with great care, I go on slowly, especially as I can do nothing to it by candle-light. The style is on the whole *very good*; indeed, your choice of words is admirable; and the only fault is that the sentences are *too long*.

"Don't be alarmed at my lengthy list of corrections; I have simply done for your MS. precisely what I would have done for my own. Some of my suggestions you will no doubt disapprove of: in such case, let them stand over till we meet.

"I have proposed no alteration rashly; but the reason of the proposal may not be at once apparent.

"The arrangement is good, clear, and symmetrical. I am sorry I can't find more fault, it is so pleasant to be spiteful—at least, I enjoy it."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 22d February, 1858.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I return Chapter I., which I have read through twice, once to-day and once yesterday. I have, moreover, very carefully thought it over, and although I can not pretend to think it equal to the other parts, still I now believe that it had better not be altered, because I do not think alteration would improve it.

"My impression is that your mind is better calculated

to work out principles deductively (as you do in the body of the book) than to rise to those principles by an inductive and historical investigation, such as that contained in Chapter I.

“The best of us can not do all things equally well, and I only dislike Chapter I. when I compare it with what you do in other matters. If I were to compare it with what other writers on education have done, I should not have a word to say against it. Still, I clearly see that the chapter is essential to what follows: therefore it must stand, and I would let it remain as it is. Another remark I ought in justice to make is, that perhaps I am too harsh toward Chapter I., because to me the whole matter seems so obvious that I tire of an elaborate proof of a truism. It is very difficult for me to forego my own point of view, and (as it were, forgetting my knowledge) put myself in the point of view of the majority of your readers. Yet this is what I ought to do to give a sound judgment. You must, therefore, take what I have said with this allowance, and not affix too much value to my slight censure, which is, after all, a *relative* censure rather than an absolute one.

. . . . .

“To-morrow, or next day at the latest, you shall have Chapters V., VI., and VII.; and the other two I hope by the end of the week.

“I have not the slightest doubt of the success of your work.

“Your reasons for the word ‘intellectual’ in the title-page seem satisfactory; but you had better consult Mr. Parker as to this.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 3d March, 1858.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I send Koch, three volumes. Your latter chapters I like quite as much as the others. Some parts are admirable, but, looking at the book *practically* and as a work of *art*, I am of opinion that it is rather too long. Still, I am not sure about this, and it may well be that I am wrong.

“Are you serious in thinking to decoy me into writing a dissertation on the professional employments of women? for you certainly know that *without* a dissertation it would be impossible for me to write anything. The subject is too large, and any opinion I might give would require to be limited. All I know is that the matter is one of extreme difficulty.

“The Dr. Smith, editor of the ‘Dictionaries,’ is Dr. *William* Smith. He very civilly called on me the other day, and that’s how I know the name so pat.

“What you say in your letter about Smyth’s lectures is quite true; and, as you have modified the praise, there can be no objection to it.

“I do heartily rejoice to think that I have been of use to you, and to hear you say so gives me real pleasure.

“Sincerely yours, etc.

“My mother is quite as well as usual. Dr. Bright was much pleased with her to-day.”

But her health, nevertheless, was in a very critical state, and in July he staid with her and his sister, Mrs. Allatt, at St. Helena Cottage, at Tunbridge Wells. Besides looking through Miss Shirreff’s MS., he was bringing out a second edition of his first volume, and writing his second.

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. HELENA COTTAGE,  
"21<sup>st</sup> July, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR": Thanks for the check for £665 7s., which I have just received as balance due for my first edition. The account is quite satisfactory, and the charge for advertising very moderate.

"When you pay the £500 for the second edition, please to pay it into the London and Westminster Bank, to the account of my cousin, Henry Buckle, of 40 Westbourne Terrace.

"The fact is that, my income consisting entirely of dividends, which I draw as I want them, I have no bankers; but my cousin, Mr. Henry Buckle, who is one of the directors of the Westminster Bank, always manages for me the very few business transactions which I have. I shall write to him by to-day's post to tell him that you will pay £500 to his account shortly, but I am not quite sure what I had better do with the check you have sent me, as my name must be put on the back of it before it is presented, and in that state [if] it falls into improper hands, the law is so uncertain about crossed checks that I might be running some risk. Would it be the same thing to you if you paid the *two* sums into the Westminster Bank to my cousin's account, leaving me either to destroy the check or to return it to you by post, if it is quite safe to transmit it in that way, which, from your sending it, I presume to be the case?

"I shall take no notice of the 'Quarterly.' The animus is too evident to do any harm. Besides, there is really nothing to answer. The reviewer has had a year to ex-



amine my notes and authorities, and neither he nor, indeed, any of my opponents have even accused me (much less convicted me) of incorrect or garbled quotations. As to the general principles at issue, they can never be dealt with in a controversy; and, having said in my work all that I can say, I must leave men to decide between them and the opposite views.

“I am glad to hear that you are about to take a holiday. I hope it will do you good. I am working closer and more successfully than I have been able to do for the last three years.”

“TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. HELENA COTTAGE,  
“27th July, 1858.

“MY DEAR SIR: I am really so very busy on ‘Scotland,’ and it would take so much *thought* as well as time to write a proper review of Miss Shirreff’s book, that I can not undertake it, at all events at present. I saw the ‘Saturday Review,’ and a miserable article it was, written in a bad spirit, and by a man evidently incapable of taking a grasp of the subject. I am inclined to agree with you that there *are* rather too many books recommended, but that is at worst only an error of detail, and a work of so much power must stand or fall according to the soundness or unsoundness of its general principles. Besides, it is a mistake on the right side; for it is easier for a parent or governess to curtail a good list of books than to add to it.

“Thanks about the check. A day or so will of course not be important, but the fact is that I wrote last Saturday giving a commission to buy £1,000 of this New Zealand

\* To the same.

Loan, which is just issued and guaranteed by government, and, as Mr. Henry Buckle pays for it, I do not like him to be without funds. When I wrote to him I mentioned that you would pay £1,165 7s. to his account. I have had a good laugh at Daniel—some people are so funny.

“Sincerely yours, etc.

“I hope you do not take it ill that I should again decline writing a review of Miss Shirreff. But I really find that I have more to do than I expected; and I am determined that, if possible, my second volume shall not disgrace the first. I have about two hundred volumes on Scotland down here to get through.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 25th September, 1858.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I will send to Chester Street either to-day or to-morrow a Dutch work in two volumes on the ‘History of Manners,’ which I think you will like. If you have it sent down to Twickenham, please to give particular orders about the packing, as I value it very much; it being out of print in Holland, and entirely unknown in England. It will give you a fair specimen of those curious parts of Dutch literature of which your industry has supplied the key. I am truly glad to hear of your progress. . . .

“Your book is selling steadily, but of course slowly. At this time of the year it is much for a book to sell at all.

“The *g* in Dutch is always guttural even at the beginning of words.

“ . . . I am remarkably well, and able to work with perfect comfort upward of eight hours, so that Vol. II. is happy in its mind. My mother sends her love. We

shall, I hope, in about a week go to Brighton for two months.

“The old Dutch spelling (i. e., of seventeenth century or even part of eighteenth) is more like the present Flemish. *Now* the spelling is nearly always the same; and your eye will soon get used to the very slight difference—the principal being *ij* for *y*.”

“BRIGHTON, *13th October, 1858.*

“MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: After your truly kind letter I can not delay letting you know that we arrived here Monday,’ and that my mother was less fatigued by the journey than I had expected; and, as coming here has done no harm, the hope remains of its doing good. But I am not sanguine; I have been too often and too cruelly disappointed for that.

“I hope you will like the Dutch books. There is a noble field open there for anybody; and yet, strange to say, no Englishman has cultivated it. I was thinking that a life of Grotius would not be a bad enterprise. He has deservedly a great name, and his career was full of adventure. But we will talk of this when we meet, and, as to the practical part of the question, I should like to hear what Parker says.

“You had better get from the London Library Davies’s ‘History of Holland,’ and use it as a text-book, i. e., make systematic notes from it, so as to thoroughly master the leading events in Dutch history. I would also recommend your drawing up an abstract of the somewhat scanty notices of Dutch Literati in Hallam’s ‘Literature’; reading each life in ‘Biographie Universelle.’ There is nothing like

’ *October 11th.*

taking a *general* survey before doing any one thing. If you could get hold of Paquot, 'Hist. Lit. des Pays Bas,' you would find it useful."

"October, 1858.

"DEAR MRS. BOWYEAR: . . . . For the last three weeks I have been unable to write a single line of my 'History,' and I now confine myself to reading and thinking, which I can do as well as ever, though I am too unsettled to compose. My mother is just the same as when I wrote last, caring for nothing but seeing me, though she is too unwell to converse. . . .

"While she is in this state, nothing could induce me to leave her, even for a day, without absolute necessity. She has no pleasure left except that of knowing that I am near her, and, as long as that remains, she shall never lose it.

" . . . I want change, for, besides my anxiety, I am vexed, and, to say the truth, a little frightened at my sudden and complete inability to compose."

"BRIGHTON, 5th November, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: The only good history of Holland in Dutch that I know of is by Wagenaar, with Bilderdijk's continuation. You would probably not read the whole of it, as it is in sixty-one volumes—about twice the size of Sismondi, 'Hist. des Français.' You will, however, have to *use* it; and, fortunately, I have a complete copy.

"I don't agree as to the circulating libraries being the main support of a 'Life of Grotius.' Such a biography, if done carefully, would be very valuable, and would be pur-

chased by many persons for their own libraries. But more of this anon. I have at home some valuable materials for you. In the mean time, try and get Burigny's 'Life of Grotius' (about 1750), written in French, but perhaps the English translation may be easier procured. We shall be in town, I hope, the first week in December. During the last ten days my mother seems to have rallied a little, but—I can not tell.

“There is a 'Life of Grotius' by Charles Butler—very poor.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 23d December, 1858.

“MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . Both in Dutch and Spanish there are many openings; and, when I was thinking about you the other day, it occurred to me how much remained to be done for the early geography (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries), and the adventurous lives of the explorers—men half geographers and half missionaries. Above all, in reading Dutch, remember that nearly everything is new to the English; and, therefore, take copious and precise notes of *all* curious matters. They are sure to come in usefully.

“You will be shocked to learn that Mr. Petheram died suddenly a few days ago. As soon as I heard of it, I thought of 'Self-Culture'; and I made every necessary inquiry yesterday afternoon. It is difficult to arrive at the truth; but, unless different parties have deceived me or are deceived themselves, you are quite safe—i. e., his affairs are not left embarrassed. The business will be carried on for at least some time. You must take this information for what it is worth. I have collected it from booksellers whom I *think* I can rely upon. Still, you had

better write to Mr. Petheram (his son, quite a youth, has the management of everything), and say that he is no doubt aware that your book was published on commission *only*; and that, as you suppose the business will not be carried on, you would wish the remaining copies to be returned to your house. This I advise as a matter of precaution. The burial is to be to-morrow; and I would write on Monday morning.

“Will you tell Mrs. Grey that Dr. Addison is to be here to-day at four o'clock (do you know, Dr. Bright died suddenly?), and, therefore, I can not call upon her, as she wished. Neither could I yesterday; for, having only just heard of Mr. Petheram's death, I was engaged the greater part of the day in collecting such information as would be useful to you to know.

“Thanks, indeed! real warm thanks to you for all you say and feel.

“You might leave a *few* copies of ‘Self-Culture,’ in case the business should be carried on; but I would *by all means* keep the larger part of the impression in your hands. You might mention (as it were, casually) that you had not received an account of the sale.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 5th January, 1859.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I return Simpkins's letter. As a matter of *equity* they clearly have no right to the extra ten per cent., unless they take the trouble off your hands.

“But what you have to consider is the expediency, not the justice; and the question is, Will any other house equally respectable grant you more favorable terms?

This I rather doubt, because, in every trade, traders refuse to deal with private persons as they do among themselves; and, if Simpkins was *not* to charge the ten per cent., he would be dealing with you as he did with Petheram.

“My advice is to accept Simpkins’s offer on condition that he will take one hundred copies at a time, and bind them, charging you as Petheram did for the binding. In regard to advertising, I think you had better keep it in your own hands, and then you are sure that the advertisements you pay for are inserted.

“If you are reluctant to adopt this course, I will *most willingly* make any inquiries that you desire respecting other publishers.

“Should you conclude with Simpkins, let it be clearly understood that the title-page remains unaltered (for you need not be put to that expense), and that you are not charged for insurance of stock, or for anything beyond the binding and ten per cent. You will, of course, keep a copy of your letters to them.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 6th January, 1859.

“MY DEAR MRS. GREY: I will call upon you between 3 and 3.30, on either Monday or Tuesday, whichever will suit you best. I name that hour because I intend to have a long talk with you, and because, not being very well, I must be home by five o’clock, to have rest and a cigar before dinner.

“I shall keep your MS. till I see you, as I wish to turn the subject over in my mind. At present I see no difficulty which you can not conquer. Great preliminary

knowledge will have to be acquired, but, speaking hastily, I should say ten or twelve years would suffice. The main thing will be to study *economically*, letting no time run to waste. I need not assure you that all that I know, and have, and can, will be at your disposition.

"I liked your letter very much. You approach such an undertaking in the manner most likely to succeed—i. e., with a knowledge of its real difficulties."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, *14th January, 1859.*

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: As you don't tell me what Messrs. Simpkins say about advertising, I can not give an opinion about their advice; but my own impression is that you had better confine yourself to the 'Times,' considering its universal circulation. I suspect publishers insert advertisements in the smaller periodicals mainly with the view of keeping up their connection.

"I am quite distressed to hear of poor Mrs. Bowyear's illness. One feels for her and her husband in every way—as it were, exiled and shut out from all their friends. The next time you hear from Clifton, do, pray, send me a few lines to say how they are; and, when you write to Mrs. Bowyear, say with my love everything that is kind, and which, in truth, I really feel. If I were differently situated, I should be tempted to run down for a couple of days to the hotel at Clifton, to try and cheer them both up a little. As soon as I hear that Mrs. Bowyear is tolerably well again, I shall write to her; but I don't like to trouble her husband (as I did before) with inquiries which he has to answer, now that he is necessarily much occupied.

"I have not seen Bohn's edition of Butler's 'Analogy,'



but it can not be so good as the old one, because something is in such cases always added by inferior men under pretense of illustrating or correcting. In all really great works, the best editions are those published under the author's own eye. A good copy of Butler, published in the middle of the last century, can be bought for about 2s. 6d."

As his mother's state grew worse and worse, his anxiety began to tell upon his health, and he was quite unable to write. But his nature was so sanguine that he never could quite realize how dangerous was the case and how imminent the end. For the last six months of her life she was from time to time delirious, but such was her strength of mind that always when her son entered the room she became perfectly rational. Well might he say with Young:

"How oft I gazed prophetically sad !  
How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles !  
In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.  
She spoke me comfort, and increased my pain.  
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,  
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,  
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,  
Death urged his deadly siege ; in spite of art,  
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends  
To succor frail humanity—."

Sometimes, indeed, a sentence would escape her, showing that her mind was wandering a little ; and he would seize up his hat and rush out of the house, unable to endure it.

As some relief from the torment of his thoughts, he dined out frequently. In February he writes to Mrs. Bowyear: "I am still immersed in Scotch theology, for I am more and more convinced that the real history of Scot-

land in the seventh century is to be found in the pulpit and in the ecclesiastical assemblies. A few days ago I tried to compose, and with better success than previously. I wrote about three pages that morning, and this has given me fresh courage. But it is only after the great excitement of conversation that I can write in the morning. Nothing now stirs me but talk. Every other stimulus has lost its power. I am dining out a good deal, and hear much of my own success; but it moves me not. Often would I exclaim with Hamlet, 'They fool me to the top of my bent.'"

On the 9th December he had written to Mr. Parker offering to undertake a review on Mill's "Liberty," which he felt would be a new stimulus to him: "If Mr. Mill's forthcoming work on 'Liberty' is what I fully contemplate it will be, it will be intimately connected with some views of my own concerning the influence of legislation; and, in such case, I would give you a review for 'Fraser.' But, as I write nothing hastily, and look forward to reproducing some day my miscellaneous contributions in a permanent form, I should wish (if my proposal is agreeable to you) to stipulate once for all that I retain the copyright of whatever I send to 'Fraser.' My object in writing so soon is that I may have leisure to meditate the subject of Mr. Mill's book; and I would beg of you to consider this letter as *strictly confidential*, because, if the work on 'Liberty' is different to what I expect, I shall not review it. As between you and me I shall require no engagement respecting the copyright, so perfectly am I satisfied that you could do nothing but what was not only just but liberal. But, as a matter of business, and looking at the uncertain-

ty of affairs, I would ask for a line from you to acknowledge that I retain the copyright of whatever I give you for 'Fraser.' If you have the *smallest objection* to this, I shall not feel at all hurt by your frankly saying so. Whatever I publish in 'Fraser,' or elsewhere, I shall sign with my name."

Mill's "Liberty" did fully answer his expectations, and he began to prepare his notes on February 3d. On the 9th of March he writes :

"MY DEAR SIR :<sup>8</sup> I am now engaged in earnest on the 'Essay on Mill,' and, if you wish to announce it, you can do so for 'Fraser' of 1st of May ; as, if I remain pretty well, it will be ready for the press by the middle of April, at the latest. I am afraid you must make up your mind for a long article, both the subject and the man being of the highest importance. Had I foreseen the labor it costs me, I confess that I should not have undertaken it ; as, for the last month, it has engrossed my thoughts. However, I shall do my utmost not to discredit your magazine.

"The 'Saturday Reviews' I wish to keep until I have finished my article, when they shall be returned to you.

"At p. 55 of Mill 'On Liberty,' a case is mentioned of a person in 1857 being 'grossly insulted' by a judge. Will you be kind enough to ascertain for me where I can get a *printed* account of this in detail ? Also please to let me have the new volume of 'Transactions of Social Science,' and the last edition of Whately's 'Logic,' provided there is much new in it, since the *sixth* edition, which I possess, published by Fellowes, 1836. I see that you pub-

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Parker.

lish Whately's 'Logic' in two different forms; the cheaper one will do for me, if it contains the same matter as the larger octavo.

"Yours very truly, etc.

"I should be glad to know the date of the *first* edition of Mill's 'Logic.'"

He also writes to Mrs. Grey:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 18th March, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY: I have delayed answering your note until I had time to consider it; though, before you called yesterday, my mind was so much shaken about your plan that I had meditated writing to you.

"First of all, in regard to my name being in the prospectus. I have long felt that men, perhaps from kindheartedness, or, as I rather believe, from want of firmness, think too lightly of giving their names to charitable proposals, and are unwilling to refuse what seems so slight a matter. To me, however, it appears that no man should give his name to any plan unless he is *thoroughly* convinced of its propriety, not merely because he *thinks* it good. When I first heard of this scheme, I *thought* it good; but on further reflection I more than doubt of its propriety. I look much to the influence of women for the future advance of society; but I am convinced that anything which makes men and women *compete*, or which diminishes in the slightest degree the pecuniary profits of a profession by throwing part of those profits into the hands of women, will tell fearfully against women's power. At present the two sexes do not *envy* each other; but, if the

stronger sex should envy the weaker, it must happen that the weaker will go the wall.

“Again, this is not a spontaneous *English* movement; it is of American origin, and in America women have more influence than in any other country, ancient or modern. In the United States, women being so respected, an experiment may be safe, which here would be hazardous. The institution would be covered with ridicule; and, although this, generally speaking, would be no objection, it is in the highest degree objectionable when the ridicule is directed by men against the plans of women. That you would do good, I make no doubt, as I can see many strong arguments in favor of such a hospital. But I firmly believe that the *large* results would be mischievous.

“These things have passed through my mind in the last few days, and you must forgive me, dear Mrs. Grey, if I say that, on account of these, I can neither give my name, nor can I, as I at first promised, ask my friends to do so.

“But, although I disapprove of it, I admit the difficulty of deciding how far the remote mischief will outweigh the present good. I can only say, therefore, that if you still persist in it, and if you find that more money will be wanted, I will give to it any donation that you like to name, simply because I wish to further what interests you; but in such case the gift must be anonymous and *through* you. I can not openly countenance what I believe to be an extremely bold experiment, of which the evil (to my mind at least) is greater than the good. On the other hand, I can not bear to appear uncomplying and ungracious to a friend whom I really value; therefore I

do most heartily offer to you any donation you like or think proper, if under these circumstances you are willing to accept it.

“It gives me great pain to refuse to you the use of my name; but I can honestly say that I am acting according to the best of my judgment, and certainly in opposition to my first impression.”

But the siege was now fast drawing to a close, and he knew it.

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 8th March, 1859.

“MY DEAR MRS. WOODHEAD: I almost fear from your letter that you did not receive the one which I wrote to you some seven or eight weeks since, in answer to yours, . . . . and that explains my silence. If you knew all, you would pity me. Certainly, no one has less cause for elation than I have. What can I care about fame, when I see the only person who would have gloried in it perishing before my eyes, her noble faculties wasting away, the very power of expressing her affection almost gone? And this is called success! Rather call it cruel and bitter humiliation, and failure at the last moment of all my cherished hopes.

“When I tell you that for three months I have not written six pages, you may imagine what I have gone through and what I feel. I can work, and think, and talk, as of old; but the creative power seems to have gone from me. I have only a chapter and a quarter to finish; when it will be done I have no idea. Nothing does me good but excitement, and the excitement I relish is conversation. Burn this when you have read it and shown it to your husband. I am not wont to say thus much, but I am not

willing that friends whom I care for should be misled into thinking me changed.

"My mother is slowly but incessantly degenerating, mind and body both going. I have been lately reading with intense interest John Mill's new book on 'Liberty.' Pray get it, and study it well; it is full of wisdom. Mr. Capel, seeing how it roused me, and how I was stagnating at my old work, suggested to me to write a review of it. This I have begun to do, and am feeling more pleasure in it than in anything for a long time. If I complete it, you will find it in 'Fraser' for May.

"I am very glad to hear that your husband is getting on with his work. Give my kind love to him, and say that he has only to write to me about any difficulty which he thinks I can clear up; and even without that I am pleased to see his or your handwriting."

The end was not far off. Mrs. Buckle was so much worse on March 31st that her son telegraphed to his sister. On April 1st is written in his diary: "Mr. Morgan came, and said it is now only a question of hours with my darling Jenny. . . . At 9.15 my angel mother died peacefully, without pain."

We shall draw a veil over the last sad minutes, the last tender pressure of the trembling hands, the last fond look of the fast-dimming eyes, the frantic grief of the survivors. "Consolation may be for the dead, but never for the living." He had lost his all, and stood in the world alone.

And, when the last sad offices were rendered to the mother he had loved so well, and he sat down in the "dull and dreary house, once so full of light and love," the first

thing he wrote was his proof of the immortality of the soul from the universality of the affections :

“Look now at the way in which this godlike and fundamental principle of our nature acts. As long as we are with those whom we love, and as long as the sense of security is unimpaired, we rejoice, and the remote consequences of our love are usually forgotten. Its fears and its risks are unheeded. But when the dark day approaches, and the moment of sorrow is at hand, other and yet essential parts of our affection come into play. And if, perchance, the struggle has been long and arduous ; if we have been tempted to cling to hope when hope should have been abandoned, so much the more are we at the last changed and humbled. To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its luster, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness—to see this, is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone ; when the very signs of life are mute ; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then truly, if we believe the separation were final, how could we stand up and live ?” We have staked our all upon a

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Glennie, in his “Pilgrim Memories,” p. 76, misreads this passage as follows : “And wonderful it seemed to me that any one acquainted with the facts of existence could dare to make so much of *himself* as to found an argument for the truth of a belief on *his* ‘inability to stand up and live’ were he to find it false !”



single cast, and lost the stake. There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and spoil. Methinks that in that moment of desolation the best of us would succumb, but for the deep conviction that all is not really over; that we have as yet only seen a part; and that something remains behind. Something behind; something which the eye of reason can not discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude; that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted? Why is it that at these times our minds are thrown back on themselves, and, being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? If this be a delusion, it is one which the affections have themselves created, and we must believe that the purest and noblest elements of our nature conspire to deceive us. So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief. . . . And of all the moral sentiments which adorn and elevate the human character, the instinct of affection is surely the most lovely, the most powerful, and the most general. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assert that this, the fairest and choicest of our possessions, is of so delusive and fraudulent a character that its dictates are not to be trusted, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that, inasmuch as they are the same in all ages, with all degrees of knowledge, and with all varieties of religion, they bear upon their surface the impress of truth, and are at once the conditions and consequence of our being."

Alas! alas! would that this proof were as clear to us

as to his grief-wrought heart! Bereaved and lonely man that he was, we might perchance think his mind was at that time too readily open to such transcendental reasoning; and yet it was no new idea with him, for he had already enunciated the thought in his first volume.<sup>10</sup> But, seeing as we do that, though the universal emotion of love is a possible indication of immortality, love would exist just the same were our death absolute—we can not hold it proof. Indeed, this present world could not exist without the binding principle of love, without which every organized being would be swept away and effaced from the earth. It is too plain that its existence is as necessary a concomitant of our own as the air we breathe, and can not, as such, be held a proof of our immortality.

But the emotion being the result of the stored-up knowledge of our lives—of that knowledge which is not only learned from books and learned conversation, but from the experience of the feelings, of the void in our being, of the sympathies and laws of intercourse of mankind—these, indeed, may be trusted to indicate the truth, and pioneer the way for surer generalizations from proven facts. As Buckle himself writes,<sup>11</sup> “The emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding; they are as truthful; they are as likely to be right. Though their view is different (from that of the understanding), it is not capricious. They obey fixed

<sup>10</sup> Talking of the institution of priesthood, he says: “We may, if need be, remove some of its parts; but we would not, we dare not, tamper with those great religious truths which are altogether independent of it, truths which comfort the mind of man, raise him above the instincts of the hour, and infuse into him those lofty aspirations which, revealing to him his own immortality, are the measure and the symptom of a future life.”—“History of Civilization,” vol. i., p. 695.

<sup>11</sup> “History of Civilization,” ii., p. 502.

laws; they follow an orderly and uniform course; they run in sequences; they have their logic and method of inference."

He kept very quiet for twelve days after his mother's death, working about six hours a day, chiefly in finishing his "Essay on Mill." On April 13th, having heard of a severe illness in Mrs. Grey's family, he visited her, "for the first time," he writes, "since my darling mother's death." But the memories of his mother which this visit called up were too much for him, and he could not repeat it:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE,  
[*"Between 13th and 23d*] *April, 1859.*

"You would not ask me, my dear friend, if you knew what my visit to Cadogan Place cost me. I can not; everything which brings up a former association unhinges me. I overrated my own strength—I deemed myself more than I am; do not, I pray you, think me unkind. Perhaps I may yet see you, for I promised Mrs. Bowyear to call on her in Chester Street if I could; but that must be the only visit I make before I leave this house, where everything is hateful to me. Do not be uneasy about me; I am quite well; and, within such limits as are left to me, I am happy. I can work freely and well. Beyond this there is nothing for me to look for, except the deep conviction which I have of another life, and which makes me feel that all is not really over."

And, under like circumstances, he wrote to Mrs. Bowyear, after his visit:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, *April, 1859.*

" . . . I can not, my dear friend, come to you, for there is a mass of business to finish, and which would be

at a standstill were I to leave town. I have promised my aunt that I will visit her before I go elsewhere; and I could not, at such a moment, find it in my heart to disappoint her. I remain quite well; but my grief increases as association after association rises in my mind and tells me what I have lost. One thing alone I cling to—the deep and unalterable conviction that the end is not yet come, and that we never really die. But it is a separation for half a life; and the most sanguine view that I can take is that I have a probability before me of thirty years of fame, of power, and of desolation.” . . .

The “Essay on Mill” was published on May 1, 1859, and led to consequences which it will be necessary to dwell upon, as they relate to the most important event in Buckle’s public life—his accusation of Mr. Justice Coleridge. In Mill’s “Liberty,” which he reviewed, he had come upon the following passage: “Penalties for opinion, or at least for its expression, still exist by law; and their enforcement is not, even in these times, so unexampled as to make it incredible that they may some day be revived in full force. In the year 1857, at the summer assizes of the county of Cornwall, an unfortunate man, said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life, was sentenced to twenty-one months’ imprisonment for uttering and writing on a gate some offensive words against Christianity.”

“It was with the greatest astonishment,” writes Buckle, “that I read in Mr. Mill’s work that such a thing had occurred in this country, at one of our assizes, less than two years ago. Notwithstanding my knowledge of Mr. Mill’s accuracy, I thought that, in this instance, he must

have been mistaken. I supposed that he had not heard all the circumstances, and that the person punished had been guilty of some other offense." He, accordingly, carefully investigated the case, and read all the reports he could find, with the result that the following are the facts of the case, as stated by Buckle, and they have never been disputed: "In the summer of 1857, a poor man, named Thomas Pooley, was gaining his livelihood as a common laborer in Liskeard, in Cornwall, where he had been well known for several years, and had always borne a high character for honesty, industry, and sobriety. His habits were so eccentric that his mind was justly reputed to be disordered; and an accident which happened to him about two years before this period had evidently inflicted some serious injury, as since then his demeanor had become more strange and excitable. Still, he was not only perfectly harmless, but was a very useful member of society, respected by his neighbors, and loved by his family, for whom he toiled with a zeal rare in his class, or, indeed, in any class. Among other hallucinations, he believed that the earth was a living animal; and, in his ordinary employment of well-sinking, he avoided digging too deeply, lest he should penetrate the skin of the earth, and wound some vital part. He also imagined that if he hurt the earth the tides would cease to flow, and that, nothing being really mortal, whenever a child died it reappeared at the next birth in the same family. Holding all nature to be animated, he, moreover, fancied that this was in some way connected with the potato-rot; and in the wildness of his vagaries he did not hesitate to say that, if the ashes of burned Bibles were strewed over the fields, the rot would

cease. This was associated in his mind with a foolish dislike of the Bible itself, and an hostility against Christianity; in reference, however, to which he could hurt no one, as not only was he very ignorant, but his neighbors, regarding him as crack-brained, were uninfluenced by him, though in the other relations of life he was valued and respected by his employers, and indeed by all who were most acquainted with his disposition.

“This singular man, who was known by the additional peculiarity of wearing a long beard, wrote upon a gate a few very silly words expressive of his opinion respecting the potato-rot and the Bible, and also of his hatred of Christianity. For this, as well as for using language equally absurd, but which no one was obliged to listen to, and which certainly could influence no one, a clergyman in the neighborhood lodged an information against him, and caused him to be summoned before a magistrate, who was likewise a clergyman. The magistrate, instead of pitying him, or remonstrating with him, committed him for trial, and sent him to jail.”

Thomas Pooley was brought before the judge; there was no counsel for the defense, but there was for the prosecution. The attorney who prosecuted knew well all the history recounted above, with the exception as he asserts that he was ignorant that Pooley was deranged. The spectators and reporters noticed the incoherence of his speech, his restless manner, and glaring eye; but the judge writes in an official letter, “There was not the slightest suggestion made to me of his being other than perfectly sane; nor was there anything in his demeanor at the trial, or in the conduct of his defense by himself,

which indicated it." The result was that Pooley was convicted.

Quite recently there was a case remarkably similar: A man named Sullivan was charged with annoying the inhabitants of a part of London by chalking up words in public places, such as "The Power of Prayer." He had habitually offended in this way, as Pooley had been in the habit of doing in his way. It is needless to say that Sullivan was not committed for trial, much less punished with twenty-one months' imprisonment. The magistrate told him "he had no right to chalk up any words on private property. . . . He ought to have the sense to see he was doing more harm than good by persistently breaking the law"; and the man was discharged, with a caution that if brought up again he would be fined.<sup>19</sup> So Pooley might have been cautioned and discharged, or sentenced to a nominal punishment; he ought, indeed, never to have been convicted. But he was sentenced to imprisonment for one year and nine months—an imprisonment which he soon exchanged for the madhouse.

Such a case was indeed likely to arouse all the generous indignation of which Buckle's nature was capable. Like Voltaire, he preferred the heat and dust of the combat in the cause of justice and freedom, rather than to consult merely his own comfort, and remain mute and quiet. But he only did once what Voltaire did many times. Voltaire stood up for liberty where liberty was hardly known. Buckle stood up for liberty where, indeed, she was in danger of being driven from her natural abode. Voltaire saved Sirven and La Barre, and defended the reputations

<sup>19</sup> See the "Pall Mall Gazette," March 16th, 1878.

of Calas, De Lally, and even Byng, an alien and an enemy, simply because he loved freedom, and could not look quietly on the perpetration of injustice. For this he has been honored and revered; and shall we deal out a different measure to Buckle?

That the conviction was unjust, or, at least, that the punishment was monstrous, the free pardon—that ridiculous and insulting fiction of the law to screen itself from an acknowledgment that it has been wrong—sufficiently proves. As for the judge, his friends are placed in the dilemma of either acknowledging that he committed an injustice, or that he was incapable; that he did not observe those signs of lunacy which were patent even to the reporters; that he was so careless to sift the evidence against an undefended, ignorant man, that nothing was brought out at the trial concerning Pooley's hallucinations and his blameless life. It is no excuse for the late Sir John Coleridge, as the "Law Magazine"<sup>13</sup> hints that it should be, that, like the Inquisitors of Spain, his motives were unimpeachable. Their excuse was ignorance; but no man, least of all an English judge, would care to plead that excuse to-day. Mill himself pointed out the danger in such prosecutions to personal liberty, and Buckle saw and attacked it. He told his friend, Mr. Henriquez, that "he saw no guarantee that the age of persecution was passed for ever; and could quite conceive that, in times of great civil commotion, if a religious party got the upper hand, persecution would be recommended and acquiesced in. Only one party, indeed, could be trusted not to abuse power and never to persecute, and that was the skeptics."

<sup>13</sup> For August, 1859, p. 280.



Buckle attacked the judge, because, as he justly points out, "it is impossible for us by any effort of abstract reasoning to consider oppression apart from the oppressor. We may abhor a speculative principle, and yet respect him who advocates it. This distinction between the opinion and the person is, however, confined to the intellectual world, and does not extend to the practical. Such a separation can not exist in regard to actual deeds of cruelty." This personal attack was, however, resented by most of the papers of the day, because they were not able to think themselves into the position of the poor and oppressed. They could see the position of the judge, but not the full danger of intolerance and interference with liberty.

"The circumstances," says Buckle, "to which I have directed public attention were not sought for by me. I did not go out of my road to find them. I had never heard of the case of Pooley until I came across it in the book which I was reviewing. As it had fallen in my way, I thought it my duty first to investigate it, and then to expose it. In exposing it I denounced the principal actors, especially him who gave the finishing touch to the whole. By doing so I have incurred the hostility of his friends, and I have, moreover, displeased a large class of persons who consider that an English judge occupies so elevated a position that he ought not to be made the object of a personal attack. To me, however, it appears that his elevation and his name, and the pomp and the dignity and the mighty weight of that office which he held, are among the circumstances which justify the course I have taken. If he had been a man of no account, it would hardly have been worth while for me to pause, in the

midst of my solitary labors, that I might turn aside and smite him. For what is he to me? Our ways of life and our career are so completely different that between us there can be no rivalry; and the motives which commonly induce one man to attack another can have no place. I can not envy him, for I see nothing to envy. Neither can I fear him; nor can I expect to derive any benefit from hurting him. Unless, therefore, it is supposed that I am actuated by a spirit of pure, naked, and motiveless malignity, I have a right to be believed when I say that in this matter my sole object has been to promote the great, and, to me, the sacred cause of liberty of speech and of publication. This, indeed, lies near to my heart. And it is this alone which gives to the present case its real importance, and will prevent it from sinking into oblivion. Yet a few years, and Sir John Coleridge and Thomas Pooley will be numbered with the dead. But, though the men will die, the principles which they represent are immortal. The powerful and intolerant judge, seeking to stop the mouth of the poor and friendless well-sinker, is but the type of a far older and wider struggle. In every part of the civilized world the same contest is raging; and the question is still undecided whether or not men shall say what they like; in other words, whether language is to be refuted by language, or whether it is to be refuted by force. Disguise it as you will, this is the real issue. In this great warfare between liberty and repression Sir John Coleridge has chosen his side, and I have chosen mine. But he, being armed with the power of the executive government, has been able to carry matters with a high hand, and to strengthen his party—not indeed by arguments, but by vio-

lence. Instead of refuting, he imprisons. My weapons are of another kind, and shall I not use them? Am I for ever to sit by in silence? Are all the blows to be dealt from one side, and none from the other? I think not. I think it is but right and fitting that Sir John Coleridge, and those who agree with him, should be taught that literature is able to punish as well as to persuade; and that she never exercises her high vocation with greater dignity than when, upholding the weak against the strong, she lets the world see that she is no respecter of persons, but will, if need be, strike at the highest place, and humble the proudest name.”<sup>14</sup>

Some even of his own friends were shocked by the violence of his language; but the following letters will explain themselves:

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 20th April, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR:” There are so many corrections in the inclosed proofs that I must see another revise, which please *by all means* to let me have not later than 4 P. M. to-morrow (Thursday). I shall remain in town till Friday afternoon, in order to finish the *whole*; and then you will only have to send to Brighton a proof of the last three pages and the Greek notes. I send herewith the Greek notes. The proofs which I now inclose please to return to me on Thursday, with the revise. The headings will, I think, do very well as you have put them. One or two of your words in the proof, and a small part of letter, I was unable to decipher; but, in truth, I am half stupid with work and nervousness. Sincerely yours, etc.

<sup>14</sup> “Letter to a Gentleman.”

<sup>15</sup> Mr. Parker.

"I wish you would send copies of 'Fraser' to Mr. Sandars and to Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, with my kind regards—as well as to Mr. Kingsley.

"I can not alter the passages about Coleridge. The mischief he has done is a thousand times greater than any punishment which I can inflict on him. On reading over the proof, I feel fresh indignation."

Mr. Charles Kingsley evidently did not approve of the attack. Buckle answered his remonstrance, but only a fragment has been preserved :

" . . . You suggest about asking his opinion. What I have written above is very hurriedly, amid the pressure of many matters, and it is flatly put ; but the result has been long meditated. Can you put to me any case in which you would punish a man for using or writing words, if such words could not produce a breach of the peace ? I do not say that you or I would strike or collar the scoundrel who used the language—though, maybe, if it [had] been used before one's wife or daughter, we should do even that. But it is enough if a reasonable apprehension exists that the peace *may* be broken. Whether or not the apprehension be reasonable, the magistrate can, I suppose, be the only judge. Do think this over, for I am deeply interested in the question, and try if you can put a case fit for punishment which my definition does not include. Perhaps at your leisure you may write to me again. . . . Much do I hope that at some not very distant time we may be brought into closer contact. At present I have no pleasure but when I am alone."

To Mr. Parker he writes again :

“49 SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON, *11th May, 1859.*

“MY DEAR SIR: Thanks for the check for £34—which I have just received for my essay in ‘Fraser.’

“I do, indeed, regret that anything I have written should expose you to annoyance; but it is surely unfair to hold you responsible for an article signed by me. Three weeks ago I said, what I now repeat, that I wished you to state to whoever it might concern that you suggested my softening the expressions respecting Sir John Coleridge, and that I refused to do so. As I said, then, I would far rather have withdrawn the whole article than cancel a single word I had written on a transaction respecting which I felt so strongly. In justice, therefore, to your own interests you ought to make this known, and I hope you will. You can keep this letter, and show it to whoever you like. I wrote the remarks on Sir John Coleridge deliberately. I carefully considered them afterward. I consulted upon them a friend in whose judgment I repose great confidence; and now that I read them again in print, I have nothing to withdraw or regret. I have some little knowledge of the history of England, and I do deliberately say that, considering all the circumstances of Pooley’s case, the sentence passed by Sir J. Coleridge is the greatest crime and the foulest cruelty which has been perpetrated in any country under sanction of the law since the seventeenth century. Holding this opinion, I have stated it with the indignation which I felt, and still feel. The fact that the culprit is powerful and influential produced no effect, except to make me apply to him stronger language than I would have done had he been weak and insignificant. There are, unhappily, innumerable instances of re-

ligious intolerance in our judicial history; but in such cases the age was intolerant, and public opinion sanctioned the cruelty. The peculiarity of this case is that a judge drives a poor man to insanity, and beggars his family, for the sake of enforcing a persecuting principle with which men have lost their former sympathy. He goes out of his way; he runs counter to the liberal tendencies of his time; and in doing so perpetrates an act of cruelty. I ask, 'Is that act a crime? and, if so, is it wrong to denounce the author of it as a criminal?' Our laws do not call it a crime; but God forbid that we should form our notion of crime according to the maxims of criminal law. As to motives, these lie out of our reach, and no human eye can discern them. But, if intolerance and oppression are crimes, I do not see how the act of Sir J. Coleridge can escape that appellation.

"Whatever any one may write against me, in this or any other matter, pray publish it in 'Fraser,' without thinking it necessary even to inform me. I am very glad that the judge's son has taken it up, because it is right that both sides should be heard; and I shall be only too glad if some redeeming circumstances are brought out to make the case appear less nefarious. This is the first personal attack I ever made; and I can conscientiously say that I have been actuated to it by no mean or unworthy motive. In my judgment Sir J. Coleridge committed a great and grievous crime, which the interests of toleration, of liberty, and of true religion required to be punished, but which, being committed under shelter of the law, could only be punished by a man of letters writing in a free country.

"Whatever you communicate to me in this matter I

shall consider strictly confidential; and, as I hold that a great principle is at stake (viz., how far an author is justified in using strong language to express strong abhorrence), I should be really glad to hear some further particulars. I should particularly like to know what the chief objections are—whether as to the epithets of ‘criminal,’ etc., or whether the general statement is deemed unfair. I suppose that no attempt will be made to impugn the facts as I have put them. I have evidence at home for all I have said.”

“BRIGHTON, 10th May, 1859.

“MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I need not tell you how much pleasure your truly kind letter has given to me, for you know that I am sensible of and value your friendship. I am quite well, working very busily, and doing all in my power to keep myself well. More than this is impossible either for me or for any one else, as we do not make events, but are made by them.

. . . . .

“Neither do you say anything about your own work. Can I be of use to you? I suppose you can now read Dutch with tolerable fluency, and you ought to select some one subject. I have already mentioned the *most* interesting, and probably most important, subject in Dutch biography—Grotius. You and Mrs. Bowyear, I remember, laughed at me for this; but that does not prevent it being advisable for you to take it up, as I don’t think either of you much understood what you were laughing at. Before I go to the north of Scotland I shall be in town for a day, and would send to you any Dutch or other books you needed.

“I am glad you found my account of Mill's ‘Logic’ clear. His profound views respecting coexistences, and also respecting the difference between induction and deduction, are so very far in advance of the public mind that probably I have done some service in popularizing them; as, though I have often talked to men on these matters, I have never found any one who was really on a level with the actual state of our knowledge of method.

“What you say about my notice of Justice Coleridge does a little surprise me. I knew at the time that most persons would think I had shown too much virulence; but I believed then, and believe now, that in this case, as in other cases, when I have taken an unpopular view (such, for instance, as the absence of *dynamical* power in morals), those who object to my treatment have not taken so much pains to inform themselves as I have done. You know that I have no personal animosity against Coleridge; and yet I do say that, to the best of my judgment, his sentence on Pooley is the most criminal act committed by any English judge since the seventeenth century. . Most acts of religious cruelty have been in *compliance* with the temper of the age; but here we have a man going out of his way, and running counter to the liberal tendencies of the time, in order to gratify that malignant passion—a zeal for protecting religion. I have felt all I have written; and I should be ashamed of myself if, on such a subject, and with my way of looking at affairs, I had expressed less warmth. Of course I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that the influence, the name, and the social position of the judge, made it the more necessary to be uncompromising, and to strike a blow which should be felt. And that



it *has* been felt the letters I have received within the last few days have proved. I believe that the more the true principles of toleration are understood, the more alive will people [learn] to be to the magnitude of that crime. At all events, I know that, even if I had used still stronger language, I should only have *written* what a powerful and intelligent minority *think*. And I have yet to learn that there are any good arguments in favor of a man concealing what he does think. I never have, and never will, attack a man for speculative opinions; but when he translates those opinions into acts, and in so doing commits cruelty, it is for the general weal that he should be attacked. A poor, ignorant, half-witted man sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and nine months for writing and speaking a few words against the Author of the Christian religion! And when I express only a part of the loathing and abomination with which I regard so monstrous an act, you, my dear friend, 'regret the extreme violence' of my expressions. To me it appears that your doctrine would root out indignation from our vocabulary; for if such an act is not to rouse indignation, what is?

"With all honesty do I say that I attach the highest value to your judgment, and therefore it is that I should really be glad if you would let me know *why* you dislike the remarks on Coleridge. On my part there is no personal feeling, no rivalry, no jealousy; but I felt great indignation. I believed that the indignation ought to be expressed; and I knew that many who agreed with me would shrink from compromising themselves, and incurring the hostility of Coleridge's numerous and powerful friends. For that I care nothing; but for the opinion of

MY friends I care a great deal, especially on a matter of this sort."

"BRIGHTON, 13th May, 1859.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I am very glad that you have written so fully and freely, as, indeed, I felt little doubt that you would do. But, though I admit the force of all your reasoning, I am not convinced by it, simply because our premises are different. We look upon affairs from an opposite point of view, and therefore adopt opposite methods. My habits of mind accustom me to consider actions with regard to their consequences; you are more inclined to consider them with regard to their motives. You, therefore, are more tender to individuals than I am, particularly if you think them sincere; and you hold that moral principles *do* hasten the improvement of nations. I hold that they do *not*. From these fundamental differences between us, it inevitably happens that we estimate differently such an act as the sentence on Pooley.

"We are both agreed that the sentence was wrong; but you consider that the judge, not having bad motives (but who can penetrate the heart and discern motives?), and not being a bad man, diminishes the *criminality* of the sentence, and, therefore, should have prevented me from using such strong language. Now, in the first place, hardly any amount of evidence would induce me to believe that, in THIS AGE, a judge who could pass such a sentence on such a wretched creature as Pooley could have either a good heart or a good head. He may be *clever* and *emotional*; an accomplished scholar, a good administrator of the law in ordinary cases when there is no room for

prejudice ; and it may also be true that, when he passes sentence of death, his sensibility is (as you say it is) so shocked as to make him ill. But neither this nor a hundred similar facts would prove as much of his moral nature (putting aside his intellectual) as his treatment of Pooley proves against it. The largest and finest natures do not reserve their sensibility for great occasions, but expend it also on small ones. None but real and undoubted criminals are now executed ; and I do not see that, even in a moral point of view, it is anything in favor of a judge that he is made ill when he leaves a man for execution who has shown himself unfit to live, and whose death will benefit society. Such feelings proceed as often from effeminacy of understanding as from kindness of heart. My analysis may be wrong ; but I think that, while it is quite possible for a bad-hearted man to weep when he has ordered an execution, it is hardly possible for a good-hearted man to have sentenced poor, ignorant, demented Pooley to twenty-one months' imprisonment.

“ However, I would prefer resting my view upon grounds still broader than these : As a public writer (not as a private or practical man) I estimate actions solely according to their *consequences*. The consequence of this sentence I deem far more pernicious than I have been able to state in my ‘Essay,’ because I could not, for want of space, open up all the topics connected with it. Dealing, as I always do, with the interest of masses, and striving to reach the highest view of the subject, I hold that when an act is pernicious—when it is done in the teeth of the liberal tendencies of the time—when the punishment far exceeds the offense—when it is not only cruel to the victim,

but productive of evil consequences as a public example—when these qualities are combined in a single transaction, I call that transaction a great crime, and, therefore, the author of it a great criminal.

“Now, in commenting upon such an act, how should the principal actor be treated? You say that I should not have used language which one ‘gentleman’ would not have employed to another in conversation. Here we are altogether at issue. My object was not merely to vindicate the principle of toleration (for that, to all persons of competent understanding, was done before I was born), but to punish a great and dangerous criminal. Whether I am able to punish is another question. If I am not able, my remarks are ridiculous from their impotence, and I have been foolish from incapacity, and not wrong as to intention—that is to say, not wrong in intention, unless my way of looking at affairs is wrong; and this is the very point on which we disagree, and which your letter does not touch upon. At all events, starting with this view (which is precisely the theory of method which underlies everything I have ever written), it formed no part of my plan to use nice and dainty words. Instead of confining myself to writing like a *gentleman*, I aimed at writing like a *man*. I intended to smite Justice Coleridge, and the anger of his friends is one of many proofs that I have succeeded. Had I, or had I not, a right to smite him? Is it the business of literature to chastise as well as to persuade? I think it is; and I follow the example of many who have done the greatest good and left the greatest names. You would have me expose the crime, and yet spare the criminal. But I can not stop at the act of oppression; my

mind goes on to the oppressor. And yet you say, 'The personality of the attack is the only thing I regret.' Most truly do I know that you speak out of the very fullness and kindness of your heart; and I value more than I can tell you a frankness which proves your friendship, if I needed new proof. But I can not conceal from you that we are in this matter as asunder as the two poles. As an author, I will always say what I think; and when an act of cruelty comes across my path, perpetrated by a powerful and influential man, I will never let conventional and 'gentlemanly' considerations restrain the indignation which I feel. You also think that I weaken my own influence and reputation by making such an attack; and in that respect I am inclined to agree with you in part. Many will be offended; but it is not the verdict of London drawing-rooms that can either make or mar a man who has a great career to run, and a consciousness of being able to run it. I would not willingly seem arrogant, but I think you will understand me when I say, that I feel that within me which can sweep away such little obstacles, and force people to hear what I have to offer them. Whether I am right or wrong in this opinion, next year<sup>16</sup> will probably determine. Meanwhile I may say that what I have heard from the boldest and most advanced men has proved that my attack upon Justice Coleridge has secured for me the sympathy of those whose opinions are constantly gaining ground, and are in the van of their age. More than this I could never have expected. And, in forming your final opinion upon what I have done, forgive me if I say that you should not try me by a standard which I do not rec-

<sup>16</sup> When vol. ii. of the "History of Civilization" was to be published.

ognize. My views as to the propriety of a liberty of expression which many would term license may be wrong, but they are honestly mine; I act honestly upon them; and I think that the few friends I have should test me by them.

"I am deeply interested in this matter, and I will ask you to be kind enough to show this letter to Mrs. Grey and to Mr. and Mrs. Bowyear, and, when you have an opportunity, to Mr. Capel. These include nearly all whom I really love, and who I believe love me—if, indeed, with my now ruined and shipwrecked affections, I can expect such a feeling. I wish them to be in possession of my views on what is not only of the greatest moment to me, but involves principles which lie at the very root of my mind, and which, if they are wrong, the sooner they are refuted the better."

"BRIGHTON, 30th May, 1859.

"MY DEAR CAPEL: You seem to forget that you at first approved of those remarks on Coleridge which you now condemn, and at all events regret. The new 'Fraser' will, I suppose, be here to-morrow morning. Whatever Mr. Coleridge may write, I shall make no reply."

"BRIGHTON, 49 SUSSEX SQUARE, 31st May, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:" I received 'Fraser' last night, and your letter this morning. I need hardly assure you that I fully approve of your inserting the two articles attacking me.<sup>17</sup> Indeed, under the circumstances, you were bound

<sup>17</sup> Mr. Parker.

<sup>18</sup> "Mr. Buckle and Sir John Coleridge," by J. D. Coleridge; and "Concerning Man and his Dwelling-Place," by A. K. H. B. "Fraser's Magazine," vol. lix., pp. 635-645, and 644-661; June, 1859.

to do so; and, under any circumstances, it is advisable that the fullest latitude should be given to the expression of all opinions, however offensive and unreasonable they may be to those who dislike them.

“My present disposition is *not* to answer Mr. Coleridge’s letter. What is your impression about my doing so? Before deciding, it may be well to see what the next two or three days will bring forth in the shape of comments, etc., respecting which I shall trust to your usual kindness to supply me with information. I shall be in town on business for three or four days on or about the 14th of June, and I will let you know, that we may talk this matter over. Meanwhile, please to send me such criticisms as you may meet with.”

In reply to this, Mr. Parker strongly advised him to silence. But he was so excited that he had already begun an answer “which, however,” he writes, May 31st, “I am not certain if I shall publish.” On June 1st, he writes: “Continued reply to J. D. Coleridge, though still doubtful as to publishing it.” June 2d: “Continued answer to J. D. Coleridge; which I think I *shall* publish.” It was finished on the 8th; and he wrote to Mr. Parker on the 9th: “You know that I dislike controversy, as a waste of time, and that I have always abstained from replying to attacks made upon me. But the tone of the daily press and my own private letters convince me that it is absolutely necessary to take notice of what Mr. Coleridge has said. He has imputed to me many things which I never meant, and which I desire to state that I never did mean. I also wish to withdraw the language which I have used

in intimating that Sir J. Coleridge *knew* of Pooley's madness; while, on the other hand, I shall sum up, and state more clearly the evidence that he *was* mad. To do this is for my interest, and what is for my interest is also for yours. My letter will be *under* four pages, and it will be such as Mr. Coleridge will hardly deem it necessary to answer. If, however, he should answer it, I promise you to trespass no more in 'Fraser'; for your magazine would be injured by a long personal controversy; and, independently of my sense of justice to you, I feel that your undeviating courtesy to me, and, indeed, friendliness, would be ill returned by my causing you annoyance. Therefore, in case the matter should go further, I will publish a pamphlet, thoroughly investigating the whole subject; and I make no doubt that the members of Parliament and others who have furnished me with private and local information (which I *hold in my hands*), will allow me to mention their names and quote their authority. At present there is no necessity for this, and I do not wish to compromise my friends in an unpopular question; but some of them would, I know, run any risk sooner than see me branded as a libeler when they could prove the contrary.

"I should wish, if you please, an advertisement put *at once* into the 'Times,' stating that a letter will appear from me to the editor of 'Fraser,' because that may delay the summary which you say the 'Times' is preparing, and which I should like to be delayed until my letter appears. I shall, I think, be able to recall the public mind to the *real points* at issue, which Mr. Coleridge has perplexed with extraneous matter. Besides, I could not reply to the



‘Times,’ and nothing would induce me to answer an anonymous writer. If I did, there would be no end of it.”

“BRIGHTON, 49 SUSSEX SQUARE, 9th June, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR:” Perhaps you are right in supposing that it will not be necessary for me to sum up all the evidence of Pooley’s madness, though, from what I hear, the assertions of Mr. Coleridge and of the magistrates’ clerk (whose testimony he quotes) have produced a certain effect. However, your note in ‘Fraser,’<sup>19</sup> with the medical opinion, was very useful as a counteraction.

“If I abstain from going at length into the question of insanity, about two pages and a half will be all the space I shall ask for. Mr. Coleridge has quietly imputed to me a number of accusations which I never made. What can he mean by talking of my imputing a ‘conspiracy’ between Sir George Grey and the Judge?

“I shall be in Oxford Terrace on Saturday next, the 11th, for about a week. Perhaps you will do me the pleasure of calling the first morning you can, before 12.30 (on Sunday if you like). I shall be full of business, or else would call upon you.

“As you say that the ‘Times’ has given up its idea of a summary, it will not be worth while to notice my letter by separate advertisement; for that would give needless prominence to a personal matter. The usual advertisement of the contents of ‘Fraser’ would suffice—at least, I should think so; but you are the best judge.

<sup>19</sup> Mr. Parker.

<sup>20</sup> At the end of Mr. J. D. Coleridge’s Letter, “Fraser’s Magazine,” vol. lix., p. 688, June, 1859.

"I received yesterday a proposal for a public meeting to be convened on Pooley's case; but I have thrown cold water upon it, and at all events I shall take no part. I have all along had no personal feeling, and I have none now. I should not be surprised if in a few days you see an advertisement for a meeting; but, if so, you may rely upon my not coming forward.

"Thank you for your kind inquiries. I am much better and stronger in every way, and working at [my] next volume."

On the 11th he returned to London, and "had a long visit from Parker, who does not like to publish my reply to Coleridge in 'Fraser'; but recommends me to put it forward in a pamphlet, which I shall probably do." And he writes as follows to Mrs. Grey:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 14th June, 1859.

"DEAR MRS. GREY: . . . Mr. Parker has just left me. It is probable that I shall publish a pamphlet about Coleridge and Pooley. This, not being quite *settled*, please not to mention; but I should be glad to hear from you *what points* in my accusation of the Judge you think Mr. Coleridge has invalidated. When we meet on Thursday will be time enough; but I should be glad if you will write down the heads. All I want is your judgment as to whether or not Mr. Coleridge has set aside any of my charges."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 24th June, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:" As I have not heard from you, I suppose you have no remark to make; if so, the pamphlet

"<sup>21</sup> Mr. Parker.

had better be published immediately. Please not to forget to send copies to . . . and twenty copies to me.

“A young friend of mine is collecting autographs. Would you be kind enough to preserve for me some of your best authors?”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 24th June, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR:” I almost fear whether you will receive this before you return on Monday, but I chance it, as I will not go to press until I have your opinion about the duration of the imprisonment.

“*All* the accounts I can now lay my hands on say twenty-one months. This is given, not only in the ‘Reasoner,’ and in Mr. Holyoake’s pamphlet, but also in the ‘Spectator’ of 8th of August, 1857, and in [the] ‘Times’ of 3d August. To the *argument* of my pamphlet it matters (as you truly say) nothing; but to the *point* of it, it matters a good deal. Besides, in my essay I said twenty-one months (as Mr. Mill, in his ‘Liberty,’ I believe, also says); and, though I would willingly recant an error, I do not wish even in a matter of detail to represent myself as being wrong when I am probably right. The ‘Saturday Review’ stands *alone* in calling it eighteen months. The ‘Solicitors’ Journal’ (I think) said twenty-one; but of this I am not sure. I *must* ascertain this. Surely there are means in this free country of learning beyond the possibility of a doubt what any sentence was? and I would rather stay in town and keep the pamphlet back than be baffled.

“There seems a good deal of force in what you say of Pooley having ‘translated’ the Author of Christianity.

”<sup>21</sup> Mr. Parker.

Therefore I have omitted the 'hurt no one and traduced no one,' and inserted 'neither hurt nor traduced any living being.' This is a real improvement, and I am much obliged to you for having been the means of putting it into my head.

"Could the clerk of the records be written to?

"Sincerely yours, etc.

"The *first* petition to Sir G. Grey, which I have seen, but can not at the moment refer to, also mentions twenty-one months. This I am sure of."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 25th June, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:" Since writing to you yesterday I saw Mr. Mayo, and he undertook to get official evidence of the sentence. I have this moment received his letter. On the other side I give an extract of his own words, in order that you may judge if they set the matter at rest. The clerk *may* have been speaking from the memory of what he saw in the newspapers; and you will observe that it is not said that he referred to any document stating what the sentence was. Can we not have an attested copy of the sentence on paying a fee? I need hardly say that to be beyond the possibility of doubt I would gladly pay such fee. I shall not send the proof to the printers till I hear from you. On Monday I leave home at two o'clock, and shall be out all the afternoon till about seven.

"Yours very truly, etc.

"Mr. Mayo writes:

" 'I was directed to the Clerk of the Western Assize,

" Mr. Parker.

Mr. Sidney Gurney House; and his clerk let me glance over the parchment indictment in his office containing four counts; and on the last of the indictment it was written that the prisoner was found guilty of the 1st, 3d, and 4th counts; and the clerk informed me that he knew positively that the sentence was for twenty-one months' imprisonment in the jail—six months on the first count; six months on the third count; and nine months on the fourth count. The clerk said a copy could be had of the indictment if necessary, but only allowed me to glance over it without noting anything on paper.'

"Thus far Mr. Mayo. A copy of the indictment I should not much care about; but a copy or memorandum of the sentence would be satisfactory—though I can not possibly believe that *all* the accounts are wrong, and the 'Saturday Review' alone right. Besides, I don't think Mr. Coleridge would have let slip the opportunity of taunting me with inaccuracy."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 27th June, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:" I will write immediately to Mr. Mayo, and try if I can not get official and attested evidence; for, as there is, to my mind, scarcely any doubt of twenty-one months being the term, I do not see why I should needlessly charge myself with inaccuracy.

"In my letter I have purposely used less strong language than in my essay; partly because there was no need to repeat what I had already said, and partly because I wished to consider you as the publisher. But surely I have a right to *comment* as I like upon the public conduct

of a public magistrate? and this is all I have done. The most severe expressions I have used are 'cruelty,' and 'evil deed'; and if the sentence on Pooley was not an act of cruelty, what does the word mean? The infliction of needlessly severe punishment is cruelty, even if the motive is good. For instance, an *honest* and *well-intentioned* schoolmaster may be cruel, and would be punished, however pure his motives might be. This at least is my way of looking at it; and if I am right, then, indeed, *a fortiori* an act of cruelty by a judge is an *evil deed*.

"In regard to your responsibility, I will write you any sort of letter you desire, with the understanding that you shall show it to whoever you like. You published (and I am glad you did so) Mr. Coleridge's letter, charging me with slander and malignity: can he expect that you, my sole publisher, should object to print my rejoinder, when it does not even appear in your magazine, but as a pamphlet with my name?

"Yours very truly, etc.

"If you are 'identified' with my attack, then every publisher makes himself responsible for a *signed letter* which he publishes as a pamphlet. With such a doctrine there would be an end to all free discussion."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 28th June, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:" Entirely to please you I have struck out the word 'evil,' leaving the passage 'the principal actor of that deed.' By this post I send the proof to Messrs. Saville and Edwards. If to-morrow is fine, I shall be all day in the country; therefore, you will perhaps have the

kindness to see that my corrections are properly made by the printers. They are only 'evil,' omitted at p. 1, line 13; 'are,' instead of 'were,' at p. 6, line 29; and 'neither hurt nor traduced any living being,' instead of 'hurt no one and traduced no one,' at p. 7, line 23.

"This has been a long and troublesome business, but I am more vexed by the annoyance it has caused you than by its effect on me."

The "Letter to a Gentleman respecting Pooley's Case" was published a few days later, and contains much of the matter of his private letters. "His defense," says Buckle, "fully justifies my attack; and, if he is willing to agree to the proposal, I wish for nothing better than that both attack and defense should be reprinted side by side, and circulated together as widely as possible, so that they may be read wherever the English people are to be found, or wherever the English tongue is known." It need hardly be said that the attack alone, of the two, has been reprinted.

Nevertheless, this pamphlet, despite its power and scathing sarcasm, had no very great circulation, owing to the form in which it was printed; and he writes as follows:

"BOULOGNE, *24th October, 1859.*

"MY DEAR CAPEL: . . . I am particularly glad to hear that you have done something about the 'Letter.' The little publicity given to it is, I think, unfair toward me, and still more unfair toward the cause which I advocate. Of course I can do nothing; and the great dislike which I have to circulate my own writings prevents me from sending copies to people. If you chance to be in

town, I wish you would ask Parker how matters are going on."

He told his friend, Mr. Henry Huth, that he intended at some future time to get his essays reprinted, and meant then to ask Mr. Coleridge, through his publisher, whether he wished to have his answer to the accusation inserted in the reprint. "I have not done anything in my life on which I look back with greater satisfaction than this," he added with earnest emphasis. "Since I wrote that article I have had a great many requests from people who have suffered wrong to write about their cases; but, if I were to go about like Don Quixote, redressing evils, I should miss my effect where I think it most desirable that I should speak."

That this controversy should have occurred just after his mother's death was exceedingly lucky for Buckle. It gave him an interest; for, excepting as regards his intellectual powers, he was but the wreck of his former self.

"BRIGHTON, 19th May, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY: I did not answer your kind note immediately, because I thought that by waiting a few days I might be able to say something positively about my movements. But they are still uncertain, and I can not decide upon them. Here I am, working hard—and it is my only pleasure, just as the capacity of work and thought is the only part of me that has not deteriorated. Strange! that the intellect alone should be spared. But so it is. The feeling of real happiness I never expect again to know; but I am perfectly calm. Only to tell you the



honest truth at once, I dread to see you because of the associations of the past. While I am here, everything reminds me of things that *were*; but, then, I see literally no one, except my aunt, who never expects me to talk, and I sit all the evening with her as contemplative as if I were alone. And I can not break up these habits; I begin even to doubt if I shall travel. I do not yield to this without a struggle. One day I did dine with Mr. —, but I suffered too much from the reaction to try society again. Sometimes my old plan of going to the United States comes before me—but I can not tell. . . .

“I have spent many pleasant days with you all; but, if we were now to meet, it would only distress your warm heart. Leave me alone, or write, if you will, about your studies and your books. Into those I can enter, but all else is gone. I am quite well, and able to take my full amount of exercise.”

And his aunt writes concerning this visit, showing how his spirits improved:

“BRIGHTON, 25th June, 1859.

“It is now two weeks to-day since Henry left me: he was certainly better for the change, and had many friends, which made it pleasant for him, as he dined out several times, and often spent the evening at the C——’s, who live in Kemp Town.” He often had great fits of depression, and excessive weakness also. I very much fear for his brain; and I am sure he does so himself. One morning he was out of bed dressing half an hour before he knew

<sup>25</sup> He dined out six times in seven weeks, and spent the evening out once.

where he was—he thought he was in Oxford Terrace. I heard from him last week: he said he intended leaving London in a short time, but did not tell me where he was going. . . . Henry sometimes said he would go to Boulogne; but he had no settled plan. When he left me he talked of doing different things every day.”

“But I can not tell,” is the burden of his letters. He could decide on nothing for certain. He was changing his mind every day. But he could still help his friends:

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 26th June, 1859.

“DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I send the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of Wagenaar. You always take so much care of books that it seems ungracious to ask you to take especial care of these; but the fact is that the *entire* work, which I possess, of more than sixty volumes, is very rare, even in Holland, and here unprocurable. Therefore I would only beg of you not to travel about with them, as luggage is sometimes lost, and it would be impossible to complete the set if anything were to happen to one of the volumes.

“I am quite well. I shall leave town either on Monday or Tuesday, and probably go direct to Cromer—but I don't know.”

The following note, written to Mr. Theodore Parker, also gives some account of his state:

“BLACKHEATH, 5th July, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR: I have been in town for a few days on business, and found your card on my table at Oxford Ter-

race. I can not tell you how much I regret that we should not have met. The great respect which I feel for you, as the most advanced leader of opinion in one of the two first nations of the world, would of itself suffice to make me eager for the pleasure of your personal acquaintance.

“And when I add to this the memory of your obliging and friendly letters to me, you will easily believe me when I say how much I have been disappointed at being unable to call upon you, and make arrangements to see you.

“But the severest of all calamities has befallen me, and has so prostrated my nervous system that I am now enjoined the strictest quiet.

“Your conversation would arouse in me so many associations, and excite me to so many inquiries respecting your noble country, that I feel myself, alas! unequal to meeting you; and, as you might possibly hear from some of my friends in London, I have been compelled to give up all society. In such cases the more I am interested the more I am hurt. I do not know how long you are likely to stay in England; but it would give me great pleasure to hear from you, and to be assured that you understand the cause of my apparent inattention. I shall probably remain here until the end of August.”<sup>26</sup>

At the time he wrote this letter he was staying in lodgings at Blackheath, whither he had gone after leaving Brighton, and seen his “Letter to a Gentleman” through the press. His History, the second volume of which he had been working at, at Brighton, was so far advanced that he began to copy part of it; though he enters in his

<sup>26</sup> Weiss, vol. i., pp. 469, 470.

diary that he expects fifteen months more will be passed before it is finished and ready for the press.

During his stay at Blackheath Mr. Capel visited him, and wrote, as follows, to a friend :

"I went to Elsham Road," he writes, July 25th, "on Saturday week, and began a letter to you there to let you know what our friend is after ; but he broke me off in the middle, and I did not take it up again.

"He is going on composing uninterruptedly every morning, and has two chapters on Scotland ready for the press. He is getting on fast with the fourth, which will, I hope, soon be complete. He will then be ready to address himself to the last—on the deductive method of the Scotch schools, and its influence and general operation. This, as he says, will prove the toughest part of the volume.

"There are two or three curious incidents about his domicile which you will like to hear. He is very much satisfied with his quarters, as you will have seen from his note. He advertised, stating his wants, and of course got numerous replies. He was disposed to go to Bexley Heath, lower down in Kent, but was determined by the shady avenues of the fine Spanish chestnuts in Greenwich Park. Other things have conspired to justify his choice, for his landlady, who has been a widow four or five years, turned out a somewhat remarkable person. She reads Italian, quotes Tasso and Dante, etc., is well up in French, and knows its literature, and when necessary can produce Virgil and Cicero. There's for you ! She did not know anything particularly of her inmate till I went down, and found her rather astonished, and hold-

ing her breath at him. She told me she had known me well in the church in London, and she was evidently glad to have her excited curiosity as to her guest set at rest. So I let the light fully in upon her, and called up her anxiety to make atonement for having ventured to disagree with him in something he had said to her as to the mental influence of women—the old topic, you see. On going the next day (for they could not take me in there) I told her I had three copies of the ‘History of Civilization,’ and would lend her one; but she had lost no time, and had been to the bookseller and ordered a copy.

“Such, then, is his hostess mentally, and in manners she is very much of the gentlewoman. So you will not wonder that in the evening, after dinner, he sometimes drops the *solitaire*, and invites her to converse, as he takes his ease on the lawn in the shade behind the house. Nor is this, when so disposed, his only resource, for she has two or three children living with her, whose parents are in India; and he has made great friends with these—especially with one, a little girl about five, a quick, intelligent thing, and, as you may suppose, she has not been slow to show how sure she is of his predilections, for she climbs up on him, gets on his back, and pats him on the face, and glories in her liberties, which pleases him the more. So, at present, time goes on. . . .

“I saw my *médecin* down here, and he ordered me to the sea forthwith, or I do not think Mr. Buckle would have consented to my leaving. As it was, he told me if he were not so busy, and going on so satisfactorily with his work, he would go to Cromer with me for as long as I could stop.”

Buckle was, indeed, remarkably fond of children, and possessed the power of making them fond of him. Once, when stopping with Mr. Capel, he saw a little girl during one of his walks who took his fancy—"she looked so gentle." He talked to the little thing and played with her, and the next day, and several days following, he always found her at the same spot. At last he told her he should not see her again, because he was going away. The child looked very blank at this, but, suddenly brightening up, asked him to take her with him, she would "like to be his little girl." Once, too, calling on some friends, they noticed how remarkably heated he looked. He had been playing cricket with some nephews. "I can not refuse anything to children," he said, in excuse for tiring himself so in his weak state and on so hot a day.

His little niece was one of his favorite toys. "Let the mother do for the boy; I will take care of the little girl," he said.

From Greenwich he went to Margate, and, though his work steadily went on, his weakness gained upon him. August 17th he "accidentally fell down stairs and fainted away." Yet he did not himself seem to see that he was out-taxing his strength.

"MARGATE, 7th September, 1859.

"I expect to be in town for a very few days late in this month, on my way to Boulogne. I am working very hard at Vol. II., and am quite well. I have absolutely nothing to write about, though I began my paper high up, thinking to send you a long letter. . . . What you say about the little B——'s does not seem so alarming as you think, unless Dr. Mayo has said more than you have told

me. He is naturally nervous, and this always makes men lean to the unfavorable side; besides, his extreme conscientiousness would make him unwilling to run the risk of seeming to give a flattering judgment. Children change so rapidly, and are so capable of rallying, that what is true of them now may not be true in a month's time. I hope their father and mother will not be needlessly anxious. As soon as I know where Mrs. B—— is I will write. Everything is so uncertain (or, to speak more properly, we are so *densely* ignorant) that, unless there is actual organic disease, I do not think we ought ever to be apprehensive about those we love. Otherwise we may pass our lives in constant fear."

"MARGATE, 1 PARK PLACE, 13th August, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:" . . . Having been working very hard at Vol. II., I have flagged a little, and been advised to try sea-bathing here. I am very anxious, if possible, to go to press early next year. There are still some Spanish books which Williams and Norgate promised to get for me, though I hardly know now what they are. I hope that you have remained pretty well. To stay in London *and* to work must be very trying in such weather as we have had.

"I see advertised in the 'Times' an article in the 'Law Review'<sup>27</sup> on Pooley's case; but, as I know that my facts can not be disputed, I have not thought it worth while to buy the 'Review,' and shall wait till I can read

<sup>27</sup> Mr. Parker.

<sup>28</sup> "Sir John Taylor Coleridge and Mr. Buckle." In the "Law Magazine and Law Review" for August, 1859, pp. 268-284.

it in town for nothing—which is about the value of most criticisms.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 28th September, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR:” Thanks for your note. All that I want at present is to have the other volume of Campo-  
manes’s ‘Educacion Popular,’ of which you procured  
some time ago four vols. for me (I think from Nutt’s).  
This work, as I now have it, is incomplete, and wants the  
most important part, viz., the appendix of documents.  
Also, I should be glad to have the Spanish work on the  
Church. I forget the title, but you sent me last spring a  
copy, which I returned to you, and which belonged to Mr.  
Doyle, or at least was procured by him.

“I am in town for a few days before going to Brighton. I am, and have been, very busy with Vol. II.

“Yours very sincerely, etc.

“I have had a hint of a review preparing in the ‘Tablet.’ Do you know aught of it? And have you heard of a review in the ‘Rambler’? Whenever you have occasion to write, please to give me an idea of how Miss Shirreff’s book is selling; but don’t trouble yourself to write on purpose—I know you have a good deal to do.”

“MARGATE, 7th September, 1859.

“MY DEAR CAPEL: Nearly all the early editions of Bayle are castrated. You had better not buy one before 1730. Look if it has the *two* lives of David, one of which is mostly wanting, 4 vols. folio, calf, 35s. to £2 2s. Chalmers at £6 5s. ought to be a *good* copy, in sound calf or half morocco; and even then it would not be particularly cheap. . . .

” Mr. Parker.



"I am working very hard at Vol. II., and am tolerably well.

"Parker sent me the 'Fraser.' Dr. Mayo writes, as he could hardly fail to do, in a very liberal and friendly spirit. I quite agree with what he says; but it does not touch my theory."

"The most *convenient* edition of Bayle is one published this century, in about 16 *volumes* 8vo; but I am afraid it is a dear book."

Dr. Mayo's paper chiefly contested the proof of the little effect of morals on the progress of mankind. Concerning this, Buckle had written soon after the publication of his first volume to Mrs. Bowyear:

"January, 1858.

"You ask me how I reply to the charge of not taking into consideration the effects produced by the passions of men on the course of history. My answer is, that we have no reason to believe that human passions are *materially* better or worse than formerly—nor that they are smaller or greater. If, therefore, the amount and nature of the passions are unchanged, they can not be the cause either of progress or of decay; because an unchanged cause can only generate an unchangeable effect. On the other hand, it is true that the manifestation, and, as it were, the *shape* of the passions, is different in different periods; but such difference, not being innate, must be due to external causes. Those causes propel and direct the passions of men, and these last are (in so far as they are changeable)

\* 20 "Some Remarks on Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization'": "Fraser's Magazine," September, 1859, p. 293 *et seq.*

the products of civilization, and not the producers of it. In my book I always examine the causes of events as high up as I can find them, because I consider the object of science is to reach the largest and most remote generalizations. But my critics prefer considering the immediate and most proximate causes; and in *their* way of looking at the subject they naturally accuse me of neglecting the study of the emotions, moral principles, and the like. According to my view, the passions, etc., are both causes and effects, and I seek to rise to their cause; while, if I were a practical writer, I should confine myself to their effects. But I despair of writing anything satisfactory within the limits of a letter on this subject."

"BOULOGNE, 15th October, 1859.

"It is impossible in a letter to answer fully your questions on the utilitarian theory of morals. But I do not think that you separate rigidly two very different matters, viz., what morals *do* rest upon, and what they *ought* to rest upon. All very honest people who have not any reach of mind regulate the greater part of their moral conduct without attending to consequences; but it does not follow that they ought to do so. The doctrine of consequences is only adopted by persons of a certain amount of thought and culture, or else by knaves, who very likely have no thought or culture at all, but who find the doctrine convenient. Thus it is that the science of political economy perpetually leads even disinterested and generous men to conclusions which delight interested and selfish men. The evil of promiscuous charity, for instance, and the detriment caused by foundling hospitals and similar institutions, is quite a

modern discovery, and is directly antagonistic to that spontaneous impulse of our nature which urges us to *give*, and always to relieve immediate distress. If there ever was a moral instinct, this is one; and we see it enforced with great pathos in the New Testament, which was written at a period when the evil of the instinct (as shown by a scientific investigation of the theory of consequences) was unknown. I have no doubt that, when our knowledge is more advanced, an immense number of other impulses will be in the same way proved to be erroneous; but, even when the proof is supplied, there are only two classes who will act upon it—those who are capable of understanding the argument, and those who, without comprehending it, are pleased with the doctrine it inculcates. What is vulgarly called the moral faculty is always spontaneous—or, at least, always appears to be so. But science (i. e., truth) is invariably a *limitation* of spontaneousness. Every scientific discovery is contrary to common sense, and the history of the reception of that discovery is the history of the struggle with the common sense and with the unaided instincts of our nature. Seeing this, it is surely absurd to set up these unaided instincts as supreme; to worship them as idols; to regret the doctrine of consequences, and to say, ‘I will do this because I feel it to be right, and I will listen to nothing which tempts me from what I know to be my duty’; to say this is well enough for a child, or for an adult who has the intellect of a child; but on the part of a cultivated person it is nothing better than slavery of the understanding, and a servile fear of the spirit of analysis, to which we owe our most valuable acquisitions.

“I wish I could publish an essay on this! How I pine for more time and more strength! Since I have been here I have read what Mill says in his essays, and, like everything he writes, it is admirable; but I think that he has done better things. He does not make enough of the historical argument of *unspontaneous* science encroaching on spontaneous morals, and the improvement of moral conduct consequent on such encroachments. I saw this when I wrote my fourth chapter on the impossibility of moral motives causing social improvement. But here I am getting into another field, and it is hopeless.”

This last letter was written from Boulogne, where he went as usual to spend Christmas, taking three boxes of books with him, and intending, as he says, “to work steadily, as I have been doing for some time, in the hope of finishing Vol. II. before next spring. I am quite strong now, but miserably restless and dissatisfied with everything except the creations of the intellect.” But about a month later he writes: “I begin this letter not in the best frame of mind or body, as I am still suffering from the effects of fever, which has confined me to bed for three days. . . . Even before I was laid up, I felt as if my energy was gone. I can not tell you how I dread the idea of going to London, to that dull and dreary house which was once so full of light and love! On the other hand, my ambition seems to grow more insatiate than ever; and it is perhaps well that it should, as that is my sheet anchor.”

When he did go back he never entered his drawing-room. Once only, during the whole time from his moth-

er's death to when he left the house for his last journey, did he summon up courage to do so, and that was to get a book from a dwarf bookcase which stood there.

Before he left Boulogne, another cruel bereavement was destined to befall him, in the death of his favorite nephew, a boy of uncommon parts, and devoted to his uncle. He was his constant companion out walking. "When you talk to me, uncle, it seems like a dream," he once said; and Buckle had so high an opinion of him that he had left him his whole library in his will. The boy died at Christmas, after three weeks' illness. He that was to have succeeded went before, and another blow fell on Buckle's already tottering health.

A few days after his return from Boulogne, Buckle writes as follows :

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 17th January, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. WOODHEAD: I have only been a week in England, and have had so much pressing business that I have not been able to answer your letter before. I was, however, really glad to receive it, and to hear that you are all pretty well. During the last four or five weeks I have been very unwell, but am now regaining strength, and am busy with my next volume, which I much desire to publish this season, though I am so hindered by the extreme difficulty of procuring Spanish books that I feel no confidence about it. You say nothing about your husband's work. Since he has everything in his favor—leisure, health, and strength—and still no result. However, give my love to him. As they say in the East, 'It is written,' and I suppose things must be so."

<sup>21</sup> Major Woodhead published his "Life of Queen Christina" in 1864.

"I am told that Macaulay has left his papers in such confusion that nothing more will be published of his History. How much he is mourned! Now that he is dead, people are beginning to understand the real greatness of the man whom when living every little critic was ready to revile.

"Tell your husband to read Darwin 'On Species,' and to *master* it. He will find it full of thought, and of original matter."

He worked on as usual his six hours a day, and was as gay as ever in society:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 10th February, 1860.

"DEAR THACKERAY: I send Beugnot's work on 'Paganism,' in the hope that you, not being a pagan, will neither pawn it nor sell it, but will return it to me like a Christian when you have read it.

"Joking apart, the book is well worth reading, and the best I know of on the subject.

"With much regard, etc.

"It must have been under the influence of De Priaulx's wine that I told you yesterday that Salverté was the author."

And he writes to Mrs. Mitchell that he is making strenuous efforts to go to press before the summer. But he reckoned without his constitution, which again was beginning to break:

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS

"[Between 27th March and 4th April], 1860.

"MY DEAR ANNIE: . . . I have been suffering from weakness and depression of spirits, with all sorts of odd

sensations, and strange bodies flitting before my eyes. Mr. Morgan says, what, in fact, is obvious, that the brain has been seriously overworked, and that nothing will restore it but complete rest and the most bracing air I can get.

“I shall probably stay here till Tuesday morning, and then go for a day or two to Ramsgate, thence to Oxford Terrace, and then, if the weather is fine enough, I shall travel, but where, I do not yet know. . . .”

The way he set about taking “complete rest” is intimated by the following letters, addressed to his friend Henry Huth:

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 22d August, 1860.

“MY DEAR SIR: I have returned to London for a few days, and, not finding Nuñez’s ‘Life of Charles III.’ (which you thought would have been sent to you before now), I write to ask if you have heard anything about it, as I wish to go to press *early* in November, and the book will be of no use to me unless I have it before the middle of October.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 25th August, 1860.

“MY DEAR SIR: I feel really obliged by the trouble you are taking for me. All that I know about Nuñez is, that Rio (in his ‘Historia del Reinado de Carlos III.,’ Madrid, 1856) constantly refers to his book as an authority. At Vol. I., p. 201, note, Rio gives the title in full as ‘Fernan Nuñez, Compendio Historico de la Vida del Rey Carlos III.’

“If it should come to you not later than the 10th October it would be in time.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 12th December, 1860.

“. . . I have Navarrete, Opusculos, which you lent to me, and which I shall return as soon as my chapter on Spain is through the press. Have you any Spanish books on the reign of Charles IV. or on Spanish politics from the reign of Ferdinand VII. to the present time? I hope to go to press in less than a fortnight.”

Mr. Capel at length prevailed on him to come and stay a week with him at Carshalton. He soon made friends with the three boys who were undergoing tuition there, and who were, at first, disposed to look upon him with considerable awe. He romped with them, procured them holidays, and threatened Mr. Capel that he would make them rebel if he did not shorten their hours of work. “He is a very nice fellow,” one of the boys wrote home, “and never talks philosophy to us.” And they followed him about like a pack of dogs.

“Mr. Buckle, when he was here, was a jolly chap,” was the description of him in a letter home, and the boys wrote to tell him how they had enjoyed his visit. He answered from Brighton:

“18th September, 1860.

“MY DEAR BOYS: I received your letter this morning with great pleasure, as it showed that you had not forgotten me; and it is always agreeable not to be forgotten. The next time I stay at Carshalton, all three of you will, I hope, be at Mr. Capel's, and we shall be as merry as ever. And I expect that before then you will have learned to go up the chimney in the way I told you of. I have not tried it myself, but I hear that it is very pleasant, and it must be funny to see a fellow covered with black gradually ris-



ing out of the chimney at the top of the house. Mind you don't do too many lessons ; it's very bad to work too hard, and particularly unwholesome for boys, especially when they are growing.

"The weather here is very wet and disagreeable, and so windy that I had my hat blown off yesterday, and very nearly lost it in the sea. But I was too quick, and, after a sharp race, I succeeded in capturing it. Such things never happened to me at Carshalton: And now I must say good-by, because I have my lessons to do, and as I am not growing I have no excuse for being idle, as you have."

From Brighton, he also wrote to Mrs. Grey, as follows :

"BRIGHTON, 5th October, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY: Without stopping to make inquiries, I have no hesitation in answering your question at once, by saying that unless a German master has a good connection to start with he has no reasonable chance of succeeding here. The great number of schools here have attracted so many masters that the competition is immense. I know two German masters here, one of them an able and very learned man, Dr. Ruge, the translator of my work, and I have in this way heard something of the prospects and usances of teachers. Until about the middle of October there are comparatively few persons here whom I know ; but I will bear your request in mind, and make inquiries from some of the residents when they return to Brighton.

"Should I see cause to change my opinion, I will write again—otherwise you will suppose that I have heard nothing fresh.

"I wish you had told me how Miss Shirreff is, and if she enjoyed her trip abroad. Pray make my kindest remembrances to her and to Mr. Grey.

"We shall, I hope, often meet in London, as you are going back so soon; and I also shall be in town late in November, in order to go to press. I feel tolerably strong, and am able to do a good deal of work. The next volume is *actually finished*, save the mechanical part of copying the notes for the press. I am now meditating my third volume, and trying to see my way to the arrangement of the different topics which the civilization of America and Germany naturally suggest.

"I have waited till the end of my letter to tell you how glad I was to hear from you; because I wished also to say that your reproach seems hardly fair. If it is a long time since you have heard from me, it is a long time since I have heard from you. The great and constant pressure of my own work makes me feel letter-writing extremely onerous; and I have accustomed myself to expect that my friends will make allowance for this—most of them do make allowance."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 13th December, 1860.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: I have this moment received your letter, and am indeed grieved to hear such an account of G——. Poor little fellow! I had fancied, from what you told me, that he was really getting better; but such continued prostration is alarming. Most earnestly do I trust that his life may be spared. I can not tell you how much I feel for your sister and her husband. Give my kindest love to them, and pray, dear Miss Shir-

reff, let me have ONLY ONE LINE from you when you get to Halstead, saying how they all are, and what you think of G——'s appearance. That such things should be hanging over us, threatening at every turn of life, is too much. They only are wise who can harden their hearts.

“I am working very hard, and apparently without inconvenience; but every part except my head is very ill. If it would not be asking too much of Mrs. T——, I should like to have the whole of La Fuente, as well as Martignac ‘*Sur la Révolution*.’ You know that I am very particular about books, and I will take the greatest care of them.”

“BRIGHTON, *November, 1860.*

“MY DEAR MRS. BOWYEAR: . . . I am still at Brighton, too weak and ill to travel. When I shall get to town I really can not tell. . . . I see too surely how changed I am in every way, and how impossible it will be for me ever to complete schemes to which I once thought myself fully equal. My next volume is far from being ready for the press; and when it is ready it will be very inferior to what either you or I expected.”

“BRIGHTON, *29th November, 1860.*

“MY DEAR CAPEL: I have been very unwell for some days, and now, to add to everything else, I have got the mumps. I shall consequently not be in London till the latter part of next week.”

Before he left Brighton he had an interview with Mr. Holyoake, who had sent him a pamphlet a year ago, and now wanted him to bring out a cheap edition of his “*History*,” leaving out the notes. He also arranged with Mr.

Parker to sell him the edition of 3,000 copies of his second volume for £600 ; and, immediately on his return to London, on December 6th, " weak and depressed," set to working about eight hours a day, and began sending MS. to the printers on January 4th.

At Easter he made a short stay at St. Leonards, with Mr. and Mrs. Huth ; but, since an eye-witness is the best witness, we will leave Mrs. Huth to give an account of his visit in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

Women and Knowledge—What to read—Fine Arts and Civilization—Immortality—Suicide—Stay at St. Leonards—Dinner, 18th April—Volume II. approaching Conclusion—Epochs in Literature—Further Illness—Second Stay at Carshalton—Conversation with Mrs. Huth—Tour in Wales—In Scotland—Successes of the “History”—Stay at Sutton—Preparation for Egypt.

It was in 1857 that we became acquainted with Henry Thomas Buckle. Long before we had heard him talked of by an enthusiastic friend, who told us that Buckle was then writing the “History of Civilization.” Our friend, Mr. Capel, would not borrow a book from us to read without first asking “my friend Buckle” whether it was worth reading, as *he* knew *all* books. If I praised a favorite author, I was told that my admiration was misplaced, as “my friend Buckle” saw imperfections in him. “But would not Mr. Huth like to call on my friend Buckle?” Mr. Huth decidedly objected, saying that, if that gentleman’s library contained 22,000 volumes, and he had read them all, as Mr. Capel assured us, it would be an impertinence for a man, who had not anything very extraordinary to recommend him, to intrude upon him. I was very glad of this answer, for I hated that “friend Buckle,” whose name was constantly in Mr. Capel’s mouth, and bored me intensely, who was always put forward to contradict me, who was said to know everything, and who had seemingly

done nothing. We were, therefore, considerably surprised when Mr. Capel came one day and said, "I have told my friend Buckle that you wish very much to make his acquaintance, and he will be glad to see you if you like to call upon him." My husband looked very black, but he had nothing for it but to go to 59 Oxford Terrace, where he was told Mr. Buckle was not at home, and he left his card. Later, when our dear friend made his last stay with us, I told him how we had been forced into our acquaintance with him, and he explained that he had only agreed to see us as he thought it would be of advantage to Mr. Capel, who was going to have a son of ours at his school. At that time he had never expected our acquaintance to develop into a friendship.

One morning Mr. Capel came in, looking very much excited, and asked whether I was going to remain at home that afternoon, for, if so, he would call with Mr. Buckle. When he came, the conversation turned chiefly on education, especially on the bad methods in which languages are generally taught. Mr. Capel, I think to give Mr. Buckle a good opinion of me, told him that I was studying mineralogy. Upon this Mr. Buckle immediately began to banter me about it, and advised me rather to read the Introductions to the works of Romé de Lisle and of Haüy, without going further—"For," he said, "as you neither intend to give lectures or deal in minerals, it is a waste of time for you to learn to distinguish felspar from quartz; it is not for women to go deeply into the technicalities of science, but only *de les effleurer*." I told him, another time, that I had only been looking into the subject, as one of my boys had begun collecting minerals, and I wished if

possible to foster any nascent taste for science ; and he then quite approved of what I had done, and told me that a friend of his, who had two charming little boys, always asked his advice about their education, though the eldest was then only five years old. All the advice he gave her was to cultivate herself. The atmosphere of a cultured mother was more beneficial than anything else to children.

At Mr. Buckle's first visit he also spoke of the immoderate admiration most people have of the past ; and that was why, the more remote the times, the bigger, better, and longer-lived the people were supposed to have been—a subject then new to me, as his first volume had not yet been published.

Mr. Buckle had on a thick, fluffy overcoat, which I never saw again till we accompanied him to Southampton, where he was to embark for Egypt with our sons. He sat leaning back on a sofa, which pushed his coat collar up over his ears, and gave him the appearance of a short, fat man.

The next time I saw Mr. Buckle I asked his advice about historical reading. He remarked on that occasion, that most people read too much and think too little ; and said that it was necessary to take copious notes while reading, and look them through very often. Of Prescott he observed, that that part of his works which treats of the Netherlands was inferior to the Spanish part, because he had never taken the trouble to learn Dutch, and, therefore, had been unable to study those documents and works which were as yet untranslated. He advised me to read Lingard, not only because he was a good writer, but also because I lived in an atmosphere of Protestant opinion,

and, therefore, ought to be careful to get acquainted with the opposite views. On French history he recommended Lavallée, since, he said, in his four volumes were contained all the most valuable facts related in the sixteen of Sismondi.

I saw from that very first visit that Mr. Buckle's intellect was something extraordinary. But he seemed to me a cold, unfeeling man, with no sympathy for individuals, and caring only for what was beneficial for mankind as a mass. When, soon after his first volume was published, I read his biographical sketch of Edmund Burke, I began to take a different view, but still thought that his tenderness could be roused only by individuals of extraordinary intellectual powers. By degrees I got more and more puzzled about him. I kept a note-book, from which I was prepared categorically to question him whenever I knew he was coming; and the kindness, patience, care, and sympathy with which he answered greatly astonished me. It was a rule with him, never to pay more than one visit a day among his friends—on acquaintances he only left cards—and his visits, when they happened to be to me, generally lasted about twenty minutes. But if, on any subject on which we happened to be talking, I was not yet quite clear, he went on combating my arguments point by point, and never moved from his chair until he had made it perfectly plain to me. But no sooner had I grasped it than he took up his hat, said good-by, and hurriedly left.

The conversations which I had in this way with him made me see that there were two Buckles—one cold and unfeeling as fate, who invariably took the highest and



widest view, to whom the good of the individual was as nothing compared to the good of the mass. This man was heard in the "History of Civilization," and at dinner-tables where many people were present. The other Buckle was tender, and capable of feeling every vibration of a little child's heart; self-sacrificing to a degree which he would have blamed in another; and habitually concentrating his great intellect on the consequences of individual actions to the actor. On these occasions he always took the proximate view, and recommended it in the practice of life; for to foresee the remote consequences of our actions he considered impossible.

In reading the first volume of his work I was struck by the almost entire absence of any mention of the fine arts, and asked him whether he thought they had but little influence on civilization? "Yes," he did think so. They had civilized individuals indeed; but never nations. Their time has not come yet. And, going on to talk of the decline of the fine arts in modern times, he pointed out that when they stood highest men had only just begun to investigate the laws of nature, and all the highest intellects were absorbed in art. Now they are absorbed in the discovery of natural laws, and the arts will not again rise until these are practically all discovered. Then the greatest men will again have leisure to turn their attention to art. Leonardo da Vinci was the greatest intellect of his age. Had he been born now, he would not be an artist, but a natural philosopher. One of the greatest poets of the present time was Faraday—surely a man need not write poems to prove himself a poet? Had he not shown his great powers of imagination in his discoveries? The

last problems which would remain for us to solve would be those of mind and of matter. And did he think they would ever be solved? We had no right to put a limit to the human intellect. Of Cuvier, who considers "*L'influence du corps sur l'âme*" a "*problème insoluble hors de la portée de l'esprit humain*," he said: "If Cuvier said this, he did not see beyond his own horizon."

He had shown in his "*History*" how absurd it was to offer up prayers in church for rain; how then, I asked him, is it with prayer for recovery from illness? He owned his contempt for general "prayers of the congregation" for recovery, and also that he himself did not believe prayer would at all alter the course of disease; "but," he said, "if you have a dear friend who is ill, it is your duty to do everything in your power to promote recovery; and, if you believe that prayer is efficacious, it is right for you to pray."

I then went on to say that philosophers talk of the general increase of happiness, but what comfort have they for the individual? "The first answer I am going to give you to this," he replied, "is that it is the business of philosophers to discover and propagate truth, and not to give comfort. However, they tell us that there is no future punishment, and that is a great comfort. Society could not exist if it were not to punish crime; but we have no right to blame the criminal who has become what he is through a series of events over which he has had no real control. Knowing this, how can we believe that the Great Causer of all these events can at last punish His creature?" "How do we know that there is a future state?" I inquired. "Know it we do not," he answered, "for it

is transcendental; but our instincts lead us to believe.” “And what do you think on the question of personality in a future state?” I asked. “What do I think on that subject?” he said, seeming rather interested in the question. “I believe that what we have done here will not be lost to us, but also that the mind of the philosopher and that of the idiot will be equal after death. The difference we now see in them is owing to the material through which the intellect filters. If mind is immortal it can not really be diseased. Philosophers do not like this idea.”

“Why is it a sin to commit suicide?” “Because in ninety-nine cases in a hundred it is an act either of impatience or of cowardice. As long as a single being exists whom our death would pain, we have no right to kill ourselves. Did any one exist whose death would hurt nobody, and who was afflicted with a very painful and incurable disease, I really see no immorality in his quietly taking a dose of laudanum. The reasons I have given justify society in branding suicide as a crime, just as a parent is justified in severely punishing a lie. For a lie, too, is in most cases told from a bad motive, though it need not necessarily be wrong. If I were to say ‘two and three make six,’ what harm have I done?”

The maxim commonly attributed to the Jesuits, Mr. Buckle said, had not originated with them, nor did they alone act upon it. “In so far as physical pain is concerned, surgeons, for example, constantly act upon it; for what is taking off a limb but doing evil that good may come? We practice it, too, in the moral world every time we deprive a child of a pleasure as a punishment, or be-

cause it would be dangerous to it." He talked of the beneficial influence of pleasure, not only in his book, but also in his conversations. "It is a serious responsibility," he said to me once, when I asked his advice, "to curtail another's pleasure." And, on being told that a very delicate old lady had gone to a very cold part of the country to pass her Christmas with her daughter, he remarked that the gratification of her will would probably benefit her health.

Even while he was working eight hours a day at his second volume, he could find time to give advice to a friend. He made an appointment to call on me to answer more fully some questions which I had asked him in Mrs. Grey's drawing-room, and kept the appointment with his usual punctuality. He staid nearly an hour, and afterward wrote to Mr. Manwaring to put my name among the subscribers for Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," which he had given me a great desire to read. But he warned me never to take it in hand when I was tired—a piece of advice he had formerly given to me in regard to Shakespeare. "The imagination," he said, "is a delicate thing, and it must be carefully dealt with." On my remarking that in Germany there is an idea prevalent that Shakespeare is more valued there than in his own country, he replied, "The Germans have some right to say so, for they were the first to write on 'Shakespeare.' Before Coleridge, no Englishman had written anything worth reading on 'Shakespeare.'" When I asked him whether I should read the German critics, he told me to read Tieck and Schlegel if I had time, but it is more important to know "Shakespeare" than to know what has been writ-

ten on him. From ten years of age to eighty, no better book could be taken in hand.

The printers were going to stop work for about a week at Easter, and Mr. Buckle having heard that we were going to make a stay at St. Leonards, asked me a great many questions about the hotels there, and said that he would join us in the hotel to which we had decided on going, if the printers did not play him false. I wondered that he preferred St. Leonards to Brighton, which place, he had once told me, always set him up again in three days, however fatigued he was, and that the strongest east wind was never too much for him. "This is an exceptional case," he said. "I want a change, but I am very anxious to run as little risk as possible of catching cold, as this would retard the publication of my volume. St. Leonards being a milder climate, there is not the same risk." About a week afterward Mr. Capel wrote, asking us to secure a room for Mr. Buckle in our hotel. We were not, however, at an hotel, as we had been tempted by an exceedingly well-situated house, and all our endeavors to get him a room for Easter week proved fruitless. To show how sorry we were at our ill success, I mentioned that we had one spare room, which we would offer him with pleasure, only that it was on the third floor, and with a back view. It was, therefore, with some surprise, more mixed, perhaps, with fear than pleasure, that we received the following note by return of post:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 23d March, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH: I have just received your letter, and it is so extremely kind that I can not hesitate

to say yes to it. Unless the printers play me false I could be with you by an early train on Thursday next (the day before Good Friday), or possibly even on Wednesday evening; but I think it would be safer to say Thursday. If this suits you, please to let me have a line to say so, and also tell me what time the trains leave, and which are the fast ones. Must I go from London Bridge? Or can I go from Pimlico station?

"I shall be obliged to return home on Tuesday or Wednesday after Good Friday, when the printers will again begin to work.

"You will, I know, be careful to have the bed thoroughly aired. This I should not mention, except that lodging-houses at this time of the year have often been long unoccupied, and I am subject to pains in the limbs, which are half rheumatic and half neuralgic.

"The bedroom being high up is no objection to me. On the contrary, I prefer it as being more airy. You must not put yourself at all out of the way for me, or make any difference."

We tried to make him as independent as possible, with a separate sitting-room, and the provision of ink and blotting-book.

But during his whole stay he never once entered the room. When going out for a walk or drive we never asked whether he would come with us. Sometimes he invited himself for a drive, but his walks he always took alone. Once, indeed, he met my husband on the beach, and they walked on together, talking on political economy. Mr. Buckle got interested in the questions he was

asked, and went on walking and talking for an hour; but when he came home he was quite ill for the rest of the day. My husband did not then know how slight a frame bore that powerful intellect; he himself had forgotten it in the interest of talking. He retired to his bedroom to sleep if possible for a couple of hours. When the two hours were nearly over my husband went softly up stairs to see if he was moving; but before he reached his door he heard our landlady's children singing loudly and jumping violently, as it seemed just over Mr. Buckle's room. He stopped the noise, and then went to inquire if he had slept. Mr. Buckle said, "No, the noise had prevented it." Why did he not ring the bell? "Oh no, poor little things! It was their time for singing and jumping, not their sleeping time."

The fullness of his mind was something wonderful. Every evening the talk turned on a different subject. One evening, in a sentimental mood, he would talk of poetry. "Richard II." he considered the most poetical of Shakespeare's compositions; and then, as he stood leaning against the mantel-piece, he gave us that speech, "No matter where, of comfort no man speak." I doubt whether any one has heard it on the stage rendered in anything approaching the perfection that we had in that little lodging-house parlor. His eyes started forth, his looks were ghastly, but he neither gesticulated nor moved about, as some actors do. He did not even raise his voice above the ordinary pitch, but tuned it in a manner that made us feel almost as miserable for the time as the unhappy king. And then going on from one piece to another, he quoted those lines of Corneille:

"Et comme notre esprit, jusqu'au dernier soupir,  
 Toujours vers quelque objet pousse quelque désir,  
 Il se ramène en soi, n'ayant plus où se prendre;  
 Et monté sur le faite, il aspire à descendre.  
 J'ai souhaité l'empire, et j'y suis parvenu;  
 Mais en le souhaitant je ne l'ai pas connu.  
 Dans sa possession j'ai biouvé pour tous charmes,  
 D'effroyable soucis, d'éternelles allarmes,  
 Mille ennemis secrets, la mort à tous propos,  
 Point de plaisir sans trouble, et jamais de repos."<sup>1</sup>

He then went on to Milton :

"Thus with the year  
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

As he finished, my husband asked him some question, but our poor friend had no voice to answer it; for several minutes he was almost in a fainting state, and, had he not been on the sofa, would have fallen. It was plain that he

<sup>1</sup> "Cinna," act. II., scene 1.



was too painfully reminded by these passages of his own bereaved state.

But the next evening he would be full of fun and anecdote. His reading of French memoirs had furnished him with a number of amusing stories, and among others he told us many that Lord Lyndhurst had got from Talleyrand. They were mostly clever answers of the witty Frenchman. Another time we asked him a few questions about the children, and it led to special medical advice for every one of our little flock: the diet requisite for each different age and constitution, the amount of exercise, of sleep, etc., etc., were all considered. Later I got much of the advice confirmed by Dr. Mayo, and none at variance with it.

That Easter, on account of the recent death of the Duchess of Kent, everybody was in mourning, with the exception of Mr. Buckle. "People do question me about it sometimes," he said, "but I always answer that I never do wear mourning for anybody but those who have been my personal friends." "What with going against the stream in this way," said one of us, "and the opinions expressed in your book, you will never be Lord Buckle." "No," he answered, "nor do I wish it." Yet he greatly admired the character of the Duchess of Kent, and the way in which she had educated the Princess Victoria; respecting which he told us how the Princess, having spent all her pocket-money at a bazaar at Tunbridge Wells, saw something that she wanted very much to have, but could not buy. The stall-keeper at once requested her to take it, and pay when she pleased. "Did not you hear the Princess say that she had spent her allowance!" interposed her governess, who had to act according to the Duchess's

instructions. The stall-keeper, quite taken aback, asked to be allowed to put the article aside until the beginning of next month. This was granted, and the Princess came on the first day, paid for her parcel, and took it home. "That is educating," added Mr. Buckle, with a little severe look at me, when he had finished the story. "The consequence is," he went on, "that the Queen has not once had to come before Parliament to have her debts paid, as former sovereigns were wont to do." He did not consider that I was strict enough. For instance, my youngest child was rather shy with strangers, and I ought to get her out of it—send her with the nurse into the kitchen—have her in the drawing-room always, and so on. At the same time he preferred a want of severity to anything approaching cruelty to children. The tone in which he told us how Wesley's mother prided herself on having forced her children while yet very young to bear pain without any outward sign showed that he by no means admired her. Then, going on to talk of education generally, he said that girls' schools were nearly all of them bad, for they were mostly kept by unmarried women, who have no knowledge of the world, and who are afraid of everything above mediocrity. "When —— was sixteen I gave her, as a birthday present, Molière's works. Soon after I heard that her schoolmistress had immediately taken the book away. I then made inquiries as to what authors were granted access to that respectable establishment." And here Mr. Buckle mentioned a number of second and third-rate poets, among which I only remember the name of Gray, while the forbidden works included all the greatest of French and English authors. "What harm can these

great works of genius do?" he continued. "Any girl who has been brought up in an atmosphere of refinement will shrink, if anything, from any coarse passage she may come across. The youngest schoolboys are allowed to read them as much as they like; and which grow up the most refined men, these schoolboys, or the uneducated poorer classes?"

"How is it," I once asked Mr. Buckle, "that you, who are so fond of refinement, should be so severe on those who spend much thought or money on dress—more severe even than on those who waste the same amount on the decoration of their houses?" "Because the first has by far the worst consequences," he answered. "Would not a greedy woman shock you more than a vain woman?" I asked. "If I had a daughter," he replied, "I would rather she had the former fault of the two." Anything like a show of diamonds he considered vulgar, as it seemed to be a sort of flaunting of riches, and I, therefore, confessed in fear and trembling to my weakness for lace. To my great relief he allowed that that ornament was blameless. "The beauty of lace is insidious; for ten persons who would notice diamonds, perhaps one would notice lace."

Talking of the so-called "Working Classes," Mr. Buckle thought that they would always exist, but would be better paid than they now are. At present fortunes are still unequally divided. It is not right that any man should have two thousand pounds a year and his housemaid only twenty. Such things, however, can never be altered but by the gradual rise of the standard of wages. It would avail nothing were a few well-meaning persons to give their servants higher wages." These remarks led to my telling him how much the extravagance of my coachman

and his family vexed me, and that I was not all sure but that it was my duty to interfere as far as I could. "Would your coachman like your advice?" he asked. "No, he would not." "Then don't give it. I always give advice freely when I am asked, but not otherwise, excepting to those whom I love." I told him that my Viennese friends, finding me ignorant of many modern works of German literature, recommended me to read the "*Augsburger Zeitung*." Should I follow this advice or not? The answer was that I could not know too much, and that I should therefore do well to follow their advice, if I had plenty of time. Since, however, this was not the case, it was necessary that I should choose carefully what was most important for me to learn; and among these the facts related in the "*Augsburger Zeitung*" could hardly be classed.

We accompanied him to the station when he was leaving us, and saw him take a second-class ticket, which, he told us, he often did. "I always talk," he said, "and often find very intelligent people in those carriages; the first-class travelers are so dull; directly you broach a subject they are frightened." Later in the year, when he came to us from a tour in Wales, he told us that he had picked up a great deal of information in this way from commercial travelers, who generally have a thorough knowledge of the country through which they are in the habit of traveling.

When we returned to town, and I sent him a few things which he had been unable to get into his portmanteau, the messenger came back with some proof-sheets and the following note:

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 3d April, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH: I think it a great shame that your husband should have so much the start of you as to be able to begin my next volume a whole chapter before you ;<sup>1</sup> and as I hate cheating I remedy the fraud by inclosing to you the proof-sheets of that chapter, merely begging that you will return them, if possible, within ten days, or at all events a fortnight at the very latest. I have not yet written the Table of Contents, and to do so I shall need the sheets.

"I say nothing about the pleasure which my visit to you has given me. You have already phrased it: 'Les femmes devinent tout.'

"Will you say to your husband, with my very kindest regards, that, if he wants any further information about his proposed course of reading, he must not scruple to write to me fully, either now or at any future time. However busy I may be, I am never too busy to attend to what interests those for whom I have a real regard."

On the 18th of April he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Huth. "We were a party of ten," writes the latter, "among whom were Miss Thackeray, Mr. Capel, and Mr. Roupell. The last-named gentleman, who had never met Mr. Buckle before, was much struck, not by his brilliancy, which he had expected, but by the delightful humor which is not often found in conjunction with such severity of thought. Poor Mr. Capel, as the representative of the clergy among us, had to serve as butt to Mr. Buckle's clever sarcasms against them. Mr. Capel defended them valiant-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Huth looked through the proofs of Chapter I. on Spain.

ly, by enumerating all the good they had done in preserving manuscripts, softening manners, spreading civilization, etc., etc.; but at the end of the discussion Mr. Buckle said, quite seriously, that he considered the evil inflicted by the clergy on mankind outweighed any good they had done. After dinner Miss Thackeray made him talk on poetry, when, among other things, he said that Goethe's 'Faust' would live as long as the German language was understood; indeed he afterward, while traveling in the East, remarked that, next to 'Hamlet,' 'Faust' was the greatest composition that had ever been written. And what do you think of Schiller's genius? All his reply was, 'Schiller did not gird his loins.' 'Oliver Twist' was the best of Dickens's works. 'Adam Bede' will live. 'Silas Marner' is a perfect jewel of a novel. One of the company asked what there was in Racine that his countrymen assigned to him so high a rank? 'I have been told,' he answered, 'that the refinement of his style is so subtle that no one not bred up in the language can appreciate it.' 'No one, he thought, who was thoroughly at home in his own language could be intimately acquainted with any other. The gesticulation which the French so constantly make use of is due to the poverty of their language, and not to their wit.' I think he added 'that it was due to the same cause that they had never had but one real poet—Béranger.' English he placed above all other languages; and it was plainly not mere sentiment which led him to this conclusion, but study and thought. Once, at our dinner-table, while describing its force, he said, 'We have little words in our language which tell like the stroke of a hammer.'

“Mr. Capel and he staid to the last, though he complained of fatigue. We told him to fancy himself in the lodging-house at St. Leonards, and lie down on the sofa. He then talked of Newton—how mental and physical strength were combined in his constitution, and complained of his own feebleness, saying, ‘I am never a week without feeling that I have a body. If I were a strong man, I would do something.’ Only a few weeks later the second volume was in our hands, and we heard that its author was very ill, and in danger of brain fever.”

On April 23d he writes from Oxford Terrace: “My seclusion has been all owing to work, which has severely tasked my strength and engrossed all my time. But now it is well-nigh over, and unless the printers play me false my volume will be out by the middle of next week. When it comes out I hope that the Scotch clergy will love me. I have toiled hard to deserve their affection.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 30th April, 1861.

“MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF: . . . I saw Dr. Williams the other day, and his prescription is, I think, doing me good. But I seem to see all events with a distempered and carping eye. I asked him about G —, of whose case he spoke, on the whole, favorably, looking on time as the great curer. Tell this to your sister, with my kind love, and genuine thanks for her letter. Glad as I always am to see her husband, the distance is too far, and he not strong enough to make me wish him to call, unless he should have occasion to be in the neighborhood. I do not need a visit from him to be assured of his friendship.”

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 1st May, 1861. .

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL: . . . You ask me to give you a list of the few really important writers the world has produced, and whose works, from the amount of new truth they contain, mark an epoch in the history of the human mind. Such a list will necessarily be extremely short; and I shall make it shorter by striking out of it the great physical and mathematical works—because the truths in them are so cumulative that the latest works are usually the best. With this reservation, I will now mention what I think the most important and original writers: Homer, Plato, Aristotle (the Romans produced nothing original except their jurisprudence—their philosophy they stole from the Greeks, and spoiled it in the stealing), Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Grotius, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Brown on 'Causes and Effects,' Hegel, Comte's 'Philosophie Positive,' Mill's 'Logic,' Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' Malthus 'On Population,' Ricardo's 'Political Economy.' And for the study of human nature, the three greatest modern works of fiction are 'Don Quixote,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and Goethe's 'Faust.'

"Possibly I have omitted something; but there, I believe, are the whole of the masterpieces. Virgil and Milton I omit; because, greatly as I admire them (especially Milton), I can not place them in the same rank as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. If this list needs further illustrations, pray do not hesitate to ask for it."\*

\* Plato: "This consummate thinker."—P. 15, vol. i., "History of Civilization."

Aristotle: "Probably the greatest of all ancient thinkers."—P. 543, note 244, vol. i. "Between Aristotle and Bichat I can find no middle man."—P. 812, note 137, vol. i. Hunter, as a physiologist, "was equaled, or per-



"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 2d May, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL: . . . Pray remember that I did not send you the list with a view to your studies. Each person needs a separate plan. My intention was to give you a universal, and, as it were, bird's-eye view of the

haps excelled, by Aristotle; but, as a pathologist, he stands alone."—P. 566, vol. ii., "History of Civilization." "Little inferior to Plato in depth, and much his superior in comprehensiveness."—"Essay on Mill."

Dante: "It is impossible to discuss so large a question in a note; but, to my apprehension, no poet, except Dante and Shakespeare, ever had an imagination more soaring and more audacious than that possessed by Sir Isaac Newton."—P. 113, note 194, vol. i., "History of Civilization."

Shakespeare: "The greatest of the sons of men."—P. 42, vol. ii. "The two mightiest intellects our country has produced are Shakespeare and Newton."—P. 504, vol. ii., "History of Civilization." "A perfect intellect, . . . that instance, I need hardly say, is Shakespeare." "He thought as deeply as Plato or Kant. He observed as closely as Dickens or Thackeray."

Bacon: Burke was, "Bacon alone excepted, the greatest thinker who has ever devoted himself to English politics."—P. 413, vol. i. "Bacon and Descartes, the two greatest writers on the philosophy of method in the seventeenth century."—P. 542, note 242, vol. i., "History of Civilization." "To genius of the highest order he added eloquence, wit, and industry." "While the speculations of Bacon were full of wisdom, his acts were full of folly."—"Essay on Mill."

Descartes: "Of whom the least that can be said is, that he effected a revolution more decisive than has ever been brought about by any other single mind."—P. 529, vol. i.

Hobbes: "The subtlest dialectician of his time; a writer, too, of singular clearness, and among British metaphysicians inferior only to Berkeley. This profound thinker," etc.—P. 356, vol. i., "History of Civilization."

Berkeley: "The most subtle metaphysician who has ever written in English."—P. 659, vol. i. "One of the deepest and most unanswerable of all speculators."—Vol. ii., p. 478, note 113, "History of Civilization."

Kant: "That extraordinary thinker, who in some directions has, perhaps, penetrated deeper than any philosopher either before or since. . . . The depth of his mind considerably exceeded its comprehensiveness."—"Essay on Mill," note.

Hegel:

Comte: "A living writer, who has done more than any other to raise the standard of history."—P. 5, vol. i., note 1. "This eminent philosopher."—P. 178, vol. 1. "The greatest [writer on the philosophy of method] in our own time."—P. 542, note 242, vol. 1.

great epochs of thought, for speculative curiosity rather than for practical use."

On May 15th, he received his second volume, and the next day went to Margate, whence he writes:

*"17th May, 1861.*

"DEAR MRS. GROTE: I am so unwilling that you should think that during the few weeks for which you visit town I would intentionally abstain from coming to see you that I write to tell you the cause. The moment I had got my second volume through the press, the excitement which had kept me up being withdrawn, I suddenly collapsed. The nervous prostration became so threatening that I was ordered to try what this very bracing air would do for me. Already I am better, but

Mill: See "the Essay."

Adam Smith: "Published his 'Wealth of Nations,' which, looking at its ultimate results, is probably the most important book that has ever been written."—P. 194, vol. i. "Indeed, Hume, notwithstanding his vast powers, was inferior to Smith in comprehensiveness, as well as in industry."—P. 195, note 59, vol. i. "Well may be it be said of Adam Smith, and said, too, without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more toward the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account."—Vol. i., pp. 196, 197. "By far the greatest of all Scotch thinkers."—P. 432, vol. ii. "Displaying that dialectical skill which is natural to his countrymen, and of which he himself was one of the most consummate masters the world has ever seen."—P. 441, vol. ii., and pp. 443, 540, vol. ii., "History of Civilization."

Malthus: "The great work of Malthus."—"Essay on Mill."

Ricardo: "Since Ricardo, no original thinker has taken an active part in political affairs."—"Essay on Mill." "And Mill's book is, on the whole, the best since Adam Smith, though for pure *political economy* hardly equal to Ricardo's. But Mill has larger social views than Ricardo, and is less difficult."—Letter to Miss Shirreff, July 5, 1858.

still miserably nervous, and tormented by the thought of how little I can do, and how vast an interval there is between my schemes and my powers. This is the first day I have been well enough to write, and the trembling of my hand will, I fear, make this difficult to decipher.

“In about a week, or ten days, I shall probably be again in town for a very short time, as I am ordered to move about from place to place as much as possible. Directly the weather is settled I shall go abroad.”

Mr. Capel joined him at Ramsgate, and related afterward several little things which showed in what a nervous state poor Buckle then was, and how little things, which formerly would only have provoked a smile, now caused him real annoyance. “Now they are coming with their vulgarities,” he irritably exclaimed after a miserably cooked dinner, when finger-glasses and doylies were put on the table. Once, too, when Mr. Capel just read a couple of pages out of a newly published work of Mr. Mill’s, and rather inconsiderately asked some questions on it, his friend nearly fainted in the attempt to answer him.

At Brighton, where Buckle went after a week’s stay at Ramsgate, his sleep was so restless and agitated that one night he fell out of bed; and his voice was heard so loud that the servants knocked at the door, thinking that he was calling. Brighton, however, set him up in some degree, for he again went into society when he returned to London, after a week’s stay there. He called on Mrs. Huth, looking as usual and talking as usual; but it was plain that he was incapable of work, or he would not have gone about calling on his friends in the middle of the day.

Mrs. Huth writes: "I told him how anxious we had all been about him, and that the first we had heard of his illness was from Mrs. Bowyear, who told me that he had called on her, and was obliged to sit down for twenty minutes before he was rested enough to speak. He laughed, and said: 'What? I did not talk for twenty minutes? You must have thought that a very bad symptom!' When the carriage came, I asked him whether we could put him down anywhere? He named some out-of-the-way street, saying that he had business there. Long after, I accidentally learned that the business was one of those errands of charity to which he devoted so much of his time, and that he had not the heart to interrupt them even after his health had broken down."

From Brighton he wrote as follows:

"BRIGHTON, 27th May, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL: I have been very ill, and even now, though much better, my hand shakes so much as to make it difficult to me to write.

"Complete and sudden nervous exhaustion forced me to leave town without seeing any of my friends. But I am told that with returning strength I may again go into society; and, as I have determined to go to London on Thursday, and as your invitation is for only one day earlier, I can not deny myself the pleasure you hold out to me. Therefore, I will dine with you at eight on Wednesday, 29th."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 6th June, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. GROTE: Your letter is very kind, and I should be truly sorry not to see you before I again leave

town, which I shall do in about ten days. I have returned home for a short time, because I felt so depressed that I thought a little society would do me good. But my head is so weak that I do not venture to see any one whose conversation is likely to interest me on a day in which I am dining out. At present I am engaged till Monday next inclusive; but on and after Tuesday I have nothing on my hands, as very few people know that I am in town. I would, therefore, call upon you on Tuesday afternoon (the 11th), or I would lunch with you; or, as you kindly speak of a quiet dinner, I would dine with you on that day, or on some other when you may chance to be disengaged. If you are at home when this note arrives, please to let me have one line by the bearer; for at present I hold myself entirely at your disposal after Monday. But do not marvel if you find me very dull; I feel like a worn-out old man.

“Thank you for thinking about me for your evening party; but I have a dinner engagement for Friday, and I must not risk a double excitement.”

“59 OXFORD TERRACE, 16th June, 1861.

“MY DEAR CAPEL: I hope to be with you on Wednesday next. I can not fix the time, but I do not *think* I can get to you before lunch. Don't ask any one to meet me while I am with you.

“If my proposal suits you, let me have a line to that effect.

“I drink hardly anything but claret—pure and sound, but *not* expensive—Julien, or some *vin ordinaire*. It is advisable to know something of the place one gets it from, otherwise it may be unwholesome. I know that you will

excuse my mentioning this; or, rather, that you would wish me to mention it. Mr. Mayo also wishes me to drink occasionally *German* seltzer water.

"I shall hope to stay about a week with you. Try and *engage* a really new-laid egg for me for breakfast."

Of course the boys were delighted to renew their acquaintance with him when he again came down to Carshalton; but he seemed to them to be very weak. His gait was stooping, and his walk rather shambling, though he was able to walk long distances. As he sat quiet, his overworked nerves showed their state of weakness by his constant little groans, as if he were going to speak and stopped himself suddenly.

While he was staying there, Mrs. Huth came down to Carshalton with a daughter for the day, to visit her sons. "I sat half the day," she writes, "with him in the little front garden. He seemed to be amused with the children, who were constantly coming up to him, talking to him, or shouting to him from a distance; and I noticed the acuteness of his ear. The voices of my children at that time were so alike that I could not distinguish them myself; but he, though too short-sighted to see their faces unless they were near him, seemed perfectly able to recognize them by their voices. He talked to me of my daughter's education. 'Four hours and a half at lessons is too much for her,' he said; 'you could not do it yourself, and you are stronger than she is.' Surely I could read four hours and a half in the day if I had no other duties. 'No, you could not,' he replied; 'and that child ought not to work more than two in the morning and one in the afternoon, at present.

That may make all the difference in her constitution, whether she be healthy or sickly during the rest of her life. And you must find out what she takes an interest in, and then occupy her with it. She might take up drawing, in addition to the three hours' work, since you say she is fond of it; and the dancing would also be an extra, since it involves no mental work. The tendency of education nowadays is to overwork children, and hence the great proportion of weak-brained adults. Does she learn Latin? My dear Mrs. Huth! what induced you to make her study one of the most difficult of languages? Miss Shirreff, as you say, has pointed out its value, and what she says is quite true, and advisable in the education of strong girls. But she will teach it herself, if she wishes to know it, by the time she is twenty; and, for the present, the best thing you can do is to make her forget what she has learned as fast as possible. Let her read books on travel; they will teach her pleasantly, and without fatigue, much that is valuable. If she does not care to read these, let her read story-books. It is of the greatest importance to foster a *habit* of reading; the rest will come of itself. You ought not to let her overdo herself physically either; and by no means let your daughters walk as you walked at their age. Much of your present weakness and neuralgia is probably due to that. You say that at that time you felt all the better and stronger for it? I dare say you did. But all the while you were living on your capital; your life was consumed too fast. Statistics show that butchers are very seldom on the sick-lists of their societies, while bakers are constantly ill. But, nevertheless, bakers are longer-lived than butchers. You were quite right not to let your

daughter practice those Swedish exercises. Nothing of the kind ought to be done without the advice of a really good medical man. You may have the action of a feeble heart, for instance, quickly strengthened by certain repeated exercises; but the result may be heart disease, owing to that organ having been overworked.

“ ‘Tutors,’ he said, ‘generally teach too much from books, and too little by word of mouth. I teach these boys more, sometimes, in a quarter of an hour than they would learn otherwise in a week.’ But are our present race of tutors capable of teaching in that way? He shook his head. Presently the postman came, and brought him a letter. He read it, put it in his pocket, and, looking quietly up at us, said, ‘I have heard of the death of three relatives to-day, and I do not care for any one of them. It is conventional,’ he went on, ‘to look sad when speaking of the death of a relative, though during his lifetime one may never have shown him the slightest attention. I think it better to be truthful. The letter I have just received told me of the death of a relative abroad, whom I had already taken a dislike to when we were children; for she had a bird that she made a great pet of, yet when it died she did not seem to care one bit. Later in life, she used to beat her children on the slightest of grounds.’ The threat ‘I’ll lick you, if you don’t,’ from one of the bigger boys to a smaller, which we overheard, caused Mr. Buckle to tell me that he had heard it once before, and seen it followed up practically. ‘Why did I allow it? Oh, a strong boy is not hurt by a little rough treatment; and, supposing I had stopped that one act, what good should I have done?’ ”



“Once more we paid Mr. Buckle a short visit at Carshalton. We had been at Leatherhead to look at a place which we meant to take for the summer, and stopped at Mr. Capel’s on our way back. Everybody was out. Mr. Capel had gone to town, the servant informed us, but she ‘knew where Mr. Buckle and the young gentlemen were.’ We waited; and after a short time saw them coming across the field, laughing, talking, and running, as if they were all boys together. They had been at a strawberry gathering, and one of the boys, enlarging on the generosity of their host, told us that they ‘had been allowed to eat as many as they liked.’ ‘You ought to say, you ate as many as you could,’ interrupted Mr. Buckle; and then turning to me, ‘——— filled himself with them till I saw a strawberry come out of each eye.’ Another boy, looking all dimples, gave me his account of the treat. Mr. Buckle watched his face, and then asked me in German whether the mother of the boy had a pretty smile—men rarely had it. I warned him not to think that the little fellow did not know German; but he said he had forgotten all he knew since he had been at school. ‘That’s good education,’ Mr. Buckle said ironically, ‘to make a child learn something, and allow it to be forgotten.’ I reminded him about my daughter’s Latin, but he of course saw that I understood the difference between the two cases.

“The weather was beautiful, and I made a remark on the air, which was fresh, and fragrant with the scent of the neighboring lavender fields. He, too, thought the air very bracing, but said that, all the same, he could not stay at Carshalton much longer. I guessed the cause, and remarked that Mr. Capel was not a suitable companion in

his nervous state. 'No, poor Capel worries me; but I shall miss the boys. I wish some one would make me the guardian of two or three boys.' Then he discussed the possibility of adopting some; and said that he could not adopt children of the lower classes, because they were so badly brought up; but that he should be quite satisfied with ordinary gentlemen's sons of thirteen or fourteen years of age. I told him that his friend Mrs. — had adopted the eldest child of some servants who had married from her house. I thought she would find it awkward in time, when the little girl had grown up as a lady, while her father and mother, brothers and sisters, had to seek their company in the servants' hall. He thought so too, and, indeed, held that an adopted child ought to be entirely cut off from all knowledge of its real parents and relations. We then talked of his future plans; he thought Sweden, a country which he had never yet seen, would prove beneficial as an entire change, and take him away from himself; but doubted that the rudeness of the country and hardship of traveling might not more than counterbalance any advantage of this sort to a man in his weak and delicate state of health. As to France, he said the only part of it which is not too hot for a summer residence is the extreme north, and there one would be subjected to the same want of comfort as in Sweden. 'Besides,' he added, 'I can not bear to see, what makes me miserable even to think about, a noble people under the heel of that great brigand'—a people with such a literature! No, my indignation increases year by year as this reign goes on.' He considered France, after England, the most civilized of all

<sup>1</sup> Louis Napoleon.

countries. 'But,' I urged, 'in Germany there is more knowledge. A greater proportion of the German population are able to read and write even than the English.' 'Reading and writing is not knowledge in itself,' he replied; 'it is only a means to knowledge.' 'But you say in your first volume that you consider the German philosophers the first in the civilized world, and that Germany has produced a greater number of thinkers than any other country.' 'Certainly,' he answered, 'but if you look at the context you will see that I point out that their literature is the growth of but a century, and has had hardly any influence on the people.' 'You say that French refinement is only on the surface, because you never saw in France a Frenchman behave with unselfish politeness? An individual experience goes for nothing in a matter of that kind. Look in the window of any grocer's shop, and mark the arrangement of the French preserved fruits. The people who fill those boxes belong to the lowest orders, and yet how much refinement they show! Look, too, at the dresses of their women, and you can not but admit that Frenchwomen show far more simplicity and quiet taste in their attire than the women of other countries.' He gave me more cogent proofs, but I have forgotten most of his talk on the subject, and only remember the generalizations, which amused and surprised me from their being drawn from facts which most people would hardly have noticed.

"As he sat there quietly talking on all sorts of subjects, no one would have thought that anything ailed him. Whenever he changed his position, however, I could see

<sup>1</sup> "History of Civilization," vol. I., pp. 217, 218.

little twitches of pain in his face. I asked him whether he could keep himself from thinking. 'Not altogether,' he answered. 'Could I have known that I should have to pass so long a time without my books, I should never have believed I could have borne it so well.' He remarked once to me that pain or grief is not so difficult to bear as it appears from a distance; and it certainly seemed true in his case, shut out as he was from all mental activity, and with the wound still smarting of his mother's death. His calm and cheerfulness were but rarely interrupted. Once Mr. Capel surprised him in a flood of tears. 'You don't know how I miss my mother,' he said. Yet he was always ready to joke. Talking of his health, he remarked, 'Upon the whole, when I look back I find I have made no progress'; and then added, as if it were equally sad, 'and now I am so hungry.' "

From Carshalton he went on a tour in Wales, promising to write alternately to Mr. Capel and Mrs. Bowyear, who were to let his other friends know how he was.

"TENBY, *13th July, 1861.*

"MY DEAR CAPEL: It is a week to-day since I left town; I hope that I am better, but I can not say much in my own favor. Please to write to me 'Post-Office, Aberystwith, Cardiganshire'; and, as I probably shall not stay there more than two days, do not delay writing. An article on my 'History' is to be out to-day in the 'Edinburgh Review,' but there is not much chance of my seeing it here. If you can get hold of it, tell me if it contains any points of importance.

"I shall have my letters forwarded every ten days or

fortnight; so that a line to Oxford Terrace will at any time reach me, sooner or later.

"My love to the boys. Don't give them too many lessons."

"HULL, *31st July, 1861.*

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL: After wandering for two or three weeks in Wales, I have crossed the country to this place, desiring to see an entirely opposite form of life. On arriving here a few hours ago I found your letter. I am in every respect better, and my old social cravings are returning. Again I begin to feel human. At all events, human or not, I am quite unable to resist the temptation you hold out to me. I shall hope to be with you somewhere about the middle of August; but you will perhaps let me leave the time open, as the rate at which I shall travel northward will depend on the weather and my health, and, I fear I must add, on the caprice natural to a solitary and unthwarted man. I will write to you some days beforehand, of course with the distinct understanding that, being myself so uncertain, I shall take the chance of your house being filled. On no account would I interfere with the arrangements in regard to friends whom you may invite; and if there is not room for me, I would travel on, and come to you later. Pray let this be clearly understood, as I have no right to leave my arrival so uncertain."

"FILEY, *6th August, 1861.*

"MY DEAR CAPEL: I am now really better. I am stronger and much less depressed. Your letter, dated 27th July, I received two days ago; the uncertainty of my movements prevented me from getting it before. I do

not mind about the *form* in which the Spanish translation<sup>6</sup> appears, but please to let both the translator and Robson understand that there is to be *not the slightest alteration* in the text, and that the title is simply to be 'Introduction to the History of Spanish Civilization,' or 'of Civilization in Spain.' Mr. Huth will be good enough (I suppose) to revise the proofs.

"I shall be glad if, when you go to town next Saturday, you would call at Parker's, and let me know how things are getting on. . . .

"I have not yet seen the 'Edinburgh'—indeed, I never open a book except 'Shakespeare.' But at Whitby I shall perhaps have an opportunity of seeing the reviews. Tell me in what article the notice is in the 'Quarterly.' "

. . . . .

"If Robson should observe any alteration, he should let you know before printing it. I do not like to be responsible for anything which I have not written."

"WHITBY, 13th August, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. WOODHEAD: Your letter has just reached me here, where I have stopped on my way to Scotland. I have been traveling through Wales, and the fine mountain air did me much good. Since I saw you I have suffered a good deal from nervous exhaustion. Now I am considerably better; but a very little exertion fatigues me, and writing makes my hand tremble. Still I would not delay sending you a line; and I know, too, that you will be pleased to hear of the success of my second

<sup>6</sup> Translation of chapter i. of vol. ii.

<sup>7</sup> "On Scottish Character." "Quarterly Review" for July, 1861.

volume, of which nearly twenty-three hundred copies are already sold, besides the sale of an American reprint and a German translation. The chapter on Spain is now being translated into Spanish. I write with difficulty, but I hope you will be able to decipher this. Give my love to your husband. I am pleased to learn that his industry is returning to him."

"CAROLSIDE, 25th August, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY: I did not receive your letter till two days ago. During the last few weeks I have been constantly on the move, and my letters are only sent to me about every ten days. For the moment I am staying with the Mitchells—very pleasant people whom I think you know—at all events, Miss Shirreff knows them.

"I am really better, but think it prudent to abstain from all work. I wish you could have given me a better account of yourself and of Mr. Grey. He, no doubt, feels the absence of summer. Here, at least, it is bitterly cold, and since I left London I have found rain almost everywhere. I was delighted with Wales—the southern and western parts of which I never saw before. But, as your theory is that I know nothing about scenery, I will say no more on that head. Everywhere I go I soon feel restless, and after the first novelty has passed want to go elsewhere. This, I believe, is caused by the absence of that stimulus to which my brain has been so many years accustomed. I seem to cry out for work, and yet I am afraid of beginning it too soon.

. . . . .

"You do not say if Miss Shirreff is doing anything. My kindest regards to her. When quiet with you she

will perhaps be able to do some work ; and, if my advice can be of any use to her, there is no need for me to say how gladly I would give it.

“I have no plans for the future ; but if the weather improves, I shall probably go farther north.

“I am very glad that you sent me the paper about the Essays and Reviews Defense Fund. I had not heard of it, and shall certainly subscribe to it, and bring it under the notice of others.

“This letter is very dull ; but how can a man help being dull when he neither reads nor thinks ? I feel a constant void and craving. But such is the penalty I have incurred, and I must pay it.”

“*September, 1861.*

“DEAR MRS. BOWYEAR : . . . The second edition of my *first* volume is exhausted, and a third edition has been nearly three weeks in the press. The second volume is selling rapidly—thanks in a great measure to my enemies. If men are not struck down by hostility, they always thrive by it. The German translation has appeared, and a Spanish translation of the chapter on Spain is now passing through the press. A Russian translation was advertised as being in preparation, but it has been prohibited at St. Petersburg ; and I have received two different proposals for a French translation—one from Paris and one from Brussels. So much for the egotism of an author.”

“*SUTTON, 15th September, 1861.*

“MY DEAR AUNT : . . . My health has improved greatly, indeed I may say I am almost well, having lost all my nervous symptoms. I greatly enjoyed my trip in



Wales and Scotland. My new volume is selling famously in England and America. The German translation of it has appeared, and a Spanish translation is being prepared. The Russian translation has been prohibited, it not being thought right that so mischievous a book should pollute the pure minds of the Russians. You see that it is your misfortune to have a bad and dangerous man for a nephew. The second edition of my *first* volume is all sold, and a third edition is being printed.\* I think I have now told

\* Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace twice found the Russian translation of Buckle's History in peasants' huts. "In the course of a few years," he says, "no less than four independent translations—so, at least, I am informed by a good authority—were published and sold. Every one read, or at least, professed to have read, the wonderful book; and many believed that its author was the great genius of the present generation. During the first year of my residence in Russia I rarely had a serious conversation without hearing Buckle's name mentioned; and my friends almost always assumed that he had succeeded in creating a genuine science of history on the inductive method. In vain I pointed out that Buckle had merely thrown out some hints in his introductory chapter [!] as to how such a science ought to be constructed, and that he himself had made no serious attempt to use the method which he commended. My objections had little or no effect; the belief was too deep-rooted to be so easily eradicated. In books, periodicals, newspapers, and professional lectures the name of Buckle was constantly cited—often violently dragged in without the slightest reason—and the cheap translations of his work were sold in enormous quantities."—Pp. 167, 168, "Russia," vol. i., London, 1877.

The following are the particulars of its sale in England:

Vol. i.: By the end of 1857, 675 copies were sold. On July the 10th, 1858, the publisher informs Buckle that 500 copies of the new edition had been sold, including 100 to Mudie.

By 16th September, 1858, 714 copies of the new edition were sold.

By 8th November, 1858, 950 copies of second edition were sold.

By 15th December, 1858, 992 copies of second edition were sold.

23d February, 1859, 1,100 of the second edition sold.

22d July, 1859, "a trifle more than 1,200."

1st November, 1859, 1,340 were sold, of which 60 went at the October sales.

13th April, 1860, nearly 600 left of second edition.

7th November, 1860, "there remain unsold 300 copies, and a little more," of second edition.

you all the news. And so, earnestly hoping that you will soon recover your strength,

“ I am, etc., etc.”

“ CAROLSIDE, 27th August, 1861.

“ MY DEAR MRS. HUTH: Owing to the uncertainty of my movements, I did not receive your letter till a few days ago, on my arrival here.

“ I fully hope and expect to be able to pay you a visit at Sutton—perhaps about the middle of September. When I can fix a day I will write again, to ask if my time will suit you. Meanwhile, I should be glad to know if you have heard from Mr. Capel, and where he is, and how he is. When he last wrote to me, he was about to go abroad with your boys.

“ I am much better, but still, as a precautionary measure, abstain from all work. I hope that you are all well. Give my best regards to Mr. Huth.”

On the 15th we met Mr. Buckle at the station, Mrs. Huth writes, and saw him get out of a third-class carriage with his little dog “ Skye,” who had been especially invited. Skye had never traveled by rail before; and when Mr. Buckle had to change at Croydon, and saw him taken

17th April, 1861 (before vol. ii. came out), there remained 150 copies of the second edition.

15th June, 1861, there were 74 copies remaining.

Vol. ii.: “ My second vol. (edition 3,000 copies) was delivered to the trade on 18th May. The trade subscribed for 900 copies, Mudie's 100. There were orders in the house for 230. Total taken, 1,230.

“ On 25th May, ‘ nearly 1,600 were sold.’

“ On 11th June, ‘ over 1,700.’

“ On 15th June, 1,900 sold.”

For the translations and editions, see the bibliography of this work.

out of the dog-box trembling all over, he preferred rather to get into a third-class carriage with him than have him put back, and consequently caught a cold, which he did not get rid of for a week.

He told us that he felt much stronger, and intended to try to work for a couple of hours every day. In the evening he brought a heap of newspapers and other periodicals, and letters, into the drawing-room, which he had found awaiting him at Oxford Terrace, and had not had time to read before coming on to Sutton. They all had reference to his second volume, the periodicals containing reviews which the publisher or friends had sent him, and the letters from people in almost every class of society, all saying something about his book.

One of the most curious among them was from a public-house keeper at Glasgow, who said that every word of Mr. Buckle's character of the Scotch was true, and that he himself would have written it just as Buckle had done, but that he had not learned to write books. He finished up with a long poem, which Mr. Buckle read out to us with mock solemnity, full of conceits on his name; he would buckle on his armor, and buckle to, and buckle with, nor care for the buckling of bigotry's face, but take up his buckler, etc., etc. Another letter was from a young American lady, who was pained to think that the author of the "History of Civilization in England" was so little valued in his own country. Would it comfort him to know that a heart was beating for him on the other side of the Atlantic—a heart full of admiration and warm and lively sympathy? Many of these communications were from mechanics; one, which was afterward found among Mr. Buc-

kle's papers, was from the Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, who also sent him a copy of his work ; and another, also found among the posthumous papers, was as follows :

"BOSTON, U. S., 9th August, 1861.

"DEAR SIR: In your last volume I observe you despair of carrying out your primal idea. Did it never occur to you that you might do *three times the quantity of work thrice as easily* by having the assistance of a skilled amanuensis? It is a source of EXTREME regret that I did not propose to poor Macauley what I now take the liberty of doing to you.

"I am by birth an Englishman, 38 years of age, a rapid penman, a stenographer ; have since the age of 14 years filled various arduous and responsible positions ; for half my life, certainly, I have been used to write from dictation, and can enable my employers to do more business in one hour, and in better shape, than they would do for themselves in six : this may seem incredible, but it is absolutely the fact. I can refer to numerous friends in England and America to testify as to my character for probity and honor. My salary is \$1,500 (i. e., £300), but I feel I am frittering it away uselessly while such men as yourself and Mr. Macauley could render such increased service to the world, with assistance such as I can afford them.

"I am of strictly temperate habits, of an energetic disposition, not ill-manneredly nor unamiable I believe, am married, have a small family, am in comfortable circumstances, own my little cottage and bit of ground, but will cast my bread upon the waters if you say the word : that you want me ; for the chief aspiration of my existence is

to be useful to my age, and I know my position and my power; and I know, too, how liable I am to be charged with egotism when I declare to you THE FACT that I am confident you would find me to be as invaluable as your own right hand.

“I send herewith a few specimens of my recent composition as indices whereby you may judge of my caliber. I also inclose a copy of a few of my testimonials, printed by myself, for—among other accomplishments—I am amateur printer; also a photographer, etc., etc. I send you a portrait of myself, done by myself, and remain

“With the greatest regret,

“Very respectfully,

“Your friend and servant,

“——.”

“Do you mean to answer all those letters?” I inquired. “No, not all,” he said; “there are too many. But I always answer the misspelled ones.” We read as many of the reviews out loud as we could get through in one evening. Among them was one which said that the second volume was as full of platitudes as the first; while as for that *truism* which he dwelt so much on in his first volume—that the progress of civilization depends not on moral but intellectual progress, it was known and recognized by every one long before his book was thought of. Mr. Buckle laughed, and said, “I have been attacked on this point more than all the others put together; and now it is called a truism.”<sup>9</sup>

The drawing-room was given up to him during the

<sup>9</sup> See page 129, and note.

morning as a study ; and for the first few days of his visit he attempted to read German for a couple of hours, in preparation for his third volume, for he was always re-studying the languages of those countries on which he wrote. He soon found, however, that his brain was still too weak. It was not a question of prudence in taxing it, but simply of possibility. In place of it, he frequently indulged in the "luxury" of thinking. The greater part of his two volumes, he told us, he had thought out while out walking ; and here he would go out and sit in some field, thinking over such subjects as whether Germany or America should be first treated in his next volume. Even Skye was not allowed to accompany him on "thinking mornings," but delivered over to the custody of one of the boys. Sometimes the dog escaped, and went for long excursions on its own account ; but Mr. Buckle would never allow him to be beaten when he returned, as the boys advised : he gave him a gentle tap with one finger, talked to him reprovngly, and pointed in the direction in which he had run away. And Skye really looked as if he understood it. "If a dog can not be trained without being beaten," he said, "it is better that he should not be trained at all." Once, when he saw one of my boys with a dog-whip, he advised me not to let him have it. "No boy ought to be intrusted to handle a whip," he said. "They can never have sufficient judgment to tell when, and in what degree, they should use it. Boys are, besides, generally cruelly inclined, and this propensity ought to be more carefully checked than any other ; for cruelty is, perhaps, the worst of vices ; and cruelty to animals almost worse than cruelty to human beings, so utterly helpless are they. For this

reason Rarey's system of breaking horses was so meritorious, because he substituted firmness and kindness for unthinking brutality." For his dog he had a great affection; indeed, he said that he could not conceive it possible for anybody to have much to do with any animal without getting fond of it.

Mr. Buckle's proof of the non-dynamical character of morals, though it seems clear enough to most readers, was, nevertheless, often misunderstood. Many people thought that, because morals were incapable of producing civilization, Buckle considered them to be useless. The reason was that so many fail to grasp the difference between general and individual effects—a subject which is discussed elsewhere in this volume. Hence it was that a gentleman once said to him, pointing to his little boy, "Were I to act in accordance with your teaching, I should take all possible pains to cultivate the intellect of that child, and leave his moral character to take care of itself." Yet it would be impossible to state more distinctly the exact opposite of Mr. Buckle's ideas on education. The first thing to look to was a child's health and moral character; the cultivation of the intellect was secondary; and a healthy child, whose tastes had been fostered but not forced, would obtain knowledge for himself when his mind was sufficiently matured. The only time he had punished his little nephew was once when he had bullied his sister. On the other hand, his constant advice to Mr. Capel was: "Don't give the boys too many lessons." Were it necessary to neglect one of the two, he would rather have the intellectual side abandoned than the emotional and moral. And most particularly in the case of

women, in whom he valued "womanly" qualities far more than cultivated intellect. It was on this account that he thought it so bad for a woman to remain unmarried; "for," said he, "unless occupied in active benevolence, their affections are starved in a celibate state."

We were talking one evening of that passage in his second volume: "They taught the father to smite the unbelieving, and to slay his own boy sooner than propagate error. As if this were not enough, they tried to extirpate another affection, even more sacred and more devoted still. They laid their rude and merciless hands on the holiest passion of which our nature is capable, the love of a mother for her son. Into that sanctuary they dared to intrude; into that they thrust their gaunt and ungentle forms."<sup>10</sup> "Mr. Capel," I said, "is always preaching severity to me, and wanting me to act the Spartan." "Don't listen to him," remonstrated Mr. Buckle. "Never hide your affection from your children. No successes in after-life which severity can lead to will ever compensate for the want of a mother's love."

I remember the sad expression of his face while talking on this subject, the sadness with which he spoke of the lot of those who have no one to love them, and no one whom they may love. "I keep my affections alive by reading 'Shakespeare'," he said. Sometimes, indeed, his own bereaved state would produce fits of depression and despair of the future; but he never saddened others by dwelling any length of time on the blessings which had been denied to him; and his buoyant and sanguine temperament made him habitually look at the bright side of

<sup>10</sup> Vol. ii., p. 407.



everything. His studies, which had made him better acquainted than most people with the enormous amount of misery to which mankind has been, and is, subjected, had not extinguished his conviction that the total amount of mundane happiness exceeds that misery; one of the best proofs of which is, that were it not so, people would not cling so to life. He sympathized with Wilhelm von Humboldt's saying, that in "that marvelous piece of work, man, both grief and sensibility may coëxist with a temperament otherwise happy."<sup>11</sup> But the sentence preceding this: "True sorrow is ever present to a well-nurtured soul,"<sup>12</sup> he would have put: "Only those of a powerful imagination are capable of feeling true sorrow; for they alone can idealize the object of their affection. Whatever new ties they may afterward form, however enjoyable life may again become to them, the image of the lost one will be ever present. The unimaginative may feel, perhaps, the absence of a familiar face; but their loss is nothing more than a broken habit." For him, then, it was plain that the loss of his mother was irreparable. From the time of her death he had never been able to talk of her. If his friends tried to lead him on to that topic, he always changed the conversation. Once only, when we happened to talk of fine womanly natures, their characteristics, and how they differed from others, he burst out with, "I wish you had known my mother! She was. . . ." But this was the only time we heard him allude to her. His aunt was very unhappy about it, thinking that could he be got to talk of his moth-

<sup>11</sup> "In dem wunderbaren menschlichen Gemüth können Schmerz und Empfindung eines in anderer Hinsicht glücklichen Daseins gleichzeitig neben einander fortleben."

<sup>12</sup> "In gutgenarteten Seelen ist ein wahrer Schmerz immer ewig."

er his grief might be softened. But old Dr. Mayo recommended that he should be allowed to follow his instinct. "Wait a little, and he will begin to speak of her of his own accord, and then she will be on his lips continually." And the event justified the prediction. A gentleman who met Mr. Buckle not long afterward in Egypt said that he spoke so much of her that it produced the impression that she was still alive; while the writer in the "*Atlantic Monthly*," who met him at Cairo, says that Mr. Buckle declared most impressively his belief in a future state, and that life would be insupportable if he thought he should be for ever separated from one person—probably his mother.<sup>13</sup>

When Mr. Buckle first joined us at Sutton, continues Mrs. Huth, he told us that bodily he was much stronger, and could do a little work; but it was evident that his head was still very weak. Soon after his arrival he endeavored to explain to me the theory of latent heat. I failed to understand it, and after a time he stopped abruptly, and said, "I have not my powers of explanation; perhaps I shall be better able to make it clear to you some other day." Undoubtedly, it was my fault for being so dull of comprehension; but how often had I been as dull, and even duller, on former occasions! Yet never before had he dropped a subject before he had given me a clear view of it. After a fortnight had passed, he seemed to grow stronger, though he still complained of his nervousness and absence of mind. The fact that he had sent off a check and forgotten to cross it seemed to annoy him very much. "I should not have done such a thing a year

<sup>13</sup> "*Atlantic Monthly*" for April, 1863, p. 498.

ago," he said. Yet he was now able to enter into elaborate explanations, giving, for instance, a full account of the Utilitarian philosophy *à propos* of Mill's first chapter on that subject, which was expected in the forthcoming "Fraser." Mr. Buckle gave us its whole history, from the germ of the idea to its latest development. But it seemed to me so cold and mechanical a creed, so inadequate to meet human needs, so harsh to human weakness, that for several days afterward I kept attacking him on that subject. "You will see it in time," he said gently. "It is very natural that you should find some difficulty at first in thinking yourself into it. You have grown up, and lived all your life, in an atmosphere of theological ideas, and you can not change suddenly. But you will see it in time, for you have a very good, clear understanding."

I repeat this compliment, such as it is, not from any sense of vanity, but simply because it was the only one he ever paid me, and because the way in which he said it was characteristic of him. Most people consider themselves gifted with a clear understanding; yet, so afraid was he lest he might be thought to flatter, that he immediately added, "And I don't say this just to give you pleasure; I mean it really."

When the first chapter of the "Utilitarianism" appeared, Mr. Buckle was delighted with it; and, pointing out a single passage, said, "Now, if I had seen this, no matter where, I should have recognized the pen of Mill. He is the only man I have a very strong desire to know, and him I have never seen." "Then why did you not accept Mrs. ——'s invitation, when she promised to bring you together?" "Oh, I was not strong enough this sum-

mer," he answered; "the excitement would have been too much for me." And in the course of the conversation he observed: "If Mill and I differ in opinion on any subject, I always have a latent belief that he is right and that I am wrong." From Mill the conversation turned on other eminent men. Of Dr. Stanley he spoke very highly: "He thinks for himself"; and, contrasting him with other theologians, said that few went through the necessary study for their subject. Theologians should study the history of belief in all the ancient creeds; that a knowledge of Buddhism is necessary, for instance, to the right understanding of Christianity. "Buddhism," he continued, "is, besides, a most philosophical creed"; and he traced the analogy between the transcendental philosophy of Buddha and that of Fichte in its pantheistic tendencies. From pantheism to spirit-rapping was but a step; and one of us remarked that some of these Spiritualists make a religion of it, and hold in the greatest reverence any communication they may receive. A little girl got a message from her departed grandmother, advising the family to go to the pantomime; and accordingly all gravely went off, in obedience to the message. "And very good advice, too," Mr. Buckle said, smiling. He added, that he had himself been at a *séance* last June, for the first time in his life. Some of the manifestations seemed to him totally inexplicable by any known natural laws; but he meant to inquire into the subject carefully as soon as he should be restored to his usual health. He considered it the duty of every one to rescue phenomena from the domain of the miraculous, and to marshal them, whenever possible, under the heads of natural law. Neither the so-called experi-

ments of Reichenbach, nor the marvelous powers ascribed to clairvoyants, would he pronounce to be frauds. But in all these matters he thought that people were far too ready to play into the hands of deceivers, by being more eager to see and be astonished than to coolly balance facts and ascertain the truth. Mr. Mayo had pressed him to attend a clairvoyant's *séance*; and he agreed to do so, with the condition that, instead of the guinea entrance fee, the clairvoyant should have a fifty-pound note if he could read its number while it was inclosed in a box. But this condition was not accepted. He had a short time before been at a *séance* in a private house, where the clairvoyant was a young lady, a friend of the hostess. He did not exactly disbelieve in her powers, as he had not investigated the subject. She told him, among other things, that his skull was remarkably thin; and he really thought it was, he added, laughing.

Whenever he traveled about, he always got into conversation with the police and school-teachers of every place he stopped at. He used to inquire what particular crimes were prevalent in each district, and found that they were much the same all over the country: "People have so little imagination," he complained, with a grave face—as if this want of imagination in criminal acts were a matter of serious concern to him. In large towns, such as Birmingham, he used to walk through all the worst parts, to observe manners for himself, and remarked that he might, as in the well-known anecdote, put down under the head of manners—none. In answer to a question, he said it might have been dangerous for a weak man like himself, but he was tall and carried a good stick, and always

walked in the middle of the road to give less opportunity to people to pick a quarrel. It was necessary to see everything he wrote on, especially concerning England, with his own eyes.

Of the teachers he inquired, among other things, what were the punishments inflicted in their schools. One schoolmistress told him that, when she first came, finding that the girls were very unpunctual, she warned them that all who came late should have three strokes with the cane on the hand, and that after the first two weeks she very rarely had occasion to punish them. The master of a school in another place told him that the vicar had forbidden corporal punishment, and obliged him, instead, to keep the boys in and give them tasks; with the consequence that they became very much duller. "There is nothing like the cane," Mr. Buckle added; "a few strokes that sting and will be felt several hours after make a boy careful, and don't interfere with his health." "You must deal with boys either in a rational or in an irrational manner," he said to another friend. "If they will listen to the arguments of their superiors, you do not require punishment; but if they will not listen to reason, you must treat them as irrational beings, and flog them." Some of these village teachers were well-informed men. One of them spoke to him of the authors of the "Essays and Reviews," praising their boldness; and then went on to say, "But there is another, even bolder man, of whom I dare say you have heard, and whose book you have probably read—I mean Buckle." "What has he done?" Mr. Buckle asked. "Buckle, don't you know Buckle!" "I saw that I was falling in his esteem through my ignorance," Mr. Buckle

said, laughing, "so I said, 'Oh yes, *Buckle* to be sure'; and took my leave."

It is impossible to describe how thorough a master he was of the art of pleasing; how he was as ready to amuse the children as he was grown people; his joyous nature; his inexhaustible but never-tiring talk; his wealth of anecdotes, and especially the *way* in which they were told, which made them as amusing when he repeated himself (as he sometimes did) as when heard for the first time; or to describe his appreciation of every little attention, and the warm interest he took in what were matters of moment for others. How naturally he entered into all the hopes and fears of his hostess concerning her family, asking questions, giving advice, and all with the deepest interest. We remember how touched and soothed we felt when one of our children fell ill, and we, hearing its cries, rushed up to the nursery, leaving him alone in the drawing-room. We stopped there some time, and quite forgot our visitor; but when we came out he was standing, waiting patiently, outside the nursery door, to learn from us what was amiss. I see the expression of his face now as he said to us in a suppliant tone, "Don't look so anxious; it will be better to-morrow." And the next day, gently reproaching me, he said, "You ought not to have let so young a child go to the Crystal Palace. It is all very well for the elder ones to have such amusements, but the little things should be kept as quiet as possible." And then he went on to say at what age and with what temperament sight-seeing and the like excitement was beneficial, and when it was likely to be harmful, adding, "Now, if you had asked my advice, I could have told you all this yester-

day, and the child would have been saved pain"—so accustomed was he by this time to have his advice sought on every subject. "If I were to take a profession," he once said, "I should like to be a physician ; nothing would give me more pleasure than to assuage pain."

An old lady, who had known Mr. Buckle from his boyhood, burst into tears when these and other little stories were repeated to her. "It was not vulgar curiosity with him," she said ; "it was not that he was meddlesome. I knew him so well. It was all part and parcel of his great sympathy. Oh, it was more than human," she went on, "and imparted a more than earthly soothing effect. I shall never forget what he was to me when I found myself suddenly alone in the world, and what he was to me ever afterward. Even though he had only a few days in town to prepare for his Eastern journey, he walked across the park to see me, and to bid me farewell. He asked about my health ; he gave me advice. He did it as if it were both a pleasure and a duty to see that I did the right thing for myself before he left England. I am neither handsome nor clever, nor have I rank or title, but he never forgot that his mother had been fond of me ! And I have often been made a good deal of by other people, simply because they saw that the celebrated Buckle treated me with such respect."

Often was Mr. Buckle attacked by his friends because he did not marry ; but the fact was that up to his mother's death he never felt lonely ; and perhaps his previous wounds, and his entire devotion to his book, made him even unwilling to marry. But after this he acknowledged his mistake—he was alone, terribly alone, in the world.



"If at least my little nephew had lived," he said, "I should have had a friend in time: I would have made something of him. But," he continued in a lower tone, "what I love I lose; and now that I am near forty I am alone!"

"If I am not better, there is nothing for it but traveling; as while I am stationary I must work," he wrote long ago;<sup>14</sup> and it was much the same case now. The prospect of an idle winter in town was insupportable, and it was necessary to travel somewhere. Perhaps it was owing to Major Woodhead's suggestion that he finally decided on going to Egypt. "My head is at times still weak, and I feel that I need more rest and relaxation," he writes from Sutton,<sup>15</sup> and "I can not tell you," he writes to Mrs. Bowyear, "the intense pleasure with which I look forward to seeing Egypt—that strange, mutilated form of civilization. For years nothing has excited me so much."<sup>16</sup> I shall go up the Nile as far as Egypt, and probably return to England about the end of January."

It was all of a piece with his thoughtful and self-sacrificing kindness that he offered to take the two eldest sons of his host with him. What would he himself have given when a boy to have traveled in the land of the Thousand and One Nights! And holding travel to be a necessary and important part of education, and knowing the value of his own influence and teaching, he thought the immense benefit he was conferring would fully compensate him for the trouble, anxiety, and even labor, their com-

<sup>14</sup> To Miss Shirreff, 22d December, 1856.

<sup>15</sup> 24th September, 1861.

<sup>16</sup> 13th–19th October, 1861.

panionship must entail. "Even in our times the importance of traveling is obvious," he writes in his "Commonplace Book,"<sup>17</sup> "and we rarely find an untraveled man who is not full of prejudice and bigotry."

All his time, on returning to London, was occupied in preparation for his journey and that of his young companions :

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 12th October, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUTH: I have just had a long talk with the dear, kind old man, Dr Mayo. *Extremely satisfactory* in every respect, particularly as to the good, both physical and intellectual, which he anticipates for the boys. But he suggests one or two things of importance. . . .

"My conversation with Dr. Mayo has confirmed my confidence in being able to meet any event which can arise in the ordinary course of nature. And as impunity and absence of risk are always impossible, this is all we can expect. Give my love to the boys, and read this note to the little men. I am sure they will be very obedient, and, by their docility, will help my endeavors to secure their health and happiness."

"59 OXFORD TERRACE, 18th October, 1861.

"DEAR MRS. GROTE: Your friendly reproaches have reached me at a moment when I am in the midst of preparations for my departure to the East, and have consequently but a short time to defend myself. Early tomorrow I leave for Southampton, and sail thence for Alexandria. I shall ascend the Nile to the first cataract,

<sup>17</sup> Fragments on "Traveling." "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," vol i., p. 524.

and thus gratify one of the most cherished wishes of my childhood. I am literally pining with excitement at the prospect of seeing the remains of that powerful but imperfectly developed nation, whose existence has always been to me as a dream.

“I am much better, and, indeed, quite well in every respect, save the most important. I can not work, and therefore my life has not been very happy; but, on the other hand, it has sauntered on untroubled. I have been traveling in Wales and many parts of England, spending nearly three weeks at Carolside, in Berwickshire, with the Mitchells—pleasant and accomplished people, and extremely kind.

“I wish for the next few months to sever myself, if possible, from all old associations, and, as it were, begin life afresh. Consequently, I shall write no letters, and shall not have any forwarded to me. After Egypt, perhaps I may go to Greece, perhaps to Algiers, perhaps to Jerusalem; but wherever I may be I shall retain a lively sense of the pleasant hours I have passed with you. Sometimes I fear that I have permanently hurt myself, and form plans of leaving London altogether—but time will show.”

## CHAPTER VII.

Responsibility—Kindness—Alexandria—Cairo—The Nile—Education—Thebes—Talk with Mr. Longmore—Nubia—Love of Antiquities—Preparations for the Desert—Stay in Cairo—Suez—Major Macdonald—Sinai—Petra—Jerusalem—Dead Sea—Mill on Buckle—Nabulus—Nazareth—The Fatal Illness—Visit from Mr. Gray—Tiberias—Akka—Tyre—Sidon—The Last Letter—Beyrout—Damascus—Illness increasing—Death.

ON Sunday, 20th October, 1861, Buckle embarked at Southampton on the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Ceylon, for Alexandria, and saw the shores of England for the last time. He had now undertaken, for the first time in his life, the responsible care of two children, one fourteen and the other eleven years old, of whom, moreover, he knew little beyond what he had gleaned from their parents and the family physician. He knew his responsibility, and undertook their care as none without his depth of feeling and warmth of heart could have done. How he understood it is shown by the following letter, written soon after his return from Nubia :

"I do not wonder at your anxiety in being so long without intelligence ; but I have done all in my power, and have never, since we left England, allowed a post to go by without writing. Your picture of your imagination of my hanging over the bed of a sick boy, and bringing you back a child the less, has gone to my very heart, and made me feel quite miserable, since I know what must have

passed through your mind and what you must have suffered before you would write this. But why, dear Mrs. Huth, why will you allow your judgment to be led captive by such dark imaginings? I never begin any considerable enterprise without well weighing the objections against it. In taking your children where I have taken them, and where they are about to go, I have estimated all the difficulties, or, if you will, all the dangers, and I *know* that I am able to meet them. I say that I *know* it. And I am too deeply conscious of my own responsibility to write such a word loosely or rashly. Here, as elsewhere, some rare combination of events, or some insidious physical action, creeping unobserved through the human frame, and stealthily coming on years before, may prostrate one of your boys, as it may prostrate you or your husband. This may happen in the healthiest climate, and in spite of the tenderest care. But it is my deliberate opinion that until you see your boys again they will run no risk greater than they would have run had they spent the same time under your roof. The excitement of the brain caused by traveling and the scenes through which they pass is in itself a source of health; and though you, of course, love your children better than I do, and better, indeed, than any one does—for who knows so well as I that no love can equal the love of a mother?—still, even you could not watch them more carefully than I do; and, as you would be the first to acknowledge, you would watch them with less knowledge both of what should be guarded against and what should be done. The boys are, and have been all along, in perfect health. . . . As the boys were vaccinated three years ago, there is no occasion to repeat the

operation. The protection is complete. There *are* instances of persons having the small-pox who have been so recently vaccinated, just as there are instances of persons having the small-pox twice. But there are also instances of people being killed on the railroad ; and as there are no railroads in Palestine or Syria, we may fairly put one danger against the other, both being about equal. . . . Meanwhile, do not be uneasy ; I pray you, do not be uneasy. I know well what I am doing, and I know how much depends on my doing it properly. Besides, if you give way to anxiety, you will make yourself ill ; and, if you get ill, my excellent friend Huth will hate me as the cause, and, maybe, will poison me in my food when I come home. So be of good cheer."

They had not got cabins together, as Buckle had taken his before it was decided that the boys should accompany him ; but they were not separated even for one night, for, on the day they started, the two gentlemen who had berths in Mr. Buckle's cabin good-naturedly exchanged, and they were all together. To this Mr. Buckle alludes in one of his letters : "I had a little difficulty about getting them into my cabin, because I had to *talk over* two different gentlemen, the inmates of it. But, somehow or other, I generally end by getting my own way, and we are now all together."

Buckle at this time was aged thirty-nine, but looked fully forty-five, and would have looked even older but for the rich brown color of his hair. A tall and slender, but not thin figure, slightly bowed ; a dignified carriage ; a bald head, with the hair brushed over it, as in the frontispiece ; the beginnings of a beard ; a short, slightly aquiline nose ; a high forehead ; and singularly vivacious eyes made

up a figure which struck one as refined, notwithstanding his shabby, though by no means slovenly, dress. He wore for the journey an old swallow-tailed coat, of a cut that was somewhat out of date, but such as I have seen worn by old-fashioned men ten years after his death, a double-breasted brown waistcoat, and dark trousers. In cold weather he wore an old brown overcoat, which he had worn for many years, and hoped to wear many years more; for, as he says in one of his letters, "My maxim is economy, not parsimony; and, though I never throw away money, I never spare it on emergencies." He thought that men should be careless of their dress, and had a great contempt for those who decked out their persons with jewels. But he liked to see women pay attention to dress, and once said, "it was a woman's duty to look well," as long as they did not pay too much; though he would rather see a woman careless than vain, and slovenly than devote all her thought to personal decoration.

His care and attention to the two boys was unremitting, and during the first two or three days, while they were still sea-sick, he used even to fetch them books, wrappers, and all they needed. The only books he had brought with him were, Sharpe's "History of Egypt," Osborn's "Monumental History of Egypt,"<sup>1</sup> Martineau's "Egypt, Past and Present," Russell's "Egypt," Bohn's "Herodotus," Milman's "History of the Jews," "Murray," the Bible, "Shakespeare," and "Molière," and he allowed no others, because he wished to drive the boys by very weariness to read the books he had brought, knowing well that, since they were accustomed to read, and as there was little that

<sup>1</sup> Which he thought did not add to the reputation of its author.

could amuse them on board, they would require no other inducement to read on the history of the country they were about to visit. His plan was perfectly successful, and they not only read, but took a pride in reading. For himself, besides talk, his chief amusement was draughts with a gentleman on board, who happened to be a good player, but who could never understand how it was that Buckle always won.

Nothing of interest occurred during the voyage, with the exception of some wonderful theatricals brought out by the sailors, who acted a tremendously sensational piece called "Red-hand, the Gypsy." They painted their scenery themselves, with foliage that might have been drawn by an ancient Egyptian; and the only drawback to the full enjoyment of the play was that the orchestra shut out all view of the stage. The usual sights were seen, the rock of Gibraltar examined, and the view enjoyed from St. George's Gallery. Valetta was also visited, and the Church of St. John duly admired. The sea, which had been rather rough until Gibraltar was reached, was like glass from there to Alexandria.

At landing, the usual scene occurred, familiar now to all the world. Little has changed since then. As soon as the Indian passengers had gone off, a boat was selected from the surrounding flotilla, and the party made for a wooden pier, so tightly packed with yelling Arabs that at first it seemed impossible to land. A plentiful use of the stick from the presiding sheik at length made it possible. How the luggage got up was a mystery; but it did, and a seething mass of blue and white cotton rags fought a battle over it. More use of the stick, and each piece of baggage took a pair of legs to itself, and went off in different di-



rections. It assembled again, however, where a few officials were lounging outside a shed, and was all thrown down in a heap in the open street. A faint show was made of opening the biggest box, but five shillings made everything comfortable. The Arabs shouldered their burdens, stood in a row to be counted, and then started for the Hôtel de l'Europe. On the way there was a constant bombardment of donkeys, who are shoved by their drivers pertinaciously in the way; and, as the quarter just about the landing-place is inhabited chiefly by natives, the streets are so narrow that walking through the donkeys is difficult. Soon a grave-looking Oriental, in Turkish dress, accosted Mr. Buckle, and showed him papers; he was a dragoman, and was showing his testimonials from former travelers. Buckle promised to inquire about him, and the hotel was at last reached. Here Mr. Buckle, after his usual custom, engaged rooms on the top floor of the hotel. These were nice and cool, the thermometer showing only 76°; and he then sallied forth to the bank, for it was only 10 A. M., and made inquiries about the dragoman, Hassan Vyse! so called because he had served the explorer of the Pyramids; for the Arabs put the surname first, and then take a distinguishing title after it. The inquiries being satisfactory, he was engaged, and the day was finished with dinner at the *table-d'hôte*, and a cup of coffee at a Turkish coffee-house.

Buckle spent the first day or two in making purchases of tobacco, Turkish slippers, a pipe, and other preparations; seeing Pompey's Pillar, and what part of the Catacombs was visible—for the pasha had lately had them shut up, as it was reported that some treasure had been found

there. But the greatest difficulty was finding a boat, or dahabeeyeh, as they are called, concerning which, and other things, he wrote the following very interesting letter :

“ . . . The heat is intense, and I keep both the boys indoors the greater part of the day. I have tried in vain to get a good European servant, so I see after everything myself, and am extremely particular about their ablutions and change of linen, so absolutely necessary in such a climate as this. We received your very welcome letters yesterday, having ourselves written to you the day before. We also wrote from Gibraltar and Malta. I hope that we shall start for Cairo in two or three days ; but the difficulties are great, owing to the railroad being washed away by the unusually high rise of the Nile. The demand for boats is consequently enormous, and the prices the owners ask are fabulous. I have seen several boats to-day, and one man demanded £35 from here to Cairo, a journey of three to four days at the outside. I have been forced to expose myself nearly all day to the sun—boat-hunting, and am rather exhausted ; but I feel in better health and spirits than at any time during the last three years.\* Especially I am conscious of an immense increase of brain power, grasping great problems with a firmness which, at one time, I feared had gone from me for ever. I feel that there is yet much that I shall live to do. *Once* you asked me how I rated myself in comparison with Mill. I now certainly fancy that I can see things which Mill does not ; but I believe that, on the whole, he is a greater man than I am, and will leave a greater name behind him. This is egotistical, but I am only so to those I care for ; and my

\* I. e., since the death of his mother.

letters are intended to be sacredly private to you and your husband, though I am always willing that my dear old friend Capey<sup>3</sup> shall see them—but NO ONE ELSE.<sup>4</sup> Tell him, with my best love, that I have received his letter, and will write to him from Cairo.<sup>5</sup> Your sons are everything I could wish; they attach themselves much to me, and I to them. A Scotchman on board said, ‘Why, dear me, sir, how fond those boys do seem of you!’ And so I am sure they are. I hope and believe that this journey will be an epoch in their lives, morally and intellectually. They are very diligent in reading; but I never prescribe any hours or daily task, merely telling them that the only reward I require for watching over them is that they should acquire knowledge. . . .

“Tobacco and pipes are very cheap; everything else enormously dear: ale, two shillings a bottle; soda-water, one shilling; miserable carriages, six shillings an hour; and so forth. And yet with all this the labor market is in such a state that an unskilled laborer earns with difficulty twopence a day. Wages low and profits high.”

At length he found a suitable boat, iron built, and with superior fittings—not so luxurious as many that are now on the Nile, but incomparably superior to those of Miss Martineau’s time. It belonged to Abdallah Pasha, a European, had the reputation of being fast, and was called El

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. George Capel, an old friend of both Mr. Buckle and the Huths, and the means of introduction between them.

<sup>4</sup> This is the first time this passage has seen the light; but, now that both Mr. Buckle and Mr. Mill are dead, there is no longer any occasion to suppress it.

<sup>5</sup> This letter *was* written, but I have not seen it, and do not know whether it exists.

Ableh, or the Wild One. Its hire was £60 a month, a largish sum then, but nothing to what is now given. Buckle ordered it to proceed to Boulak as soon as it could be got ready, for the railway had been repaired sooner than was expected, and it would have been useless to dawdle away time on a canal. The exposure to the sun, however, brought on so sharp a choleraic attack that he had to keep his bed the greater part of the day, and only set out for Cairo on the next. But when he got to Cairo he was so little the worse for it that, despite his six hours' railway journey, he spent the evening in "exploring" that city with some friends he had made on board the Ceylon.

The party put up at the Hôtel d'Orient, which at that time had the garden of the Esbeekeeyeh almost under its windows. Cairo has changed wofully for the worse since then. The best half of this garden has been built over; and what remains is laid out in French style, with grass that won't grow, and broken and dirty little gas-lamps round its little ponds. Then it was open to every one, and, though nothing in comparison with a good European garden, it was beautiful in dusty Cairo, with its luxuriant native vegetation. The dahabeeyeh was not expected to arrive for a week, and in the mean while Buckle's time was fully occupied in seeing Cairo. His ordinary practice was to rise at six, read Sharpe's "Egypt," or "Murray," or some other book on the country; walk fifteen minutes, and breakfast at nine. He then went about sight-seeing or paying visits; took a light lunch of bread and fruit about one o'clock, and dined at six; played a game of backgammon with one of the boys, but not immediately

after dinner, and always for some stake, generally a half-penny, because he considered that even a small stake prevented reckless play; read again from eight to ten, and then went to bed; or sometimes retired a little earlier, lit a cigar, and read as long as it lasted.

So well and joyous did he feel here that he made up his mind to continue his journey to Palestine, and with this object bought Robinson's "Biblical Researches"; and an Arabic grammar and dictionary, for the purpose of studying Arabic. He soon found, however, that his brain was not yet strong enough to allow him to study so difficult a language, and had to put it aside.

From Cairo he writes as follows, 15th November, 1861:

"We hope to leave here for Thebes to-morrow, provided the boat can be provisioned by then. It is a first-rate boat; and, as we shall be in it three months, I am doing what I know you would do if you were here, sparing no expense in laying in every comfort that can insure health. I feel the responsibility of your dear children, perhaps more than I expected, but I am not anxious; for I am conscious of going to the full extent of my duty, and neglecting nothing; and when a man does this, he must leave the unknown and invisible future to take care of itself. . . . If the boys improve still further in health, and if I find that they are reaping real intellectual benefit, I propose taking them in February to Jerusalem, and thence making excursions in Palestine — explaining to them at the same time the essential points in Jewish history, and connecting it with the history of Egypt. The few books which I require can be got here; all except

one, viz., 'Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.' This you (all my letters are to you and your husband jointly) will please to get, and send to Briggs, at Cairo; also some letter stamps, and a letter of credit on Jerusalem, or some place as near Jerusalem as possible. I shall write to England by this mail for more money for myself, and therefore I shall only use your letter of credit to about the extent of your boys' expenses. Furthermore, I shall want a letter of credit on Constantinople, as I propose sailing for that city direct from Palestine, and then ascending the Danube to Vienna (now a very easy journey), and meeting you all there in May or June. To make sure, it may be advisable to send, by separate mails, duplicate letters of credit on Jerusalem and Constantinople. I could draw all the money here, but there is the chance of robbery in the desert. There is NO FEAR OF VIOLENCE, for I shall have the best escort that money can procure. My maxim is economy, not parsimony; and, though I never throw away money, I never spare it on emergencies. If in the spring there are any disturbances in Arabia or Syria, be you well assured that I shall not set forth there. I find that my reputation has preceded me here; and as I know, consequently, some influential persons, and among them a pasha and a bey, I shall have the best information as to what is going on in the countries through which we are to pass.

"I am better than I have been for years, and feel full of life and thought. How this country makes me speculate! I am up at six o'clock every morning, and yet there seems no day—so much is there to see and think of. I try to pour some of my overflowings into the little chaps; time will show if I succeed, but I think I shall do something

toward making them more competent and finished men than they would otherwise be.

“And now, my dear Mrs. Huth, do you seriously expect that I am going to answer your questions of casuistry about going to church, expressing free opinions, and fuller amusement—questions which it would take pages to answer. All I can say is that the true Utilitarian philosophy NEVER allows any one, for the sake of present and temporary benefits, either to break a promise or tell a falsehood. Such things degrade the mind, and are therefore evil in themselves. But, if you made a promise to your child, and then found that keeping this promise would ruin the health of your child, what sort of mother would you be if you were to keep your promise? The other point is more difficult; but *I* would not hesitate to tell a falsehood to save the life of any one dear to me—though I know that many competent judges differ as to this; and in the present state of knowledge the problem is perhaps incapable of scientific treatment: it is, therefore, in such cases, for each to act according to his own lights.”

The boat did not arrive till Tuesday, 20th November, when Ayrton Bey, a friend of Buckle's, who had also once occupied the boat, called to tell him that it was at Shoubra. Thither Buckle and the boys walked, and had their first sail up to Boulak. The next day they took up their abode on board; but delay in provisioning and then contrary winds prevented a start before Sunday, 25th; and altogether the journey up to Thebes was not a very rapid one.

But for all that the days passed quickly enough. The hours kept were much the same as at Cairo. Buckle took

care to have his daily walk before breakfast, and generally managed to get another walk of about an hour in the course of the day. Sometimes he read in the forenoon, sometimes he was engaged in ticketing and cataloguing antiquities, which he now began to collect, and in which he took a great interest. The afternoon was spent in games of backgammon, in smoking, and reading, or in teaching the boys *écarté* and draughts; but he always expected them to read the greater part of the morning; and he taught them to make maps of Egypt and Palestine. During the walks he questioned them on what they had read, told them stories, and taught them elementary physiology, explaining the human anatomy, and even making them remember its barbarous nomenclature, knowing well that a knowledge of anatomy without this would be like a knowledge of geography without the names, but always taking especial care that these should not be merely names to them, but represent real ideas. If there was any rule as regards their health which he particularly wished to impress upon them, he told them anecdotes of cases in which they had been disregarded, with all the dreadful consequences; and such anecdotes were indelibly fixed in their memory. He would also make them write out lists of dates, such as the Conquest of Egypt by Cambyzes, by Alexander, and Amrou; the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; the foundation of Samaria; the Conquest, by Titus, etc., etc., and carry these lists about with them, so as easily to fix them in their memory; while, to see that they did so, he would question them while on their walks. As before, however, he never forced the boys to read; he only made them understand that he was pleased if they did, and hurt if they



did not; and, as a further and perhaps necessary precaution, where the choice lies between Robinson's dry researches and Shakespeare, he removed the latter.

Buckle's own account of his system of education is given in the following letter :

*" 14th December, 1861.*

"The journey up the Nile, though slow, has not been dull, as we have plenty of occupation; and the boys, I am truly pleased to say, are most anxious to instruct themselves, and without any pressure on my part they read quite as much as I wish. Lest the long confinement should be injurious, I stop the boat twice every day, and we walk with an escort on shore. Then, and in the evening, I talk to them about what they have seen and read, and, having encouraged them to state their opinions, I give them mine, and explain how it is that we differ. They have accumulated a great number of historical and geographical facts. But that is not my chief object; what I aim at is, to train them to consider everything from the largest and highest point of view that their years and abilities will allow. To this I make everything subordinate, save and except their health. At first they were evidently bewildered by the multiplicity of new details which crowded on their minds; but gradually those details took a regular and orderly form, spontaneously arranging themselves under general heads. To hasten this movement, without overworking their brains, is the most difficult part of my undertaking. But I will venture to say that if you could now see them you would be convinced that their health must have been well attended to; while if you could talk to them, you would be equally well satisfied respecting the other part of the ques-

tion. Perhaps this sounds too much like praising myself ; but your children are so far from you that I had rather be deemed vainglorious than conceal facts concerning them which it will please you to hear. . . .

“ Besides the general history and geography of the East, I am teaching the boys by conversation (for I have no books on the subject) the elements of physiology, and explaining to them the general laws which connect animals with plants. Two or three days ago I first began to proceed further, and opened up the relations which the animal and vegetable kingdoms bear to the mineral world. — was never weary of listening and asking questions. . . . His eyes quite sparkled, and beamed with light, as he traversed (though, of course, very indistinctly) the field of thought.

“ You have, I suppose, received a letter which I wrote from Cairo. . . . If so, I must trouble you to send to the same address another parcel, containing Josephus's ‘ History of the Jewish War ’ ; his ‘ Own Life,’ and his ‘ Antiquities of the Jews.’ As these are for the boys, they must all be in English. The translation of the ‘ Jewish War ’ by Traill is better than the old one by Whiston. I also want Jahn's ‘ Hebrew Commonwealth,’ and a volume on the history, etc., of Palestine, published in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library ; likewise a very small volume on human physiology, forming part of Chambers's Educational Course. I am not quite certain as to the title, but you can hardly mistake it, as the subject is the physiology of man, and it is a thin one-and-sixpenny or two-shilling book, with cuts. Then, some more thin writing paper, and a small but good revolver, with a leather belt in which it can be worn—such

belts are made expressly. The revolver should be as light as is consistent with its being an effective weapon. But you know that I am not expert with fire-arms; it must not, therefore, have any needless complications. . . .

“The boys’ Bible has no Apocrypha; and I want to explain to them the character of that most remarkable Maccabæan revolution which broke out two centuries before Christ. If, therefore, you can buy the Apocrypha separate, and in a portable form, do so; but it is not worth while to send out another whole Bible, as my memory will enable me to explain the main points without it.

“We live in great comfort, and indeed luxury: an iron boat, with good bedrooms, and a saloon that could dine eight persons; and we sail quicker than any boat on the Nile. I have engaged the cook the Rothschilds had when they were in Egypt. He is really a first-rate cook, and makes, I think, the best bread I ever tasted. I let the boys live generously; but I carefully watch the effect of their food, and occasionally put them on a spare diet, to avoid medicine. . . . They get up before seven, and go to bed at 8.10. The latter part of the arrangement they don’t always approve of, but they never resist me when they see I am in earnest; and I am peremptory on this point, believing that early sleep is of supreme importance to them, living as they do amid such exciting scenes, and with their attention continually on the stretch. . . .”

Perhaps the following two letters from the two boys, written for the same post as the above, will show more clearly than anything the nature of this education:

“We have been on the Nile about three weeks, and expect to be at Thebes in a few days. We have not seen

any temples or tombs yet, except the tombs at Siout, which is the capital of Upper Egypt. The tombs there are not nearly as good as we shall see when we are coming back. But I have picked up a piece of mummy cloth; and I have bought a little idol of our donkey-man, which I gave twenty paras for (which is equal to three farthings). Mr. B. says that it is sure to be real, because it does not pay to forge such cheap things. You can not think how jolly it is. Mr. B. lets us do what we like; and the only lessons we do as yet is reading. . . . We have seen no crocodiles yet, but Hassan says that we shall see plenty by-and-by. I mean to buy a small one, and send it home to be stuffed, unless I get a letter to the contrary when we get back to Cairo. I have made a little map of Egypt, and I mean to mark the places that we have been to, and then send it to you when we get back to Cairo. This letter will be posted at Thebes, and we have told Briggs to forward your letter there. The Egyptian post goes as far as Assouan, which is at the first cataract. Mr. B. thinks of going to Nubia, as far as the second cataract; but it depends on the size of the other boat which we shall have to hire at the first cataract. In your next letter tell me if you would like a mummied cat. I am not quite sure whether I shall be able to get it, but I think I can. Ask Mr. C. if he would like one too; as I am afraid there is no chance of getting any models; but I shall try and get a photograph of the Pyramids. The wind has just got up, and we are sailing fast; if it keeps so we may get to Thebes to-morrow; but we are only going to post letters there, and then go on, for we do not mean to see any remains till we come back. We have got about the best boat on the Nile, and the best cook, and a

very good dragoman, who was a long time with Colonel Vyse, who explored the Pyramids, and discovered some chambers in them. I have read Sharpe's 'History of Egypt,' and Martineau and Russell's 'Egypt,' and Herodotus, and now I am reading the 'History of the Jews.' I shall not tell you anything about Mr. B.'s plans for Syria and Palestine and Mount Sinai, as he will most likely tell you more about it than I could; but won't it be jolly to go to all these places! We are all jolly, and Bucky is a brick.

"Please answer about the crocodile and all that, or else I shall not know what to do. . . . Tell — that Mr. B. says there is no fear of the Arabs stealing us, because it would not be worth their while; but he is afraid they will steal him, because he is such a nice little fellow."

The second letter is as follows:

". . . I have finished Sharpe's 'History of Egypt' and Milman's 'History of the Jews'; and now I am going to begin the Bible, and read all about the Jews in there. We have been talking to Mr. B. about physiology, and he says, when we have finished reading about Egypt and Palestine, he will write for a book about it. We have got a very good boat; it is built of iron, and has beaten three boats already that started two days before us. I have made a map of Egypt and a map of Asia Minor. To-day I saw rafts of pottery coming from Kenneh. We have got a very good cook. He can make plum-pudding, and he can make Irish stew as well as Mr. Buckle's cook. Here we always have marmalade and curry for breakfast. The time here is about six hours faster than in England, because we are so much farther east. It is about as hot

here as it was last summer in England. Mr. Buckle has been explaining to us the relation of minerals and plants and animals to each other, and the way in which animals get minerals through plants; and that while animals are poisoning the air, plants are purifying it. . . . I have finished reading Herodotus, Martineau, and Russell's 'Egypt.' When we came to Alexandria, Mr. Buckle allowed us two shillings a week."

Thus was the time passed daily on the Nile, until six o'clock brought the proof of the cook's skill, which we have seen praised so highly in his letter. After dinner he sat with the boys in semi-darkness for a quarter of an hour or so, playing and joking with them, till they generally ended in a violent romp, and now and then a smash of crockery or windows. A breakage, however, had to be paid for. Buckle himself boasted that he had never broken anything since he was quite a youth, with the exception of one tumbler, which had slipped through his fingers on a very cold day; and he gave the boys a special allowance to pay for their breakages, with the result that such accidents were not nearly as common as they otherwise would have been, for the boys had plenty of use for their money. They, too, took an interest in antiquities and curiosities, and began to form a collection, in which they were much assisted by Buckle, and allowed to think that the assistance was reciprocal.

A good wind brought the dahabeeyeh to Thebes on the 14th December, with "all well and in high spirits." They immediately landed, and, after seeing Luxor, visited Karnak, "that wonderful temple," as Buckle can not resist calling it in his diary. The following day Luxor was

again visited, and then he crossed the Nile, and saw the Memnones—the temples of the Memnonium and Medeenet Haboo, and finally, after dinner, went to Karnak, “and saw that prodigious ruin by moonlight.”

“One thing I will say,” he afterward wrote from Cairo, “that everything which travelers relate of Egypt fails to give an idea of the real wonders of this most interesting country. To tell you that I have seen a single ruin (the temple of Karnak at Thebes) which, when complete, measured a mile and a half in circumference, sounds very strange; but that is nothing when compared with the amazing grandeur of the colossal statues, and the pillars which support the edifice. And, then, the minute finish of the sculpture which covered the walls of the Egyptian temple is as noticeable as their grandeur.”

And again he writes to another friend:

“To give you even the faintest idea of what I have seen in this wonderful country is impossible. No art of writing can depict it. If I were to say that the temple of Karnak at Thebes can even now be ascertained to have measured a mile and a half in circumference, I should, perhaps, only tell you what you have read in books; but I should despair if I were obliged to tell you what I felt when I was in the midst of it, and contemplated it as a living whole, while every part was covered with sculptures of exquisite finish, except where hieroglyphics crowded on each other so thickly that it would require many volumes to copy them. There stood their literature in the midst of the most magnificent temples ever raised by the genius of man. I went twice to see it by moonlight, when the vast masses of light and shade rendered it absolutely ap-

palling. But I fear to write like a guide-book, and had rather abstain from details till we meet. One effect, however, I must tell you that my journey has produced upon me. Perhaps you may remember how much I always preferred form to color; but now, owing to the magical effect of this, the driest atmosphere in the world, I am getting to like color more than form. The endless variety of hues is extraordinary. Owing to the transparency of the air, objects are seen (as nearly as I can judge) more than twice the distance they can be seen in England under the most favorable circumstances. Until my eye became habituated to this, I often over-fatigued myself by believing that I could reach a certain point in a certain time. The result is a wealth and exuberance of color which is hardly to be credited, and which I doubt if any painter would dare to represent. . . . If you were here, and felt as I do what it is to have the brain every day over-excited—be constantly drunk with pleasure—you would easily understand how impossible much letter-writing becomes, and how impatient one grows of fixing upon paper ‘thoughts which burn.’ But, as you know of old, if my friends were to measure my friendship by the length of my letters, they would do me great injustice.”

Color was, however, his oldest love, to which he now returned, and with even more ardor and devotion after seeing Petra, with its perpendicular walls of living rock, honeycombed with temples, dwellings, and tombs, and streaked with colors so bright, so various, and yet in such perfect harmony that no one who has not actually seen it can form any idea of the general effect—an effect which is further heightened by the tumbled masses of rock and



the bushes and trees which hang on every ledge and spring from every fissure.

The view over the Libyan plain of Thebes is perhaps the most beautiful, and certainly the most characteristic, in Egypt. For beyond fields of lupins and waving corn still sit the two colossi, as they have sat for three thousand years—now, alas! sadly battered, but yet majestic in their solitary grandeur. A little to the right and behind is the Memnonium, with its background of the Libyan hills, which catch the parting rays of the sun on their white and broken cliffs, and the slope of the Assaseef, riddled with gaping tombs. Still further on the right are the remains of the temple of El Goorneh, and a collection of mud huts of the same name; while on the extreme left are the huge mounds and mighty ruins of the temple of Medeenet Haboo.

A final look at the latter temple, and at certain tombs of the Assaseef and its neighborhood; and then, at five o'clock on the 16th, sail was made for Assuan, which the Ableh reached on the 22d.

As is usual, however, a halt had been made at Esneh, to allow the crew to bake their bread; and Buckle occupied his spare time in visiting the shamefully neglected temple of this place. Here were two other boats—the *Fortunata*, on board of which was Mr. Longmore, who has since written an interesting account of his meetings with Buckle during the journey; and the *Canopus*, occupied by two clergymen. On board the latter, Mr. Longmore made Buckle's acquaintance, and thus records the conversation: "Though he smoked continuously during our interview, he was by no means solely occupied with that.

recreation, for he talked nearly as continuously. A good deal of the time during which we were on board the *Canopus* together, he spent in maintaining that a constitutional country like England was never so well governed as when the sovereign was either a *débauché* or an imbecile. In proof of this rather paradoxical position, he instanced the reign of Henry the Third; and Charles the Second, to which we owe our *Habeas Corpus* Act, and one he still more admired, *de non Comburendo Hereticos*;<sup>6</sup> and those of George the Second and George the Third—as the reigns in which we had made the greatest progress. With the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, and other absolute monarchs, it was different, for they, if energetic men, could do what they liked with the resources they governed, and thus leave to posterity such wonderful monuments of their magnificence as we had recently been admiring on the banks of the Nile.’ “Subsequently, during the same visit to the *Canopus*,” continues Mr.

<sup>6</sup> This proposition is sketched out in that part of the Introduction to the “History of Civilization” which refers to the attempt of the Spanish governments to improve the people. On the Act *de non Comburendo Hereticos* he has the following: “By the old law of England the bishops were not allowed the luxury of burning heretics, except by the authority of a writ issued by the king in council. But Henry the Fourth procured a law ordering that all heretics were to be judged by the bishop of the diocese, and, if found guilty, to be burnt without any reference to the consent, or even to the knowledge, of the crown.”—Pp. 120, 121, vol. i., “Buckle’s Posthumous and Miscellaneous Writings”; fragment on “Bishops,” under the “Reign of Elizabeth.”

<sup>7</sup> He could not, however, have meant that under capable despots there is as much progress as under imbecile monarchs in free constitutions. What he probably said was, that these monuments were raised *because* the government was despotic in its strictest sense, which implies misery to the people. And, secondly, that under a despotic government the country is wholly dependent on the capability of its ruler—progressing under a great man, and going back again under a reckless or foolish one.

Longmore, "some reference being made to modern spiritualism, Mr. Buckle graphically narrated his experiences during a *séance* at which he had been present shortly before leaving London. This *séance* took place in the house, he said, of a Cabinet Minister, who, he was quite satisfied, would not have lent himself to any collusive trickery to facilitate the proceedings of the mediums. The chief of these was Mr. Home; and various marvelous phenomena were produced, more particularly the floating of a large circular drawing-room table in mid-air. These manifestations Mr. Buckle was unable to explain on any known physical laws. 'But,' he added, 'while I can not admit there is anything supernatural about them, I think it quite possible there may be a development of some new force well worthy of scientific investigation.' He afterward mentioned that Mr. Home called on him shortly after the *séance*, and told him that he was anxious that he, a man well known in the literary world, and recognized as no granter of propositions he had not duly examined for himself, would take up the subject of spiritualism, and after sufficiently testing the reality of its phenomena—in doing which Mr. Home offered every assistance in his power—announce to the world to what conclusion he had come. Mr. Home volunteered that, whenever Mr. Buckle wished it, he would readily come to his house, and perform his experiments there, so that there might be no suspicion of apparatus or collusion being employed to deceive him. In conclusion, Mr. Buckle told us he was so pleased with Mr. Home that he was quite willing to agree to his proposal; but that, the second volume of his book being then nearly ready for press, his time had been so occupied with it that

he was quite unable to take the subject of spiritualism up before his health broke down, and he was compelled to leave England. But he was resolved to investigate it on his return home—a return which, alas ! never took place.”<sup>8</sup>

At Assouan Mr. Buckle again met Mr. Longmore ; and, since with returning strength his love of conversation was also returning, seeking a cultivated companion to whom he could talk during his projected tour in Palestine, he invited him to accompany him during that journey ; but Mr. Longmore was unfortunately obliged “reluctantly to decline.”<sup>9</sup> Here arrangements were made for hiring another boat ; for, though all but the very biggest dahabeeyehs can pass the cataract, yet, as El Ableh was built of iron, any damage she might receive in the passage could not have been repaired in so primitive a place. To a wooden boat an occasional bump against a rock does no harm, and the only danger that is run is the chance that the boat may escape down the rapid—a danger which is effectually guarded against by ropes made fast to rocks ; the boat is then hauled up a little farther and again made fast, while the first ropes are loosed, and the process repeated.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> From Mr. J. A. Longmore's account in the “Athenæum,” p. 115, No. 2861, for 25th January, 1873.

<sup>9</sup> “Athenæum,” p. 115, 25th January, 1873.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Glennie says : “Still grander, however [than ascending], was the shooting of this first cataract, on our descending the Nile three weeks afterward. Some travelers do not risk it ; nor, I believe, did Mr. Buckle ; but I found it one of the most glorious sensations I ever experienced.”—“Pilgrim Memories,” p. 21. A truly heroic feat ! which strangely recalls to us the anecdote told to Pepys of the passage of a Frenchman through London Bridge : “Where, when he saw the great fall, he began to cross himself and say his prayers in the greatest fear in the world, and, soon as he was over, he swore, ‘*Morbleu ! c'est le plus grand plaisir du monde.*’”—“Pepys's Diary,” 8th August, 1662.

The boat engaged for the Nubian trip was little better than a common merchantman, the wild prototype of the civilized dahabeeyeh. Many windows were broken ; and though Buckle had a letter of introduction to the Governor of Assouan from his Cairene friends, all his power was unable to produce a square inch of glass, and they had therefore to be patched up with paper. Two days were occupied in transferring stores, during which Buckle visited the Cataracts, the island of Elephanta, and "the beautiful island of Philæ," and also bought a great many antiquities.

He started on the 24th December, came back on the 8th January, and the next day the party rode back to the dahabeeyeh, which seemed quite a palace after the wretched boat they had just left. "We have all been, and are remarkably well," he writes. "The journey into Nubia, notwithstanding its many discomforts, was in the highest degree curious and instructive ; and, as I took extra precautions as regards diet and health, it did us no harm. . . . The heat in Nubia was intense. On Christmas Day, at half-past eight in the evening, it was in my cabin 81° Fahrenheit, though the sun had been excluded all day. Not one Egyptian traveler in ten enters Nubia ; but, as you see, I felt confident in bringing us all well out of it ; and now that we have been there, I would not have missed it for five hundred pounds. I feel very joyous, and altogether full of pugnacity, so that I wish some one would attack me—I mean, attack me speculatively. I have no desire for a practical combat." And to his aunt he writes from Cairo : "The Nubian part of the journey I had to perform under circumstances of con-

siderable discomfort in a common trading boat ; but every step was to me so full of interest that I was amply repaid."

Everything was ready for the departure, but the wind blew strongly from the north, and forced a delay. Here a Mr. Glennie, who was in a dahabeeyeh on its way up, took the opportunity of having the news of the Prince Consort's death to communicate, to call on Buckle and introduce himself. The conversation on that occasion was, as always with Buckle, extremely animated, and, as Mr. Glennie says, was chiefly on spirit-rapping, as was the conversation with Mr. Longmore at Esneh. There is, however, this difference between the two conversations as recorded by Mr. Longmore and Mr. Glennie—that, while at Esneh Buckle said that he was unable to explain the phenomena on any known physical laws, and added, "While I can not admit there is anything supernatural about them, I think it quite possible there may be a development of some new force well worthy of scientific investigation,"<sup>11</sup> at Assouan he is declared to have believed they *were* supernatural, and performed by spirits, though the movements of table and chairs might not be ; and to have listened with respectful attention and admiration to the explanation, that "just as the molecular motion of one organ of an animal body varying affects, and is affected, by the dynamic equilibrium of every other organ, so may individual bodies, conceived as systems of motion, not only varying affect and be affected by each other, through a mechanically conceived medium, but such influence may be a consequence of mental actions which, if

<sup>11</sup> "Athenæum," p. 115, 25th January, 1878.

they have all mechanical equivalents, would, through a medium, be mechanically communicable.”<sup>12</sup>

Though Buckle was an admirable listener, I do not think he would have had patience to listen to eight pages of this. Be this as it may, however, Buckle, as he previously asked Mr. Longmore, now asked Mr. Glennie to join him on his tour in Palestine, and accepted, as he always was ready to accept, an invitation to spend the evening on board Mr. Glennie's boat. His diary of this day has the following entry: "Thursday, 9th January, 1862. The Nile. Rose at 6.40. Breakfast at 8. At [9] left the boat we had been in to Wady Halfeh, and, riding to Assouan, embarked there in our old boat. Walked 1 hour. Dined at 6. Spent the evening in the dahabeeyeh of a Mr. Glennie, who called on me this afternoon. In bed at 10.10, and to 11.40 read the Bible."

On the following morning, notwithstanding the strong north wind, a start was made. Buckle made but few entries concerning what he saw, but he remarks at Edfoo, "Carefully examined the magnificent temple there, which is the most complete and interesting in all Egypt." Ever since he had left Thebes especially he had taken the greatest interest in collecting antiquities and curiosities, with which he intended to form a museum in the stable belonging to his house. "Connecting these with my reading," he said, "I think I shall make a very interesting collection." Nothing came amiss to him; specimens from the various quarries of Egypt, Nubian and Arab dresses, ornaments, weapons, and utensils, and as many antiquities as he could collect—not confining himself to objects bearing

<sup>12</sup> Glennie, "Pilgrim Memories," pp. 9-17.

an art value, but also buying ancient head-rests, mummy linen, wooden bolts and spoons, and mummy heads, hands, and arms. He loved to trace the likeness between the ancient and modern forms of utensils and weapons; and took so great an interest in everything that he often said, were he only rich enough, he would have all the hieroglyphics in Egypt copied. The following extracts from his catalogue will give some idea of what he collected: <sup>13</sup>

"4. Part of a mummy-case, found in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 22d January, 1862. This is curious from the similarity to our mutes with their wands—two of the Genii.

"8. The sun in the sacred boat. Found in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 20th January, 1862. Tablets of this sort were worn suspended round the neck of the Egyptian judges, and are the supposed origin of the Urim and Thummim of the Hebrews. See Martineau's 'Eastern Life,' 1850, pp. 379, 380.

"43. A piece of mummy-covering, found in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 20th January, 1862. This is curious, as showing how the Egyptians used to represent their enemies on their shoes, for the purpose of trampling on them. From the long noses the captives are probably intended for Jews.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Compare Mr. Glennie's, "He interested himself comparatively but little in the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt," and "He admired the art of Osirianism, though he dismissed its faith as superstition, and was hence, perhaps, more anxious to preserve its idols than to understand its gods."—Pp. 49, 54, "Pilgrim Memories," where a good deal more of the like nonsense may be found.

<sup>14</sup> Compare the story of 'Alá ed-Deen Abu-sh-shámát, in which 'Alá ed-Deen is ordered to be hung by the Khaleefeh. But a friend of his repaired to the prison, and said to the jailer, "Give us some one who is deserving of



“89. A stool used by the Abyssinian women to lean their elbows on. It was made at Gondar, and I bought it of an Abyssinian at Assouan, on 23d December, 1861. I have seen exactly the same stool represented in some of the Egyptian tombs.

“232. Model of the stool, or wooden pillow, used by the ancient Egyptians to rest the head on. It was found in a tomb in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, 16th December, 1861. Exactly the same kind as is now used by the Abyssinians.

“226. A gilt figure of the sacred *tau*, or sign of life. It was presented to the king when he assumed the government, and the early Christians of Egypt adopted it in place of the cross.

“414. Four small cymbals, played with the finger and thumb. They were made at Cairo, where I bought them 17th February, 1862. They supply the place of castanets in the Almeh dance, and were the origin of the Spanish castanet. ‘Wilkinson’s Ancient Egyptians,’ 1854, Vol. I., pp. 98, 99.

“416. The sling commonly used in Egypt to drive birds from the field. It will hold several stones. Such slings are often represented on the old Egyptian monuments. This was made at Cairo, where I bought it on 7th February, 1862.

being put to death.” And he gave him one who was the nearest of men in resemblance to ‘Alá ed-Deen, who was hung in his stead. But now the Khaleefeh wanted to see the body. “So the Khaleefeh went down, accompanied by the Wezeer Jaafar, and proceeded to the gallows; and raising his eyes he saw that the body which was hanging there was not that of ‘Alá ed-Deen.” “How do you know?” asked the Wezeer; and to his reply that this body is long, and the face is black, explains that these are the results of hanging. But the Khaleefeh has the body cut down, and finds written on the heels of the corpse the names of the two Sunnee saints, whereas ‘Alá ed-Deen was himself a Sunnee.

"456. The ordinary Egyptian darabooka, or drum. It is used all through Egypt, and nearly every boat on the Nile is provided with one. Precisely the same instrument is depicted on some of the oldest Egyptian monuments. This I bought at Cairo, 19th February, 1862.

"483. A specimen of the ancient Egyptian bricks, made of Nile mud and straw. I took this on 13th January, from the walls of Eileithyas, now called El Kab, situated about fifty miles south of Thebes.

"339. An imperfect figure of Atome, which I bought at Cairo on 11th February, 1862. His head is decorated with the lotus and plumes, and feather of Ammon. See Birch's 'Gallery of Antiquities,' pp. 21, 22, where he is called Nofre-Athom. He is the Athmon, or Athmoo, of Champollion, Wilkinson, and Rossellini. According to Mrs. Lieder, he was the great god of Heliopolis, and was the parent of mankind—the same as Adam.

"344. A rare, and unusually perfect figure, which I bought from the Odelschachi collection at Cairo, 7th February, 1862. It is like Fig. 16 in Birch's 'Gallery of Antiquities,' except that Isis and Nepthys are not supporting its sides. It represents Pthah 'in his two-fold capacity of Pthah and Socharis.' In his human type he is 'standing upon two crocodiles; perched upon his shoulders are two hawks, which indicate his dominion over the upper and lower hemispheres.' 'The goddess Pasht, bearing on her head the solar disk, and with long wings pendent from her arms,' considered as Merepthah, or the (goddess) loving Pthah, 'aids him behind.'—BIRCH, pp. 15, 16. 'Pthah, or Ptah, was the principal deity and protector of the ancient city of Memphis.'—BIRCH, p. 13.

‘His worship was of the highest antiquity, his name appearing on monuments coëval with the Pyramids themselves.’—BIRCH, p. 14. The fact of this figure of Pthah wanting Isis and Nepthys at the sides proves, says Mrs. Lieder, its great antiquity.”

Six days were spent at Thebes, two of which were devoted almost entirely to antiquity hunting, and the others to sight-seeing, and such antiquities as chance offered. On the 20th January, El Ableh again started, but Buckle wrote nothing concerning the sights he saw, or deeds he did, during his journey down the Nile except the description of Thebes already quoted, and a pleasant account of his visit to Abydos, concerning which he says: “That I have not already been thrown is a marvel, seeing that among other audacious feats I went from the Nile” to Abydos on a donkey, with a cloth for a saddle, and two pieces of rope for stirrups, and in this wretched plight had to ride between eight and nine hours.” From his diary it appears that he only rested three quarters of an hour at Abydos, and returned “quite exhausted.”

The last sight before reaching Cairo was the Pyramids. Donkeys were obtained from Cairo—“jolly-spirited donkeys,” as one of the boys writes, “such as we had not had for a long time up the Nile.” With his usual care, Buckle had warned the boys not to look down on their way up the Pyramids. He himself went up also, but took thirty-eight minutes, and, finding the first passage too difficult, he did not go inside.

At Boulak the boat was moored, but the party were so comfortable in it, and were so much better treated than

<sup>15</sup> Girgeh.

they would have been at a hotel, that they continued to live on board, notwithstanding that the cost was nearly double.

"We have anchored one and a half miles from Cairo," he writes, "as I think living on the Nile more healthy than being in a hotel. I shall therefore keep on the boat, and all my establishment, including my virtuous and noble-minded cook, until we start for the desert. As to Cookey, please God! he and I will never part till the Asiatic part of the journey is ended.

"I am glad that you thought of night-caps; but I did not write for them, because I did not wish to give needless trouble, and excellent Arab caps can be bought here. I had quite determined to provide myself with them. Indeed, I never let the boys be out at all after sunset without seeing that their ears, etc., are covered with a pocket-handkerchief, which I prefer to a scarf, as less heating.

"I make no doubt that we can reach Vienna by June; but to hurry ourselves would spoil all, and be too fatiguing, as for about three months all our traveling will be on camels and horseback. How long do you think of staying at Vienna? and would it matter if we did not arrive there till the first week in July? I suppose you will remain at least a month; and I shall be glad of a little rest to push on the boys in their knowledge, so that they may return to England with everything gathered up and thoroughly digested.

"Good-by! keep up your spirits, and look to the future with confidence. All will go well."

And in a postscript he asks, "Have you heard aught of the Spanish translation of my History?"

In an interesting letter written a few days before to the father of the boys, he writes :

“You ask me about Mill’s ‘Political Economy,’ and in asking you hit one of the very few blots made by that very great man. Mill has, perhaps, fewer prejudices than any living writer ; but he has never quite got rid of the influence of the old *doctrinaire* school. The traditions of that school were handed down to him by his father direct from Jeremy Bentham ; and, though Bentham was one of the most eminent thinkers this or any other country has ever possessed, he was so unversed in the *art* of life (as distinguished from the *science*) that if he had possessed the requisite power he would have inflicted more misery upon England than has ever been inflicted on it by any single man. ‘Meddle, meddle, meddle,’ is always the cry of the speculator, unless he be practitioner as well as speculator. Your knowledge of practical affairs enables you to see, as it were instinctively, that this is wrong ; though to *prove* it to be wrong needs a long, a refined, and an intricate argument. When a man can demonstrate that a thing *ought* to be, the temptation is almost irresistible to cry out it *shall* be. And yet compulsion and interference are so essentially mischievous that it is often better (I believe I may say it is *always* better) to tolerate the worst social evils than to seek to remove those evils by the coarse hand of the legislator. The present state of things in England concerning inheritance and succession is no doubt very bad, and does great harm ; but, unless you can convince society of the harm, any alteration of the law would defeat its own aim by provoking a reaction. The history of human affairs in modern times is the history of these reac-

tions, all of which have been full of danger, and none of which would have occurred if men would bide their time, and would only condescend to sap bad institutions before they try to overthrow them.

“I am very glad that you like ——’s letters; but I assure you that I have not the least hand in them. I make a point of never seeing what the boys write, or of suggesting to them what they should write, except that I sometimes remind them to let you know about their health. —— may possibly have repeated part of my conversation about what we had seen together. However this may be, I have no hesitation in saying that both the boys are much improving. Their habits of industry (I mean industry as a pleasure) are so formed that it is quite a pleasure to me to see them take up their books; and they are beginning to talk with eagerness about saving their money when they go home to form a library of their own. —— told me a day or two ago that he now wondered that he could ever have liked story-books when books of history and travels were so much more interesting. He added, that he should get his mamma to give him other books in exchange for his story-books, since these . . . were by no means good enough for him.

“Such aspirations are not to be laughed at; still less are they to be repressed. . . .

“About the 19th or 20th we shall, I hope, cross the desert to Sinai, and if possible go from Sinai through Petra to Jerusalem. If, as constantly happens, Petra should be unsafe, we shall return to Cairo, after seeing Sinai; and from Cairo cross the desert, at the north by El Arish, to Gaza and Hebron. Directly we get to Cairo I shall

begin to make preparations, and buy the tents, furniture, etc. In Palestine and Syria I do not intend to go into hotels anywhere, nor even at Jerusalem. They are often damp and dirty, and I am satisfied that tent-life, with proper precautions, may be made extremely healthy. But I have as yet found few travelers who will take these precautions; and three or four parties on the Nile who wished to travel with us to Jerusalem, under one common arrangement, have turned back, and declined my plans as too extravagant. And yet, if I know anything of myself, there is no one less extravagant than I am. But in these countries (especially when we shall undergo the fatigue of traveling eight or nine hours every day for weeks on camels or on horseback) comfort and health are synonymous. I shall buy at Cairo iron bedsteads and good thick blankets; and, looking at these and other appliances, my dragoman calculates that we shall need eighteen or twenty camels. At present we have three servants—our dragoman (i. e., Hassan), an excellent cook, and a boy about eighteen or nineteen; the boy is dull and inefficient, so I shall get rid of him at Cairo,<sup>16</sup> but the other two I shall take on with me. Instead, therefore, of the badly cooked, indigestible stuff which most Eastern travelers eat at the khans, or in large towns at the hotels,<sup>17</sup> we shall be well fed; and, if I can succeed in keeping the boys' digestive functions in complete order, I have not the smallest fear of the fatigue and exposure hurting them. I shall supply

<sup>16</sup> Or, as one of the boys has it: "Instead of our fool of a boy, we are going to have a man to wait on us, who has been in the desert before. Mr. B. says that it makes him mad to talk to the boy we have now."

<sup>17</sup> This is all changed now, and travelers generally have their own cooks. Even in 1862 people were beginning to travel more luxuriously.

my servants well with fire-arms, and have the best escort that can be procured. My present plan is to buy three horses at Cairo, and have them sent on to meet us when we enter Palestine; for some of the best horses in the world, the fine old Arab breed, are to be had at Cairo; and they are perfectly docile and capable of long-continued exertion—qualities in which the Syrian horses are very inferior.

“This will be a very expensive journey; but looking at the objects to be attained by it, I shall not grudge the cost, and (unless I am greatly mistaken in your views concerning the boys) you will not grudge it either. At all events, it is clear that if the journey is to be made by boys not very strong, and by a man not much stronger, it would be madness to spare money, when money will increase the chance of impunity. Perhaps you will think it unnecessary for me to have said thus much; and I know that in a mere pecuniary point of view such considerations can not trouble you. Still, no one likes to incur expense without knowing the reason why, and I have thought it just to give you these details. That you will be amply repaid in the improvement of your boys, I confidently believe; and most assuredly if I had not believed it nothing would have induced me to take them.

“I hope that the thinness of the envelope will not prevent this from reaching you safely; but I have no thicker ones, and none are to be procured here. We shall send home two cases of antiquities. Some of them are valuable, and very fragile. They will be packed with great care, and sent to Messrs. Briggs, at Alexandria, who will forward them to you by the first ship which goes direct to



London. Please to be present *yourself* when they are examined at the Custom-house. They contain nothing but antiquities, on which there is now no duty ; but be so kind as to see that every article which is looked at is replaced in the paper in which it is wrapped, as such paper bears generally some particulars respecting it, which I should be sorry to lose."

At Cairo he greatly increased his collection of antiquities, buying at various dealers', but chiefly from a museum called the Odeschalchi. These he catalogued carefully in the way which we have seen, and the same entry was on the paper wrapper of the article when packed. In this he was much assisted by a Mrs. Lieder, the wife of the Lutheran clergyman at Cairo, who had for twenty years herself been collecting antiquities, chiefly figures, and afforded Mr. Buckle every assistance—looking at his antiquities which he brought to show her, assigning their period, and finally having them packed in her own house. She and her sister delighted in Buckle's conversation ; and though the talk was chiefly on the country and antiquities, yet the author remembers one occasion when they asked him to sit down and explain the accusation against him of attacking religion (!) in his book. Buckle sat down, and spoke for at least half an hour with an uninterrupted flow of words, explaining the real position he maintained ; but the effort was rather too much for him, and he had to lie down in his little cabin for the rest of the day. So energetic the mind, so weak and feeble and faint the vesture of decay that closed it in !

We have seen that Buckle counted on at most sixteen days' detention at Cairo, but his actual stay was twenty-

seven days. The following letter, dated 23d February, will explain his generous reason :

“ You will be surprised to find that we are still here. But I have (with some hesitation) determined to postpone our departure till after the arrival of the Delta, which, according to your letter, received five days ago, should leave Southampton on the 12th, and should reach Alexandria on the 25th or 26th. The truth is that the boys are getting on so admirably, and Josephus's ‘ Antiquities of the Jews ’ is so essential for their study of Palestine, that I have deemed it advisable to forego the advantage of an earlier start, rather than stop the course of their reading, now that their minds are fresh and eager. Had we left here on the 19th, it would have been impossible to receive this very important book until we reached Jerusalem, and perhaps (so uncertain are the means of transit in the East) we should not have received it till we were at Beyrout, about the beginning of May. Although, therefore, the camels have been engaged since the 19th, as well as the servants—of whom I take, besides the cook and Hassan, two well-armed men, and also two of the most influential sheiks belonging to the tribes through which we pass (these are in addition to the camel-leaders, etc.)—I am still keeping on the boat and crew, living *en prince* with these splendid establishments. But, seriously speaking, while I see the dear little fellows so eager about knowledge, I could not deprive them of another chance of getting their unfortunate and long-delayed book. When I told — that you had written to say that the ‘ Antiquities of the Jews ’ were not coming with the first parcel, I really thought he would have cried, so piteous was his disappointment; and —

was nearly as bad. I am sure that you did all in your power to push matters on, but the delay has been vexatious for several reasons. However, I shall have everything in preparation to enter the desert directly Josephus is delivered; so that the 28th will, I hope, see us fairly off. In the desert I purpose husbanding our strength by traveling slowly; and every five or six days I shall encamp for an entire day, if I see the least symptoms of over-fatigue. Consequently we shall have plenty of time for reading, and, I trust, plenty of vigor for talking. At present we are all in high health and spirits.

"The revolver strikes me as very beautiful, but my admiration is the admiration of ignorance. The books, shirts, etc., were all quite right. . . ."

During this stay at Cairo he read much, viz., Kenrick's "History of Egypt," Birch's "Gallery of Antiquities," St. John's "Turks in Europe," Renan's interesting Introduction to "Le Livre de Job," Renan's "Études d'Histoire Religieuse," besides finishing the Old Testament, which he had begun on the Nile. But this was only in the intervals and odd corners of his time, which was chiefly spent, as I have already said, at Mrs. Lieder's and her antiquities, and in seeing Cairo, and his friends and acquaintances, among whom Mr. Thayer, the American Consul-General, by his exceeding kindness occupied a prominent place.

The account of Buckle in Cairo is admirably given by an American gentleman who met him there,<sup>18</sup> and to

<sup>18</sup> "Personal Reminiscences of the late Henry Thomas Buckle," in the "Atlantic Monthly," for April, 1863, pp. 488-499; and I quote as nearly as possible his own words.

whom he was introduced, as well as to Mr. Thayer, at a dinner given by Mr. C., which took place at an hotel called the Restaurant d'Auric, on February 5th. Buckle, he says, talked with a velocity and fullness of facts that was wonderful. The rest could do little but listen and ask questions. And yet he did not seem to be lecturing; the stream of his conversation flowed along easily and naturally. Nor was it didactic; Buckle's range of reading has covered everything in elegant literature, as well as the ponderous works whose titles make so formidable a list at the beginning of his History; and as he remembers everything he has read, he can produce his stores upon the moment, for the illustration of whatever subject that happens to turn up.

He expressed a strong hope that England would take no part against America, and do nothing to break the blockade. His next volume was to be on the United States and Germany, and would contain a complete view of the German philosophy; but he will visit America before he writes. Although appreciating the great work of De Tocqueville, he complains of the general inadequacy of European criticism upon America. Gasparin's books, by the way, he has not seen. For his own part, he considers the subject too vast, he says, and the testimony too conflicting, to permit him to write upon it before he has seen the country; and meanwhile he scrupulously abstains from forming any conclusive opinions. Subject to this reservation of judgment, however, he remarked that he was inclined to think that George the Third forced the Americans prematurely into democracy, although the natural tendency of things in both countries was toward it;

and he thought that perhaps we had established a political democracy without having yet achieved an intellectual democracy; the two ought to go hand in hand together. The common people in England, he said, are by far the most useful class of society. He had been especially pleased by the numerous letters he had received from working-men who had read his book. These letters often surprised him by the acuteness and capacity displayed by their writers. The nobility would perish utterly, if it were not constantly recruited from commoners. Lord Brougham was the first member of the secular peerage who continued after his elevation to sign his name in full, "H. Brougham," which he did to show his continued sympathy with the class from which he sprang. Buckle remarked that the history of the peasantry of no European country has ever been written, or ever can be written, and without it the record of the doings of kings and nobles is mere chaff. Surnames were not introduced until the eleventh century, and it is only since that period that genealogy has become possible.

Another very pleasant thing, continues this writer, is Mr. Buckle's cordial appreciation of young men. He repeated the story that, when Harvey announced to the world his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, among the physicians who received it was none above the age of forty. Mr. Thayer told him of some of his friends who had read his book with especial satisfaction. He evidently took pleasure in this sort of appreciation, and said that this was the class of readers he sought. "In fact, the young men," he said, "are the only readers of much value; it is they who shape the future." He said that Thackeray

and Delane had told him he would find Boston very like England. He knew but few Bostonians. He had corresponded with Theodore Parker, whom he considered a remarkable man; he had preserved but one of his letters, which he returned to Mrs. Parker, in answer to her request for materials to aid in preparing the memoir of her late husband. Buckle says that he does not generally preserve other than business letters."

He had anecdotes to tell of Johnson, Lamb, Macaulay, Voltaire, Talleyrand, etc., and quoted passages from Burke and from Junius at length, and in the exact words. Junius he considered proved to be Sir Philip Francis. He told a good story against Wordsworth, contained in a letter from Lamb to Talfourd, too personal to publish, but which the latter had shown to the present Lord Aberdare. Lamb says that Wordsworth, who worshiped nobody but himself, affected to slight Shakespeare—said he was a clever man, but his style had a good deal of trick in it, and that he could imitate him if he had a mind to. "So you see," writes Lamb, "there's nothing wanting but the mind."<sup>19</sup>

Mr. Buckle had a very low opinion of the ancient Egyptian civilization, differing in this respect altogether from Hekekayan Bey, an Armenian, a well-read, intelligent man, and formerly Minister of Public Instruction, who was one of the company.<sup>20</sup> Buckle declared that the machines, as figured on the monuments, etc., are of the most primitive kind; and that learning, by all accounts,

<sup>19</sup> This letter did not arrive, and must have been lost in the post.

<sup>20</sup> Buckle kept a small Commonplace Book for anecdotes, and this is among them.

<sup>21</sup> Author of a "Treatise on the Chronology of the Siriadic Monuments," 1863.

was confined to the priests, and covered a very narrow range, exhibiting no traces of acquaintance with the higher useful arts. He says that it is a fallacy to suppose that savages are bodily superior to civilized men. Captain Cook found that his sailors could outwork the islanders. For Turkish civilization he had not the slightest respect, and said that he could write the whole of it on the back of his hands; and here Hekekayan Bey cordially agreed with him.

Mr. Thayer asked him, if in England he had been subjected to personal hostility for his opinions, or to anything like social ostracism? He said generally not. A letter from a clergyman to an acquaintance in England, expressing intense antipathy to him, although he had never seen the writer, was the only evidence of this kind of opposition.<sup>22</sup> "In fact," said he, naïvely, "the people of England have such an admiration of any kind of intellectual splendor that they will forgive for its sake the most objectionable doctrines."

He told the company that the portion of his book which relates to Spain had been translated into Spanish.<sup>23</sup> Mr. Thayer remarked that to this circumstance, no doubt, we may ascribe some part of the modern regeneration of

<sup>22</sup> Compare the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd's "I have mildly vented my indignation; and I now, in a moral sense, extend my hand to Mr. Buckle. Had he come up that corkscrew stair an hour or two ago, I am not entirely certain that I might not have taken him by the collar and shaken him. And had I found him standing on a chair in the green behind the church, and indoctrinating my simple parishioners with his peculiar notions, I have an entire conviction that I should have forgotten my theoretical assent to the doctrine of religious toleration, and by a gentle hint to my sturdy friends procured him an invigorating bath in that gleaming river."—P. 650, vol. lix., "Fraser's Magazine," No. 354, for June, 1859.

<sup>23</sup> At the instance, risk, and under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Huth. But Mr. Buckle was enjoined not to mention this fact.

Spain, the leading statesmen being persuaded to a more liberal policy; but this view Buckle disclaimed, with an eagerness seeming to be something more than the offspring of modesty.

After dinner, continues the contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly," we returned to Mrs. R.'s apartments, where we had tea. Buckle and Hekekayan now got into an animated discussion upon the ancient Egyptian civilization, which scarcely gave the rest of us a chance to put in a single word. It was, however, exceedingly interesting to sit and listen. Indeed, although there was nothing awful about Buckle, one felt a little abashed to intrude his own remarks in such a presence. We staid until near midnight, and then, taking our leave, Buckle accompanied S. and myself as far as the door of our hotel. Buckle received most kindly all suggestions made to him of books to be read on American affairs, and people to be seen in the United States.

On February 9th Buckle dined with Mr. Thayer at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. Buckle was in excellent spirits, and, as before, was the life of the party. They had been terribly afraid lest he and Hekekayan should get into another long disputation, for the excellent Bey had fortified himself with new materials; but the ladies were taken into their confidence to aid in turning the conversation, should it be necessary, all of which made a great deal of entertainment; but there proved to be no occasion for anything of the sort.

Buckle told some capital stories: among them, one against Alison, almost too good to be true, namely, that in the first edition of his History he mentioned among the



causes of the French Revolution "the timber duty," because he had read in a French pamphlet that there were popular discontents about the *droits de timbre*. Alison's History, he said, is the very worst that ever was written.<sup>24</sup> He cited the definition that "fine writing is that which is true without being obvious." In the course of the conversation—in which, as before, Buckle touched points in the whole circle of literature and science, giving quotations even in Hebrew from the Talmud and the Bible—he made a very pretty compliment to his host, introduced as adroitly as from the lips of a professed courtier, but evidently spoken on the moment. It was something in this way: Hekekayan and Buckle were in argument, and Buckle

<sup>24</sup> He has many, and by no means complimentary, remarks on Alison's History in various parts of his writings: "Began to read for the first time 'Alison's History of Europe,' of which I looked through his *very* superficial view of the ultimate results of the French Revolution at the end of the fourteenth volume."—"Diary," 26th May, 1851. "In Alison's 'Principles of Population' . . . there are some singularly superficial remarks upon the poor-laws and population. . . . Amid all this nonsense, Alison has *one* good remark. . . ."—Pp. 453, 454. "Alison actually supposes 'that prices inevitably rise in an old and wealthy community, from the great quantity of the precious metals in the existing currency which their opulence enables them, and their numerous mercantile transactions compel them, to keep in circulation, and consequently,' etc., etc.!!!"—P. 528, vol. i., "Posthumous Works." "The ordinary compilers, such as Sir A. Alison."—P. 329, note. The reign of William the Third is "frequently misunderstood even by those who praise it. Thus, for instance, a living writer informs us," that William the Third had "the art of overcoming the ignorant impatience of taxation which is the invariable characteristic of free communities."—P. 368, note. Talking of the reign of Charles the First: "Sir A. Alison notices in his History (vol. iv., p. 213), 'how widely the spirit of discontent was diffused' in 1796; and the only wonder is, that the people were able to keep it in bounds. That, however, is a question which writers of his stamp never consider."—P. 456, note. "The common opinion, put forth in 'Alison's History of Europe.'"—P. 483, note, "History of Civilization," vol. i.

The writer in the "Atlantic," however, adds that he has been unable to confirm Buckle's anecdote.

said, "Ah, you mistake a necessary condition for the cause." "What is cause but necessary condition?" asked Hekekayan. "Very different: two men can't fight a duel without meeting; but every two men who meet don't fight a duel." "But they couldn't fight a duel without meeting," persisted Hekekayan. "Yes," rejoined Buckle; "but the meeting isn't the cause of the duel. Why, there could not be a dinner-party unless the company met; but our meeting here to-day isn't the cause of the dinner: the cause of the dinner is the kindness of our host." "Or rather of the landlord," said N. "Oh no! of the American Government," said C. "Ah," said Buckle, "those things are not cause: the cause of our good dinner, I maintain, is only the charming hospitality of the Consul-General."

The next day Buckle again dined with Mr. Thayer, when he sat next to the writer in the "Atlantic," asked about American books, and told him his opinion of those he had read. He said that Quincy's "History of Harvard University" was the latest book on America he had received before leaving England. He preferred Kent's exposition of the United States Constitution to Story's, although this also he had consulted and used. He had not seen Mr. Adams's complete edition of the works of his grandfather, nor Parton's "Life of Jackson," both of which he was recommended to read, particularly the chapters in the former in which are traced the steps in the progress of making the American Constitutions. He said he would not visit America till the domestic troubles were composed, for he desired to see the practical working of the American institutions in their normal state, not confused and disturbed by the excitements of war. He would go first to

Boston and New York, the intellectual and commercial heads, as he said, of the republic; and to Washington, the political capital. He would then like to pass from the Northern into the Southern States, but asked if he could travel safely in the latter, in view of his extreme opinions in detestation of slavery. From the Southern States he said he would wish to pass into Mexico, thence into Peru and to Chili; then to cross the Pacific Ocean to Japan, to China, to India, and so back by the overland route to England. This magnificent scheme he had seriously resolved upon, and proposed to devote to it two or three years. He undertook it partly for information, and partly for relaxation of his mental faculties, which he had injured by overwork, and which imperatively demanded repose. He asked many questions with regard to matters of detail: whether he would find conveyance by steamers in the Pacific, and of what sort would be the accommodation in them and in sailing-vessels. He asked at what season he had best arrive in the United States, and whether he had better land at New York or at Boston. Boston, he said, he regarded as "the intellectual head of the country, and New York, you know, for trade." His friend answered these questions to the best of his ability, and told him that he must not omit seeing the Western country, and some of the new cities, like Chicago. Buckle asked him if he knew "a Mrs. Child," who had written him a letter, and sent him her book about the history of religion. He had been pleased with the letter and the book.

The conversation became general, and Mr. B——, of New York, told a story of an old Congressional debate, in which John Randolph derisively compared Edward Ever-

ett to Richelieu. Buckle at once said he should regard it as a compliment of the very highest kind to be compared to Richelieu. On being asked if he had read Dumas's novels, he said he had not, although he had felt an inclination to do so. He asked one or two questions about them, and gave a rapid generalization of the history of France at that time.

Mr. Thayer showed him the little stock of books he happened to have with him in Cairo. Mr. Buckle looked them over with interest, expressing his opinions upon them. One of them, Mr. Bayle St. John's little book on the Turkish question, he borrowed, although he said that he denied himself all reading on this journey, undertaken for mental rest, and had brought no books with him. They got upon the inevitable question of international copyright, which he discussed in a spirit of remarkable candor. His own experience was this: Messrs. Appleton reprinted his first volume without compensation, asking him to furnish materials for a prefatory memoir, of which request he took no notice;<sup>25</sup> afterward, when the second volume was published, they sent him something—I believe fifty pounds. Buckle's American friend pointed out a distinction between copyright for the British author and monopoly for the British publisher. He added that the American people and their representatives in Congress would not have the least objection to paying a trifling addition to the cost of books, which would make, upon the immense editions sold of the popular books, a handsome compensation to the foreign authors, but that they have very decided objections to the English system

<sup>25</sup> See ante, the letter to Mr. Capel, p. 134.

of enormously high prices for books. He instanced several books, which could be bought in the United States for a quarter or half a dollar, while in England they can not be purchased for less than a guinea and a half—that is, for seven or eight dollars, although the author gains very little by these high prices, which, indeed, would be absolutely prohibitory of the circulation of the books in the United States. And since the great literary market of the United States has been created at the public expense, by the maintenance of the system of universal education, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable that the American legislators should insist upon preserving, by the competition among publishers, the advantages of low prices of books in pursuance of a policy which looks to a wide circulation. In Great Britain the publishers follow a different policy, and insist upon selling books at high prices to a comparatively small circle of readers.

Mr. Buckle was kind enough to listen attentively to this sort of reasoning, and admitted that it was entitled to some degree of weight. Indeed, he said that he had earnestly wished to bring out a cheap edition of his own book in England, omitting the notes and references, for the use of the working classes, of whose appreciation he had received many gratifying proofs; he had made his arrangements for this purpose, but was prevented from carrying them out by the opposition of his publishers, who objected that such an edition would injure *their* interest in the more costly edition. But Mr. Buckle freely declared

<sup>26</sup> Buckle's diary has the following entry, 18th November, 1862: "A visit from Mr. Holyoake, whom I now saw for the first time, and who wishes me to publish an edition of my History on common paper for six shillings, leaving out the notes."

that he would, in his circumstances, rather forego the profit on the sale of his book than restrict its circulation. This conversation led to a description of the reading public in America, of the intelligence and independence of our working people, of their habits of life and of thought, about which Buckle manifested great interest, asking many intelligent questions.

On February 13th there was a religious celebration, including an illumination, in the mosque of the citadel, to see which Mr. Thayer had invited Mr. Buckle, as well as the two lads, his traveling companions. But at the last moment the advice was strongly given on all sides not to go, lest some bigoted Müssulmans should take offense, and there might be a disturbance. Not long before, a party of Englishmen had behaved very badly on a similar occasion, from which resulted a disturbed state of feeling. It, of course, could not be pleasant to people of any religious belief to have their ceremonies made a spectacle for curiosity; and although the mudir promised ample protection, the plan was given up, and, the company being gathered, they had a pleasant evening together. The presence of the ladies of Mr. B——'s party gave the opportunity to see Mr. Buckle again under the inspiration of ladies' society, which he especially enjoys, and in the lighter conversation suited to which he shines with not less distinction than when conversing upon abstruse topics.

In the course of the evening, in the midst of conversation, in which he was taking an animated part, Mr. Buckle exhibited symptoms of faintness. Fresh air was at once admitted into the room, which was full of cigar smoke; water and more powerful restoratives were

brought, but these he declined. After a few minutes' repose upon the divan, he declared that he was perfectly recovered, and half an hour afterward took his leave with the boys.

On the 15th February Buckle had arranged to visit the so-called Petrified Forest, behind the Mokuttum range, in company with Mr. Thayer and several American and English travelers. Mr. Buckle, who was always trying fatigue-saving contrivances for his desert journey, thought this a good opportunity for trying a camel with the mazetta, a sort of box in which the harem generally travel, something like a palanquin without the poles, carried on the back of one camel.

The writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" says: "On looking down from the balcony at the transportation train marshaled for the occasion, amid the admiring gaze of all the idlers of Cairo, I was at first a little chagrined to find, as the final result of the various arrangements, that, besides the camels, the mazetta, the carriage-and-four, and the proud-stepping horse, there appeared but one donkey—that selected for me. But I was, in truth, very well off. To begin with, it was not thought prudent that Mr. Buckle should use the mazetta until the procession had got beyond the narrow streets of Cairo, lest the camel bearing it should take fright, and knock the whole thing to pieces against the wall of a house. Accordingly, he and his charges took donkeys, and I rode off with them at the head of the column. By-and-by Mr. Buckle changed to the conveyance originally proposed, but a very short experiment (literally, I expect) sickened him of the mazetta, whose motion is precisely that of a ship in a storm, and he sent back

to the town for donkeys. At the next halt the ladies took him into their carriage, where he found himself, as he said, 'in clover.'

"It pretty soon appeared," he continues, "that the camel which T. was riding was young and frisky; the animal was accordingly pronounced unsafe, and T. changed to a donkey, which had fortunately been brought along for a reserve. The Hon. W. S——'s camel, from the saddle becoming unfastened, pitched rider and saddle to the ground—a fall of five or six feet; fortunately, no harm was done, and he bravely mounted again. The saddle upon the camel which the Rev. Mr. S—— rode split in two, and the seat must have been a torture; but he bore it like a martyr, never flinching. But camel stock had so far depreciated that I was able to try as much as I liked of camel-riding now and then, at the same time obliging a friend by the use of my donkey meanwhile. . . .

"The journey to the forest, about ten miles, was safely accomplished. We found the petrifications duly wonderful. An excellent luncheon was laid out, after which we had an hour and a half of very entertaining conversation, in which Mr. Buckle and the Rev. Mr. S—— held the leading parts; all around us as desolate and silent as one could imagine. It was interesting to observe the manner in which Buckle estimated eminent names, grouping them in some instances in threes—a favorite conceit with him. John Stuart Mill, of all living men, he considered as possessing the greatest mind in the world. Aristotle, Newton, and Shakespeare are the greatest the world has produced in past times. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are the only three great poets. Johnson, Gibbon, and Parr



are the three writers who have done the greatest harm to the English language. For Hallam he had a strong admiration. He spoke of Sydney Smith as the greatest English wit, and of Selwyn as next to him, and described Macaulay's memory as unequalled in conversation."<sup>27</sup>

However, at last everything was ready, and one of the boys writes as follows: "We are expecting the 'Antiquities of the Jews' either to-day or to-morrow, and we are going to start for Suez on Sunday. The camels are packed, and are going to start to-day. Mr. B. has allowed another gentleman to join our party, a Mr. Glennie. We have seen some of our tent furniture. We have got iron bedsteads, that fold up and put into a bag, like my fishing-rod, only thicker; we have got four camp-stools, and little Bucky is going to have an iron chair with a back to it, that folds up, and a camp-stool to put his legs on. We have got prepared milk in tin cases, so that we shall not have to go without milk as so many people do; and we have got preserved tongue in tin cases, because we have nearly eaten all yours, and boiled beef, and I don't know what all; so we won't starve. Other people only eat mutton, which is the only meat you can get from the Bedouins. I have read the 'Hebrew Commonwealth.' Part of it is dry and part interesting; it gives a history of the Jews from the time of Moses, B. C. 1500, to the great Jewish war with the Romans, and the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 71. I am now going to begin the subsequent history of the Jews, which is in the same volume

<sup>27</sup> Buckle met Macaulay at dinner, 19th June, 1852, at Lord Hatherley's house, and records two anecdotes related by Macaulay. Buckle's remark on Lord Macaulay's power of memory is thoroughly borne out by the admirable biography of him written by his nephew.

with the 'Hebrew Commonwealth.' I think Josephus will be very interesting, but I have not begun it yet. — has nearly finished it; but I don't think I shall be able to read much in the desert, particularly such an immense book as Josephus."<sup>28</sup> We are very busy to-day packing up. Mr. B. is packing now, and directly I have finished this letter I am going to pack—so we won't be able to read much to-day. Mr. B. has put a little blistering-plaster on my forehead for his own amusement, and won't let me take it off again. I have got a very small mummied crocodile; it is such a darling little thing that I know you won't mind it." And the other boy writes: "Mr. Buckle still often puts on the 'rough brown coat' that you mentioned in your letter, and I mended the sleeves for him, because he was always putting his arms through the linings. . . . It is raining to-day, the second time since we have been in Egypt. We are very comfortable and jolly, and Mr. Buckle is packing up antiquity after antiquity every day. I have read Stanley, and I like it very much; and now I am reading Josephus, and I like it better."

On Monday, 3d March, a start was made, but, through the fault of Hassan, the dragoman, the party just missed their train, and had to go to the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. The next day they started for Suez at 12.30, where they found at the hotel "a Mr. Glennie," as Buckle has entered in his diary, "who has agreed to join us." This gentleman had called on Mr. Buckle at Boulak on the 19th February, when, as he writes,<sup>29</sup> "He was again kind enough

<sup>28</sup> Traill's.

<sup>29</sup> "Fraser's Magazine," p. 174, for August, 1863.

to ask me to join him on his further journey, and spoke so enthusiastically of the historical interest of the desert life, that I said I should give him an answer next day. Next day our dragoman's contract was signed at the Consulate."

Mr. Longmore, who also met Mr. Buckle here, says: "After the *table d'hôte* of that day at the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, we had a long discussion on the subject of the different races of man being originally distinct, or all derived from one stock. Buckle seemed to lean strongly on the latter view of the question; and when the opposite was rather too strongly maintained by a gentleman present, I could not but admire the able and effective manner in which Mr. Buckle in a few pithy sentences closed a discussion likely to become disagreeable."\*

The next day, 5th March, the party, which now included Mr. Glennie, crossed over by boat from Suez to the opposite shore. The water was beautifully clear, and the rocky bottom visible in every detail; but toward the coast it shoals so much that the shore has to be gained on men's backs. At the landing, camels were waiting, and the first desert journey was a camel-ride of two miles to the encampment at 'Ain Mûsa. Here they found another party encamped, who had just returned from a visit to Sinai. "We here met," says the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt, "for the first and last time with Buckle, the historian of civilization. Nothing can have been more delightful than his conversation for the half-hour I passed in his company, and he was full of life and energy of mind. But his whole frame seemed slight, and worn to a degree; and I thought he was taking mistaken precautions against heat,

\* "Athenæum," p. 115, 25th January, 1873.

which would try his strength severely.”<sup>81</sup> Mr. Glennie also, as he says, hinted to Buckle once or twice that his costume was too warm; but Buckle pointed out that the Arab chiefs all wore voluminous clothing, and that protection from heat is as much assured by flannel as protection from cold.” The result of neglect of this precaution is thus told in Mr. Tyrwhitt’s own words: “Little thought we, on the Red Sea level, of the cold of the granite glens of Sinai”; and they suffered “from dysentery, the consequences of heat and cold, and change of living, and long marches.”<sup>82</sup> And Buckle points out, in his letter from Jerusalem, that those who differed from him, “strong and vigorous young men as they were, they fared differently—being constantly unwell, and always ascribing their complaints to the wrong cause.”<sup>83</sup>

Buckle, though described by Mr. Tyrwhitt as “worn to a degree,” was at this time in better health than he had been for several years. His dress was the same as he had worn in Egypt, with the exception that he substituted flannel for his white shirts. These, having been sent out to him from England, were not a very good fit; and his clothing was altogether old-fashioned, and not new, though it was good; as an American writer observes, “In this re-

<sup>81</sup> In “Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel,” in 1862-’63. Edited by Fr. Galton, p. 356. London and Cambridge. 1864.

<sup>82</sup> “Fraser’s Magazine,” p. 175, for August, 1863.

<sup>83</sup> “Vacation Tourists,” pp. 381, 342.

<sup>84</sup> Had Mr. Glennie looked in “Murray,” he would have seen that Mr. Porter says: “It is a great mistake to wear linen, or any other thin material. Woolen cloth is a non-conductor, and when we are protected by it the sun’s rays fall harmless. . . . Many throw over the whole a white Arab burnûs of very thin material, and this affords additional protection against both heat and dust.”—“Handbook to Syria and Palestine,” vol. i., p. xlv. 1868.

spect affording a not disagreeable contrast to the studied jauntiness which Englishmen are apt to affect in their traveling gear." "

As for the looks of his dress Buckle did not care one straw. Indeed, he rather preferred doing things in a different way to what was customary. "The immense mass of mankind," he says, "are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery, each man being bound under heavy penalties to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. . . . Men, not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny. The consequences of this are injurious, not only to those who desire to be freed from the thralldom, but also to those who do not desire to be freed; that is, to the whole of society." Hence, he continues, a sufficient number of experiments in the art of life are not made, and knowledge is retarded." Hence his unbounded contempt for those who sneer at a man because he does things in a way different from what they have been accustomed to, without ever deigning to inquire into the merits of the case, and sometimes even despite the evident superiority of the new over the old method. He himself refused to fire salutes on the Nile, or carry a flag in the desert, merely "because others did," when he saw no use in it. On one occasion, when one of the boys put a bottle in the middle of the table, and Mr. Glennie wished to have it at the corner, he said,

<sup>25</sup> "Atlantic Monthly," p. 491, April, 1863. Mr. Glennie adds to his description of Buckle's dress (which is not correct) the words: "A wide-awake . . . shaded his *un-shaven* face."—"Fraser's Magazine," p. 175, August, 1863. What he is endeavoring to say is, that Buckle wore a beard.

<sup>26</sup> "Essay on Mill." "Posthumous Works," pp. 47, 48, vol. i.

"No, leave it there. I hate to see things always done in the same way."

The next day Buckle tried his dromedary; but the following he only rode for little over an hour on that disagreeable animal, the motion of which he describes as "insufferable," and thenceforth traveled on his Cairene donkey which he had provided for the emergency."

The route was by Wady Ghurundel and Wady et-Taiyibeh, where the sea-shore is reached; and here Buckle and the boys wandered for an hour before dinner, collecting the shells which lay strewn in abundance along the sandy shore. The usual way in which the day was passed—like the whole traveling equipage, entirely the arrangement of Buckle—was to get up at six, breakfast while the tents were being struck, start a little before eight, and generally before the baggage camels were ready; lunch generally about twelve, while still on the march, on a few figs and biscuits; then rest for about three hours during the hottest part of the day wherever there was natural shade; or, if there were none, a part of a tent was pitched. Here Buckle smoked, and talked to Mr. Glennie for a

<sup>27</sup> Mr. Glennie erroneously states that Buckle never again tried camel-riding after that short ride from 'Ain Mûsa; and says that it was owing to his "stiffness" that the motion was so disagreeable. "Pilgrim Memories," p. 69. The fact is, that the peculiarity of the camel's gait makes it necessary to swing backward and forward with every step, and this made Buckle giddy. He also tries to draw a ludicrous picture of Buckle mounting his donkey—"one man helping him up, another on the other side holding the saddle straight, and one holding the animal in case of fright." Ibid., p. 70. Mr. Glennie does not add that this, apart from exaggerations, is the way that he himself, and every one else in the East, mounts. One man holds the stirrup with one hand, and the donkey with the other, or it would certainly start off; while, if there is a second man near, or the rider be a man of consequence, he is always helped up.

time, and then slept; while the baggage camels had time to come up, and get a start sufficient to allow of the camp and dinner being nearly prepared when he again came up to them, about six o'clock. Buckle, who always now rode his Cairene donkey, was independent of attending Arabs or camel-leaders. Part of the time he rode by Mr. Glenie, and talked to him; and for an hour to an hour and a half he walked, generally with the boys. After dinner, which, like all other meals, was in the open air, he would smoke and resume his talk. Then to bed about nine, where he lit a cigar, and read Jahn's "Hebrew Commonwealth," Murray, Josephus, or the Bible, for about an hour before he went to sleep.

The seventh day of traveling saw the party up the Nukb Bâdereh, or Pass of the Sword's Point, and into Wady Maghârah, or the Valley of the Cave, so called from the mines, which, together with many dwelling-places, tanks, forts, and inscriptions, mark the ancient Egyptian copper-mines. At that time a Major Macdonald was living there, who, as Buckle says in his diary, "received us, though strangers to him, with great kindness, persuaded us to stay all day with him, and gave us some turquoises from the mines which he had discovered." He invited the party up to his rough dwelling, and regaled them on hot Arab *tortilla*—or flat cakes of dough baked on a plate of iron—ibex cutlets, and other novelties. He then showed them the ancient mines, and gave them some ancient flint arrow-heads, a few small turquoises, and many of another kind which turned green after a short time, or almost white. These latter had brought the Major into great trouble at one time, for, in his ignorance, he had sent both

kinds to the European markets, and thereby brought the mines into discredit. He had first discovered them while wandering over the hills, seventeen years before, and then came and settled, where he lived for sixteen years, seeing nobody but Arabs, and yet had not learned the language! This Buckle spoke of afterward with some contempt. At that time he had a nephew staying with him, who had learned to make himself understood in a few months. The Major spoke of the ancient reservoirs, and explained how easily the desert might be made productive by simply damming up some of the torrent-beds, so as to form reservoirs. For the desert is fertile wherever irrigated; and the rainfall, though it only lasts about a couple of days, is something tremendous. When asked what he would do if strangers came to work the mines, he said that he and the Tawarah Arabs would fight them. His system was to find the mining tools, and pay his Arabs a percentage on what they found. Each worked for himself; and whoever made a lucky discovery of a good vein tried to keep it secret, though generally without success, as he was soon tracked by his fellows. The Major also talked of the terrible Arab vendetta, and pointed out a man whose life was in hourly danger. This Arab was a truculent-looking ruffian, armed with a heavy straight sword, and a gun some twelve feet long slung across his shoulder, who had quarreled with his nephew about a case of candles which had been washed ashore. The nephew wounded his uncle, upon which the uncle slew his nephew, and was now being hunted by his nearest relatives.

Major Macdonald extended his hospitality in the kindest way to all comers; and not long after Buckle's arrival,



another caravan appeared, with whom he was destined to travel during the rest of the desert journey. They also were invited to dinner, where Buckle was, as usual, the soul of the party.

The following day was a "very fatiguing" journey of twelve hours, through Wady Mukatteb, to the oasis and ruined Christian village of Wady Feirân. Dinner was late, and Buckle exhausted; but he got up as early as usual the next day to examine the ruined houses and church. That day's journey was only six hours' duration; but according to Mr. Glennie, he had a long talk with him all day; and the following day he was so tired that he could not talk at all, though he walked from the encampment to the convent of Sinai, and back again, before dinner.

The party were admitted into the convent after they had presented the usual letter of introduction, during the perusal of which Buckle expressed very unflattering remarks on asceticism generally, and the monks in particular.<sup>28</sup> He did not like the look of the guest-rooms, and preferred to remain in his tent, the double roof of which proved useful that night in keeping out a heavy fall of rain. Gebel Mûsa, the Sinai of the monks and Arabs, was ascended the next day, one third of the way by a road practicable by camels, and the remaining two thirds on foot over loose stones. On the summit is a little chapel and a mosk—the latter hung all over with votive rags, the former beplastered with dirty prints. Here they rested a couple of hours, had lunch, and a drink from the cool and refreshing spring called Moses' Well, which Buckle pronounced to be the best water he had tasted since he left England.

<sup>28</sup> Glennie, "Pilgrim Memories," p. 137.

Then they descended to the chapel of Elijah and Aaron, where the very cave is shown in which Elijah lay hidden. In the evening Buckle and the other travelers, forming in all four parties, fired off their revolvers to try them; but Buckle had to seek advice from Mr. Gray—a gentleman traveling with another party, to whom he took a great fancy—how to load his weapon. The next day was spent in seeing the convent, its church, pictures, mosk, and library, and also in writing home:

“As I know how anxious you must be,” he says, “to have the latest possible news of the desert travelers, I have arranged to send a Bedouin express on a fleet dromedary this evening to Suez. He will reach Suez in about three days with this letter.

“We are all quite well—very tired every evening, but waking up quite fresh and vigorous every morning. Our average day's journey is seven hours of actual riding, and we rest about three hours during the day. I *hope* that we shall succeed in getting to Akaba, then to Petra, and from Petra through Hebron to Jerusalem.

“But as there are rumors at Sinai of war among the tribes, I have sent a Bedouin to Akaba to learn the actual state of things before I venture to start; and I shall take a similar precaution at Akaba in regard to Petra. An American party leave here to-morrow, without taking any steps to procure information, and much wish us to go with them. But I do not like to run the risk, as with, I believe, one exception, no one has been to Petra during the last five years. I have sent for the head sheik, Hussein, and if he will accompany us with an escort, we will go—if not, not. So, as the Irishman said, ‘Be aisy now.’

“I am too tired to write more. The excitement and exquisite interest of the life we are leading are indescribable, but unfit me for every other exertion.

“Our encampment here is 5,500 feet above the level of the sea—the mid-day sun intensely hot, but the mornings bitterly cold.”

This was written on the 17th March, a day of rest before resuming the journey; but, though unwilling to write, Buckle was in excellent spirits, for, in a letter written home at the same time, one of the boys says, “You must excuse mistakes, because Mr. B—— will sing ri-too-rall-loo-rall-loo.” Indeed it was not until the latter part of the journey, when his last illness was already upon him, that his high spirits and constant flow of fun ever did fail.

The next day—and before, of course, the messenger had returned from Akaba—a late start was made, because, having fresh camels, the burdens had to be redistributed. The route lay for the most part along the sea-shore. It was here, as Buckle looked across the deep blue sea of Akaba to the many-tinted mountains of the opposite shore, that he again burst out with the conviction, already expressed in Egypt, that the beauty of color was superior to form; and felt, what before he had little more than reasoned, how great was the stimulus of natural beauty to the imagination. With the aid of the boys he collected many shells, and specimens of red and white coral; and, as an instance of his method of education, I may here mention that the boys one day at dinner told him how they had been amusing themselves by knocking off the tails of lizards, to see how these jumped, while the lizards ran away as if nothing had happened. Mr. Glennie remarked that it was

very cruel, and ought to be put a stop to; but Buckle quietly said that it was the nature of boys to be cruel, and that they would know better when they grew older. The consequence was that they, who had resented Mr. Glennie's remarks, and would probably not have attended to an order, were ashamed of what they had done, and did so no more. The only adventure on the march, which lasted five days, was one that Mr. Glennie relates, that Buckle only just escaped the spring of a cobra, which had been disturbed by his donkey, and, after his fashion, gave the incident a ridiculous turn by jokingly inveighing against the blindness of fate, through which the career of a great philosopher might have been cut short by the merest accident or the most contemptible agent."

On the sixth day there was a halt for the return of the messenger, and the next saw them encamped amid the palm-groves of Akaba, hard by the old square castle, and in company with three other parties, two American and one English.

From Tuesday to Saturday the tents remained pitched, while the principals of each party were negotiating with Sheik Mohammed for protection and an escort to Petra. For some time the 'Alawîn had been waging war with the Fellahîn of that place, and consequently for the last five years the whole neighborhood had been in so unsettled a state that no travelers could venture into it. The last party had been attacked, one person killed, and another died of fright. Now, however, the 'Alawîn had to a cer-

" Glennie, "Pilgrim Memories," p. 174. Mr. Glennie, with surprising *naïveté*, relates this as having been said in sober earnest. But, then, Mr. Glennie was in the habit of taking jokes in this way.

tain extent gained the mastery, and the Fellahin were a kind of powerful feudatories—entitled to a share of the backsheesh indeed, but unable to oppose the entry of travelers who enjoyed the protection of the powerful Sheik of the 'Allawin.

There was plenty of leisure for conversation while the negotiations were going on, and Buckle particularly talked to Mr. Gray, who writes as follows :

“Notwithstanding Mr. Buckle’s anti-Christian opinions, one would have thought that in the desert at least our fellow travelers would have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them of studying such a man as Mr. Buckle. Yet all, with the exception of Mr. Glennie—himself a free-thinker—and myself, kept out of his way. During many years’ wanderings throughout the world, I have never met any one whose general knowledge or conversational power could be compared for a moment with that of Buckle : whether in botanizing up Sinai, or geologizing at Petra, in astronomy, medicine, chemistry, theology, or languages—every thing and every subject appeared to me handled as if by a professional. And yet, however much one differed from him, his kindly mode of reasoning with me against what he believed to be erroneous views was always so pleasant and fascinating that I could not resist returning again and again to his arguments.

“Singularly enough, there were three clergymen in the combined parties—a Church of England, a German Lutheran, and an American Baptist ; and I remember, because it struck me very forcibly, that one day, when the German was defending some point of religious doctrine, Buckle pointed out that he had omitted one or two stronger argu-

ments in his favor, which he proceeded to give. It was quite evident to me that few priests or parsons existed who were qualified to defend their respective creeds better than was Mr. Buckle himself any one of them. I took an early opportunity of letting Mr. Buckle know that, both as a Scotchman and a Catholic, I had read with much interest his account of Presbyterianism, adding that, as Catholics were accustomed to stripes, his castigation of Catholicism also was only one of many wounds inflicted upon us; whereas even royalty coquetted with the former in Scotland, and Presbyterians were astounded at his presuming to lecture them for their misdoings. Mr. Buckle said that it was satisfactory to him to know that, among other leading Scotchmen, the editor of the 'Scotsman,' the late Mr. Russell, had welcomed his book as a boon to Scotland. While on the subject of Scotch intolerance, I remember asking Mr. Buckle whether, were he living in Scotland, he would expect to be most repugnant to the Presbyterians as a Deist or a Catholic? He replied at once that he had no doubt he would be least objectionable to them as a Deist. My asking him one day what in his opinion were the strong and what the weak points of Catholicism and of Protestantism, led up to the following, to me, memorable remarks: 'I understand that the Catholic Church is making great progress in America; but it must do so, for what has it to contend against there? Only Protestantism, which is inconsistency itself. I, too, was brought up a Protestant,' he continued, 'and was taught to regard my private judgment as my birthright, of which no one could rob me. But when, in making use of my private judgment, I was led to reject Christianity, an out-

cry was at once raised against me for exercising this very undoubted right.' Then, turning toward me, he said: 'Your Church at least is consistent, for it does not profess to allow the right of private judgment. But then it starts from false premises, for it assumes that Christ was the Son of God. Prove to me that Christ was the Son of God, and I, too, at once become a Catholic.'<sup>40</sup>

"Among his miscellaneous remarks I remember that, in a conversation on articles in the 'Times' and other leading English papers, he said it was very easy for a man to sit behind his desk and write an article; but he found from experience that these writers seldom cared to discuss verbally the subject of their articles. When speaking of various authors, he occasionally added that a few years hence their works would be forgotten. A book that would not descend to posterity was evidently one for which he had but scant respect. With mighty captains he had no sympathy. Napoleon, in his eyes, was simply a curse to civilization. He did not believe in humane generals, and was much interested in some anecdotes I told him of what I had seen while serving as a volunteer in the Indian Mutiny. On the subject of the Suez Canal, he believed that the canal would be made in spite of British opposition, and insisted that Palmerston had asked Stephenson to put all the difficulties in the strongest light, in order to prejudice English public opinion."<sup>41</sup>

<sup>40</sup> I give this in Mr. Gray's words, and he adds: "These words made so great an impression upon me at the time that I took the first opportunity of repeating them to Mr. Glennie, who acquiesced perfectly in Buckle's avowal." But it seems to me that the last word ought to be *Christian*, as it is difficult to understand how all the doctrines of Catholicism could be deduced from this.

<sup>41</sup> From notes kindly communicated to me by Mr. Alexander Hill Gray, of East Ferry, Dunkeld, N. B.

After several tedious interviews with the sheiks, who at first agreed, then threw difficulties in the way, and finally agreed again, a start was made on March 30th, with a new escort of wild 'Alawin in place of the gentle Tawarah Arabs, accompanied by the great sheik himself on the first day's journey, and then by his uncle. The party was now a large and powerful caravan, consisting, with the servants and escort, of 110 well-armed men. To prevent undue straggling, the mid-day rest was curtailed to one hour. On the first day a halt was called, as more difficulties were advanced by the tiresome chiefs. They professed to have discovered some new danger, which it would be necessary to meet by more backsheesh. "I gave it as my opinion," says Mr. Gray, "that the fellows, knowing how anxious we were to reach Petra, were simply endeavoring to extort money from us under false pretenses. Mr. Buckle, anti-Christian though he was in belief, chid me for want of charity. I enjoyed the reproof, but felt all the same that, however learned a man might be in Europe, it was quite possible he might be easily fooled in Asia; and I was therefore very glad, when night came on, to rouse Mr. Buckle with the latest news after he had retired to rest. The news was simply this: Abd-el-atee, the leading dragoman of the united party,"<sup>43</sup> had suggested to the sheik that he should demand more money all round, which

<sup>43</sup> Still a well-known man at Cairo. What did his party say of Buckle before him? Mr. Warner, whom he afterward served, says he referred to Buckle as follows: "You no think the Lord he take care for his own? . . . When the kin' of Abyssinia, who not believe, what you call infidel, like that Englishman, yes, Mr. Buckle; I see him in Sinai and Petra—very wise man, know a great deal, very nice gentleman, I like him very much, but I think he not believe."—"Mummies and Moslems," pp. 318, 319. London, 1876.



money he and the sheik were to divide between them. My dragoman had no objection to the arrangement, provided that he obtained his share of what his masters paid. To this proposal Abd-el-atee would not consent, and Hassan, turning traitor, first came to tell me that he had overheard my conversation with Mr. Buckle, and assured me that my suspicions were correct. Mr. Buckle never lectured me again upon want of charity." Buckle's worthy cook, however, who was no Rustam, was so frightened by stories of the ferocious Fellahîn, and particularly of his last predecessor at Petra, five years since, who had been shot, that he swore the triple oath of divorce nothing should induce him to stir a step forward. The dragoman came in much perplexity to tell Buckle of this; for the triple oath is irrevocable, and the man who divorces his wife in this way may not marry her again till some one else has married and divorced her.<sup>43</sup> Buckle called the man before him, and, pointing out that he was bound by his contract, gave him the choice whether he would go on, or return to a consular prison. The cook became a bachelor.

In the course of the next day, and after much talk, an agreement was arrived at, and the party began their march again April 4th. On the way Mount Hor was ascended. Buckle got up in an hour and a half, tired and hot, and rubbing his bald head, exclaimed, "No wonder poor old Aaron died when they dragged him up here!" Even the clericals laughed at this unholy remark. But the view

<sup>43</sup> Very ugly men are chosen for this purpose by repentant husbands. They sometimes, however, refuse to divorce the woman for her former husband to remarry her; and they can not be compelled. Compare the story of 'Alâ ed-Deen Abu-sh-Shâmât. Lane, 1840, vol. ii., p. 274; and Ibid., "Modern Egyptians," 1842, vol. i., p 262, *et seq.*

from the summit over the neighboring peaks was worth all the fatigue, and reminded one—in its vast expanse, and the absence of all vegetation but a little straggling grass or insignificant bush or stunted tree—of a raised map spread before one's feet. Once at the top, an extra backsheesh was demanded for permission to see Aaron's tomb, and refused by the indignant travelers, who did not care much to see it. The descent was done in an hour, though Buckle was forced to draw his revolver on his attendant savages, who kept pushing him to make him go at what they considered a suitable rate of speed.

That afternoon the tents were pitched in Petra. In the evening the whole party had a narrow escape. There was a quarrel between the sheiks, as they sat round their camp-fire, on the division of the spoil. The sheik of the Fellahîn drew his sword, and was on the point of killing the sheik of the 'Alawîn, who was unprepared, when the blow was turned aside by a bystander; and the angry Fellahîn chief went off in a huff, promising that as he "had the pigeons in his cage, he would not let them go"; and intimating that he would occupy the heights, and attack the party when they attempted to leave. However, the next day Buckle and some of the others began their sight-seeing by the pass of the Sîk, a narrow rocky passage, the principal, and probably, in ancient times, only, entrance to Petra. They had hardly got half way when the dragoman told them it was dangerous to go on; that the sheik had heard the Fellahîn were in ambush ahead, and they must return at once. Buckle quietly asked who was the messenger, and he was pointed out. "Then," said he, "I will go back; but I shall take you before the sheik, and

ask him if your story is true ; and if it be not, you shall be punished." Upon this the man began equivocating, saying that he had not been sent by the sheik, but thought it extremely likely that the Fellahîn might be there, etc. ; and it became at once clear that he had invented the story merely to save himself the trouble of escorting the travelers about the place. On their return they found poor Achmet, the cook, the center of a group of Fellahîn, who had found out his cowardice, and were demanding sugar, tobacco, and everything they had a fancy to. They pointed out to him the individual who had slain the cook of the last party, and chaffed him unmercifully.

The only time that Buckle was angry with Mr. Gray was at Petra. "Finding a snake," writes this gentleman, "I killed it, and brought it to the door of Mr. Buckle's tent. 'Take that away from here, if you please,' said he ; but I enjoyed his discomfiture too much to obey him at once. He was at first angry, but quickly recovered his temper, merely remarking that the mate of the dead snake would certainly take up its abode near his tent if the body was allowed to remain there. When the Fellahîn at Petra were becoming troublesome," continues Mr. Gray, "Mr. Buckle remarked, that 'if they came to his tent with guns he would probably get under the bed ; but if they wished to discuss matters quietly with him, to prove he had no right to be there, he would be happy to offer the chief a chair.' "

One more day was passed in Petra ; and then on the Monday the caravan slowly defiled out on the road to Hebron, with a somewhat uncomfortable feeling that the sheik of the Fellahîn, with his rude and devoted follow-

ers, might be occupying the heights and prepared to attack. But the presence of the powerful Bedouin sheik proved a sufficient safeguard, and they passed out in peace. The journey to Hebron was uneventful. Every evening, almost, the escort wasted their powder to warn off robbers; and sang to show their numbers. Nearly every day they managed to get an alarm of a Bedouin attack; and once very nearly had a real affray with the Tiyâhah, near Hebron, who wished the travelers to dismiss the 'Alawîn, and take their camels instead. But the demand was peaceably resisted; and in a few hours more they were safely encamped at Hebron.

The Prince of Wales, who had been making the tour of Egypt, and thence gone directly by sea to Palestine, had succeeded in getting into the mosk which covers the supposed tomb of Abraham at this place. He had expressed a wish to the authorities that, since Christians had once been allowed to enter it, they might in future always be allowed to do so; but the wish was expressed in vain. There was nothing to see, therefore, but the outside. The Arabs were dismissed, for the desert was now passed. Horses were substituted for camels, and all enjoyed a gallop for the first time, with the exception of Buckle, who, indeed, for the last two or three days had been riding on one of the sheik's horses, as his own donkey had cast a shoe.

From Hebron to Jerusalem is only one day's travel. Buckle started at nine, taking Bethlehem on the way, walking two hours, resting half an hour, and entering Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate at half-past four. Here he went to Hauser's Mediterranean Hotel, as it was more

convenient than camping outside the town. On the 16th of April, he writes as follows :

“ We arrived here three days ago, after a most fatiguing and arduous journey through the *whole* desert of Sinai and of Edom. We have traversed a deeply interesting country, visited by few Europeans—and by none during the last five years, so dangerous was the latter part of the journey reputed to be. But I had taken my measures before venturing to go beyond Sinai, and gradually feeling my way, secured, as I went on, the protection of every leading sheik, having studied at Cairo their relative power and position. Having an ample stock of provisions, I was prepared at any moment to fall back, and return if need be to Egypt. Three other parties, chiefly Americans, joined us at Sinai, each having their separate establishment arranged, with their own dragoman, but all, for greater safety, keeping together till we reached Hebron. We were in all fifteen persons, and with our servants and escort we numbered one hundred and ten armed men. Nothing but a combination of tribes could hurt us; and such a combination I considered to be morally impossible in the face of the precautions which I suggested, and to which, after some demur, the other parties agreed. When I say ‘morally impossible,’ I mean the odds were so large as not to be worth the consideration of a prudent man. There were several alarms, and there was undoubted danger; but in my deliberate judgment the danger was not greater than would be encountered in a rough sea with a good vessel and a skillful captain. Some of our fellow travelers were in great fear two or three times, and assured me that they had no sleep on those occasions. For

my own part, I never was kept awake ten minutes. The boys behaved exceedingly well." . . . I told them always to keep close to me in the caravan; they always slept in my tent; and, without concealing from them the real state of affairs, I simply assured them that whatever happened to them should also happen to me. They believed me. They were satisfied that I meant what I said; and I am more than repaid by their confidence and affection.

"The result is that we have seen Petra—as wonderful and far more beautiful than anything in Egypt. Burkhardt, about forty years ago, was the first European who ever set foot there; and since then, not more probably than 100 persons have seen it; that is to say, have really *seen* it as we did, at leisure, and spending three whole days there. Occasionally gentlemen without tents, and with no food but what they can carry on their own horse, gallop from Hebron to Petra (about 120 miles) in two days and a half, reaching Petra in the evening, seeing it by moonlight, and then gallop back, before the Bedouins and Fellahin are aware of their presence. The English and other consuls, and the Governor of Cairo with other persons of influence, all declared that this was the only way I could see Petra; but the hardship of the journey, and the risk of sleeping in the open air, prevented me from thinking for a moment of such a plan. Among the English here our journey has created quite a sensation; and the result is one of many

<sup>44</sup> Being one of the boys mentioned, I may as well state, both for my brother and myself, that we had such entire and perfect faith in Buckle that seeing he appeared under no apprehension we believed the danger extremely remote, and were unconcerned accordingly. Mr. Glennie also was one of the least alarmed; but on his laughing at a gentleman of another party, Buckle reproved him, and said it was extremely natural, as the man had heart-disease.

proofs which have convinced me of the profound ignorance of officials in the East of everything which their own eyes do not see. I had to collect all my facts through an interpreter, but I analyzed and compared them with something more than official care and precision. Having done so, I acted; and I really look back to this passage through Petra from Egypt as by far the greatest practical achievement of my life. I believe that you are both laughing, and I am almost inclined to laugh myself. But I am conceited about it, and I think I have reason to be so; for I must, moreover, tell you that nearly all our party were more or less ill with fatigue, anxiety, and the extraordinary vicissitudes of temperature. At 3.30 p. m. the heat was on one occasion 119° Fahr., and before sunrise the next morning the thermometer had fallen *in the tent* (and our tent was by far the thickest and warmest of all) to 42°. Headaches, sickness, bleeding at the nose, and bowel complaints were very common; but we three had not even the pain or inconvenience of any kind, except that. . . . The dear little kids are now the picture of health, and we are all as brown as Arabs. . . .

“The truth is that we were the only ones who had proper food and were properly clothed. We had plenty of green vegetables preserved; also preserved meats of every kind, and excellent preserved Julien soup; while others, day after day, lived upon fowls, tasteless mutton, and hard biscuits. They also, in spite of my warning, committed the enormous but very tempting mistake of wearing summer clothes in hot weather. On the other hand, I and the boys had on complete winter clothing, which was never to be changed till going to bed, when I always saw myself that

the boys had two good blankets over them, however warm they might be. Poor —— often complained of the heat when he went to bed; but I was inflexible as to the blankets, being satisfied that a free and constant action of the skin is the only safety-valve in this dangerous climate. Others thought differently, and, strong and vigorous young men as most of them were, they fared differently—being constantly unwell, and always ascribing their complaints to the wrong cause.

. . . . .

“I am truly sorry to hear of poor Capel's illness, though I am not much surprised, since for the last few years I have not been satisfied with his condition. His restlessness and irritability are, I fear, the result of disease. Poor fellow! it is sad under any circumstances to feel the brains impaired; but how infinitely sad when there is nothing to compensate the mischief—nothing, if I may so say, to justify it.” I shall write to him to-day, and do what I can to soothe him.”

“It is not quite certain that we shall go to Constantinople, because I have to ascertain the character of the steamer to Pesth, and the healthiness of the Danube, which is at times visited by malaria—though, I am at present informed, this is only in autumn. At all events, you shall have the two or three weeks' notice which you

<sup>45</sup> Only about the postal arrangements.

<sup>46</sup> “What booteth it to have been rich alive?  
What to be great? what to be gracious?  
When after death no token doth survive  
Of former being in this mortall hous,  
But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious.”

SPENSER, “The Ruins of Time,” ll. 351–355.

<sup>47</sup> This letter I have not been able to find.



require of our time for being in Vienna ; and as you say that with this notice you can both of you arrange to be there at any time, this prevents all difficulty, and leaves me free to act. In case of my being in Germany before I can give you due notice, I wish you would tell me if there is any healthy, and not too dull, watering-place between Pesth and Vienna, or thereabouts, where we could remain while awaiting your arrival at Vienna. It will not be advisable that the boys should stay two or three weeks in a hot and crowded city. Besides, I want to get them on in German, and it will be quite time enough to visit their relations after your arrival.

“Thanks for offering to bring the ‘*Mill on the Floss*’ for me to read ; but you could not do so without buying it, and it is not worth while to do that. So, unless you have it already, or can borrow it, I should much prefer waiting, and reading it in London. But I want one or two books bought for my little boys. I want Newman’s ‘*Hebrew Monarchy*’ (published, I think, by Chapman anonymously, but always ascribed to Frank Newman), and the ‘*Dictionary of the Bible*’ (or some such title), lately edited by Dr. William Smith, on the same plan as Smith’s ‘*Dictionary of Geography and Mythology*’ ; also ask Capel for the loan of Carpenter’s ‘*Physiology*.’ This is for —, but as I am not quite certain whether he can yet enter into it, I would rather not have it bought for him, especially as I can lend it to him in town, and it is an expensive book. Therefore, if you can not borrow it, do not bring it. Carpenter’s ‘*Human Physiology*,’ or his ‘*General Physiology*’—either would do. Finally, for myself, please to bring some of Schiller’s poems, or of the

minor poems of Goethe, whichever you have ; or any other German poetry which is good, and which you have already by you, and will not take up too much room.

“I have so much to see and to do, that I can not answer several questions in your letter, as I would otherwise. But I must tell you that I am far stronger both in mind and body than I have been since you knew me, and I feel fit to go on at once with my work. But I neither read nor write. I think ; I see ; and I talk. Especially I study the state of society and habits of the people. We shall stay here to the end of this week, and then go to Jericho, the Jordan, Dead Sea, and Bethlehem, and thence northward for Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, Baalbec, etc. I feel boyish enough for anything, and fancy myself growing younger ; yet I am old, very old—forty on the 24th of last November. It's a great age.”

The day after his arrival, Buckle looked out for a house to lodge in, for the weather was too wet to make tent-life pleasant, and the hotel was bad, and its cookery worse. He was, however, unsuccessful in his search, and consequently remained at the hotel during the whole of his stay at Jerusalem. To his stay here may fairly be ascribed the fever he caught, and finally died of. His time he spent in seeing all that was to be seen. Of ancient Jerusalem there was then but little visible, and hence the greatest part of his time was devoted to what are supposed by some of the more devout to be the Holy Sepulchre and other holy places, excursions, the Garden of Gethsemane, the lepers' quarter, and the bazaars. Here Mr. Longmore met him again, but though he regularly saw him at *table d'hôte*, he unfortunately kept but little

record of his conversation. "I accompanied him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," says this gentleman, "and assisted him in buying a number of rosaries, made of the fruit of the Doum palm; crosses, seals, paper-cutters, and such like articles, made from wood of Mount Olivet, offered for sale in the square before the church; in all of which he showed more interest than I should have anticipated." Next day, at dinner, he said he received a letter,

<sup>48</sup> "Athenæum," 25th January, 1873, p. 115. Buckle came home one day smiling, and in reply to a question said, rubbing his hands, he had every reason to feel elated, as he had just beaten a *Jew* down a halfpenny! in bargaining for some knickknacks of this sort. Mr. Glennie relates this as follows: "Once when he had lagged behind, near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as we were on our way by the Via Dolorosa, and St. Stephen's Gate, to the Garden of Gethsemane, he came up apologizing for having kept me waiting, but elated with having, in bargaining with a Jew about some glass bracelets, beat him down from twopence to three-halfpence; and as the Jew was always cheating in the court of the Church, even as his forefathers in that of the Temple, I could not refrain from saying that, 'while going to Gethsemane, I had no eye for glass bracelets.'"—"Pilgrim Memories," p. 297.

This remark, apart from its curious inconsequence, and the inconsistency of the whole with the fact, is worthy of rescue from Mr. Glennie's ponderous prose. We must remember that the true Jerusalem was forty or one hundred feet below the filth on which Mr. Glennie was standing; that the Garden of Gethsemane is a pleasing (and lucrative) fiction of the monks; and that Mr. Glennie, despite this pious expression, does not in a general way express extreme veneration, even where veneration might not be misplaced; as, for instance, the passage, where talking of the Jordan he says—"and that other event, as our good Murray says, 'of still more thrilling interest, the baptism of God Himself in its sacred waters.' An event, certainly, after the mention of which it is, I confess, an anti-climax to conclude with the fall 'down flat' of the walls of Jericho, on the Israelites shouting and blowing their trumpets. One could, in our respectable caravan, say nothing against literal belief in these legends; and so, what expression could one give to one's contempt of belief, and indignation at pretense of belief, in fables so puerile, so infantile rather; what expression but that of utter ignoring of them, in a gay flirtation?" etc. (p. 324).

That this is Mr. Glennie's usual tone of thought, and not the reverend, which so aptly serves to make Buckle out a thoughtless miser, his whole "Pilgrim Memories" will show. Compare especially pp. 404 and 341.

I think from Thackeray himself, intimating his resignation of the editorship of the 'Cornhill,' and that he proposed devoting himself to writing a Life of Queen Anne. On Good Friday Buckle came in too late for dinner, and had, in consequence, his food served cold, at which he was very wroth.<sup>49</sup> To judge from the gusto with which he talked of the many capital dinners he had eaten in London, I think he had a great deal of the *gourmet* in his tastes. He was not a great eater, but was rather fastidious in what he ate. He told me he never got a first-class dinner in a married man's house—the only unfavorable remark on matrimony I recollect hearing him make. He talked also a great deal about ciphers, saying that no cipher had ever been invented which two men then in London, Wheatstone and De Morgan, could not find out. On the 19th of April," continues Mr. Longmore, "I went with him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to see the so-called miracle of the descent of fire from heaven into the tomb of our Saviour, where the Greek Patriarch is shut up alone. As usual there was a great crowd of Greek pilgrims crushing and crowding the floor of the church in a very unpleasant way. Through the American Consul, I got Buckle a place where he could see at ease, without being hustled about."<sup>50</sup> This was a loggia in the gallery of the rotunda looking down upon the sepulchre. The floor around was so tightly packed with human beings that it would have been possible to walk over their heads; the heat, noise, and babel of voices were beyond descrip-

<sup>49</sup> I find by his diary, however, that Buckle dined at the usual *table-d'hôte* hour, 6.30; and hence conclude that the hour was changed on that day without his knowledge.

<sup>50</sup> "Athenæum," for 25th January, 1873, p. 116.

tion. The rain was all the while pouring continuously through the circular opening of the dome of the rotunda upon the sepulchre beneath. Looking down upon this seething mass, Buckle had to wait more than three hours, as the miracle was unpunctual—or it was waiting for the priest, who was unpunctual, as he had to wait for the pasha, and pashas are always unpunctual. At last the Patriarch entered the sepulchre, and soon after a flame issued forth from a sort of pigeon-hole on the side. The multitude became frantic. Candles were produced, and the light spread with marvelous rapidity all over the church, even the galleries contributing to the smoke and blaze. Men passed the flame round their faces, to prove that it would not harm them: for was it not of heavenly origin? Others produced pieces of rag, which they bedewed with grease, in the hope that these drops of wax, melted in divine fire, and buried with them, would cheat the devil of his due.

At last the hurly-burly is done, and Buckle returned, much impressed, to the hotel. Mr. Longmore asked him what he thought of it? “A great deal,” said Buckle; “pious frauds have been considered allowable in all ages of the Church.” He resumed the subject on another occasion at dinner; and, talking besides of some processions he had seen, made some little jocular remarks upon the dresses of the monks. Seeing how the company were enjoying these sallies, Mr. Gray, who was seated near him, coughed audibly. Buckle leaned back in his chair, and said, “Really, Gray, I would not have said what I did had I thought it could possibly hurt your feelings.” Mr. Gray answered that Buckle ought to know him better by that

time, and that he had only coughed to warn him that he was listening to his remarks, and remind him that he was a Catholic. However, Buckle turned the conversation by saying, "You know I do not think as you do ; but, after all, there are many things equally difficult of belief which the Protestants accept." "And pray, Mr. Buckle," said the German clergyman who sat opposite, "what may those things be which you find so difficult of belief?" "Well," said Buckle, "take, for instance, the supposition that Jonah lived three days in a whale's belly, and then came out still alive." "Oh," said the German, "but that was a miracle." "That is an assumption on your part," replied Buckle, "not a proof that it really occurred." "Then you don't believe in miracles?" said the German, rather nettled. "If you mean by a miracle," replied Buckle, "the reversal of the laws of nature, then I do not." Upon this the German lost his temper, and left the table; and the two other clergymen thought it their duty to do likewise. As they departed, Buckle turned round to the company, and solemnly exclaimed, "See how they flee!" The conversation was now centered on religious subjects. Buckle talked of the prophets, and maintained against some of the company that Isaiah was the greatest, greater even than Jeremiah; astonishing them by the quotations he was able to give in support of his assertions. After dinner the talk was still continued. He said he believed in the New Testament after eliminating the supernatural; that he considered Jesus Christ the greatest teacher and civilizer of mankind that ever lived; declared "that there was that in His teaching which it was difficult, indeed impossible, to account for without believing Him to have been divine-

ly inspired." In reply to a question whom he placed next as a civilizer of mankind, he answered without hesitation, "William Shakespeare." "Of the two, however, he placed Shakespeare first in the order of mind—one of "the two mightiest intellects our country has produced," as he calls him; "the greatest of the sons of men"; "the greatest of our masters." "Indeed, he considered Shakespeare to have been inspired, as Christ, and as all great minds who possess true genius, the real breath of God. He afterward said he had never known but one real atheist, and that he was a cabinet minister."

On Monday, 21st of April, Buckle and his party set out for Bethlehem, all on horseback, but the former rejoicing in the extra comfort of a cavalry saddle, which he had bought at Jerusalem. In an hour-and-a-half ride Bethlehem was reached, and then two hours were devoted to the convent, the Church of the Nativity, and the Greek and Latin chapels, the Cave of Adullam, where David longed for the water of the well of Bethlehem, and the well of Bethlehem with the water which David longed for. From thence they rode to Mar Sâba, where they had appointed to meet their companions of the desert. The monastic rules were too strict to allow of the admission of the ladies of one of the parties, who consequently had to encamp outside; but the monks console themselves for the deprivation of female society, and cheat their founder, the holy St. Sabas, by drinking arrack, a liquor which, as it was not invented A.D. 532, and as the saint had apparently no prophetic soul, was

<sup>22</sup> J. A. Longmore, in the "Athenæum," pp. 115, 116. 25th January, 1873.

<sup>23</sup> "History of Civilization," vol. i., p. 482; vol. ii., pp. 42, 404.

<sup>24</sup> "Athenæum," *ut sup.*

not included among the prohibited drinks of his foundation. The whole party started early the next morning down the rocky road to the Dead Sea, a region which, as of yore, is still infested with robbers. Thieves accompanied them, as a visible sign and receipt of the blackmail which had been levied ;<sup>56</sup> and at one o'clock, the hottest time of the day, they arrived at the lowest point of the surface of the globe, the valley of the Dead Sea.<sup>57</sup> Here Buckle filled one of the tins he had had made in Cairo for the specimens of the water of the Nile, Red Sea, Dead Sea, Jordan, and Tiberias. From this scene of desolation they rode on to the refreshing waters of the Jordan, and thence to their encampment at Jericho. The next day they returned to Jerusalem by Bethany, a place Buckle did not stop at, as he had already made an excursion to it from Jerusalem.

Having seen all that was to be seen in this disagreeable and ill-smelling town, Buckle set out the next day. He had just received a letter from the boys' mother, in which was copied out the chief part of Mill's notice of the "History of Civilization," in his fifth edition of the "System of Logic,"<sup>58</sup> where, talking of the causation of social phenomena, he says that Buckle has not only popularized the great principle of general laws, but clearly and triumph-

<sup>56</sup> It is related of a gentleman and his wife who, refusing to pay blackmail, ventured on this road a few years later, that they were set upon, and stripped of all they had with the exception of the "Times" newspaper. The gentleman returned to Jerusalem clad in the body of that journal, while his wife was forced to content herself with the supplement.

<sup>57</sup> It is 1292 feet below the level of the sea. Mr. Glennie takes the opportunity to sneer at Buckle because he did not expose his feeble person to the sun in the hottest part of the day in the hottest part of Palestine, "to experience the singular sensation of being unable to sink."—"Pilgrim Memories," p. 823.

<sup>58</sup> Vol ii., 1862, pp. 524, *et seq.*



antly shown that masses are governed by them in the same way as individuals are. At the same time he thinks, like so many others, that Buckle has asserted that morals are of no effect in civilization, though he agrees with him in attributing to the advance of knowledge the great improvement in moral *actions*, moral *principles* remaining very much the same; and hence, to the advance of knowledge the main, the chiefest, and almost exclusive agency in the advancement of civilization. Hence Buckle's contemptuous remark on the savage at Petra, "Vice is better than ignorance"; for well he knew that the worst vice was ignorance, just as the greatest sinner is the instigator to sin. Let a community be vicious if you will, but if they cultivate knowledge, true and real knowledge, and not that semblance which goes under the name of an "acquaintance with literature," they must improve; no power on earth can stop it. This letter gave Buckle great pleasure: "Only a woman would have thought of sending me these extracts," said he; and during the first day's journey he had a long talk with Mr. Glennie on Mill's remarks." They encamped that evening at 'Ain-el-Haràmiyeh, or the Robber's Fountain, a distance of five hours' journey from Jerusalem, having rested at Bethel an hour and a

<sup>58</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 330. "So gratified, indeed, was Mr. Buckle that, for the first and last time," says Mr. Glennie, "in my recollection of him, he expanded in a humorous practical joke—presenting one of the fellows of the encircling crowd with a cheap Jerusalem cigar, which, as he whispered to me, he had found would not draw." This is very probable, as Buckle had no objection to harmless practical jokes; it is also very probable that it *was* the only one that appeared humorous to Mr. Glennie. But Buckle would rather have given up smoking altogether than smoke bad tobacco; and never, as far as I recollect, bought a cigar in Jerusalem. He laid in a stock of Manillas at Suez.

quarter. "But though," as Buckle says in his diary, he "rose at seven, such was the delay of the muleteers that we did not leave Jerusalem till eleven." He encamped at six, and dined at seven o'clock. They reached Nabulus the next day, at one o'clock, after six hours' ride, including a rest of twenty minutes. Here he walked up Mount Gerizim, a fatiguing walk in the hot sun, and then visited the Samaritan synagogue, saw the Samaritan Pentateuch, and bought a Samaritan MS.; and the next day attended service in the synagogue at 6.30, where all the chiefs of the few remaining Samaritan families were assembled, clothed in white, and, to the untrained ear, making a tremendous noise. At about six the same evening he encamped at Jenîn, just on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon, having seen the church of St. John, at Samaria, on the way. He was up the next day at his usual hour, notwithstanding that he had been eleven hours in the saddle the day before, and, with the escort of one picturesque Arab guard, which is usual in crossing the dangerous plain of Esdraelon, started at 7.30 and encamped at Nazareth at 2.30. The route followed was that by the mound and ruins of El-Fûleh, an important spot during the Crusades, but now of little interest. Indeed, throughout Palestine the historical spots are of but little interest, and generally of but little authenticity; the general features of the country are, as a rule, the only real points of interest, and not such things as the reputed prison of St. John.

Buckle's system had hitherto battled bravely with the fever, which, as I have said, must have seized him at Jerusalem, but, weakened by the fatigues of the last two days,

he succumbed at Nazareth for the first time.” He did not give way, however, without a fight. After a bad night he rose at eight, and enters in his diary, “Much better, but shall rest here all day. From 10.30 to 12 made notes from New Testament. Toward afternoon it rained with great heaviness, and I thought it better to sleep at the convent.” The rain in addition against him was more than he could bear up against; and the next morning he woke with a bad sore throat, which he had felt coming on the evening before; he had no appetite, and felt so weak that, with the exception of two hours in the afternoon, he remained in bed all day, unable to read. While Buckle was lying ill here, Mr. Gray and his party arrived at Nazareth; “and although,” he observes, “we were told that Mr. Buckle was lying ill at the monastery, I could not help noticing that I was the only one who called upon him. He was in bed, and, pointing to his throat, told me he was sorry that he could only converse with me in a whisper, but asked me to sit down near him, and we conversed on various topics. I shall not easily forget the interest with which he listened to my narration of how I fell into the hands of robbers at Shiloh, near Nabulus. He said that he had been so interested in his journey that he thought of going next year to Persia, and invited me to accompany him. Next year I had to travel through Persia with another, for my friend had performed his last journey. I advised him to call one of the monks, who was a doctor. He replied, ‘I hear he is a Spaniard. Do you believe in Spanish doc-

<sup>50</sup> Mr. Glennie hints that this was due to “a certain imprudence of diet!”—“Pilgrim Memories,” p. 365. Buckle was more particular in his diet than in any other point of physical conduct.

tors?' And I was obliged to confess I had no experience of them." He doctored himself from a little medicine-chest he had brought with him from England, and enters in his diary, "Took six grains compound-rhubarb pill." But the next morning, "feeling worse, I sent early for an Armenian doctor. He touched the left tonsil with lunar caustic, and applied a small blister externally; told me to keep very warm, and by no means to get up, and to take at night another six-grain rhubarb pill." The doctor returned again at seven the following day; but even then neither he nor Buckle recognized the true nature of the disease. He told Buckle that an ulcer was forming, which he touched with caustic, and then very unwisely ordered him half a grain of antimony, to be taken every two hours. "After two doses I found the sickness insupportable," says the unfortunate patient, "and I refused to take more, to the great regret of my Armenian doctor, who visits me twice a day, and, though a very civil man, is, I fear, a very ignorant one. He told me to keep in bed all day." "A restless night, with great prostration, amounting almost to wandering, confirmed my opinion that I am being badly treated. When, therefore, the doctor came, at 8 A. M., I persuaded him to send me some muriate of iron, of which I took ten drops in a wine-glassful of water. I further ordered strong mutton broth to be made; for since Tuesday<sup>66</sup> I have had nothing stronger than rice-water and milk; and at 10 A. M. I got up, and am now writing my journal (11.15) with the window open. The throat is very painful when I swallow, but I feel better in all other respects. I would not let the doctor meddle with my throat

<sup>66</sup> This was Friday.

this morning, as I wish the ulcer to reach its full size, and then be lanced." The next day he writes, "Much better, but, appetite being bad and tongue covered with a coat like white cream, I took at 6.30 A. M. two of Mr. Morgan's pills, containing gray powder. Rose at 7.30. Ate no breakfast. Walked half an hour; the first time I have been out. In afternoon played backgammon. The only nourishment I can take is mutton broth with toast, and occasionally a little milk. But at 6.30 I took half a wine-glass of brandy in two tumblers of water, and felt better after it." The next day, Sunday, he was again "much better; ate two eggs and drank a cup of milk for breakfast; walked half an hour," and even smoked a cigar as he sat reading under a fig-tree.

But it was only his throat that was better. The insidious disease had not yet mastered him; but it was steadily gaining ground, and ever ready to show itself when given the slightest advantage. All the delay of his illness mattered little to Buckle himself; but he felt, and was always regretting, the enforced delay of Mr. Glennie, involving a waste of time and money to that gentleman; and he started on Monday morning for Tabaria, or Tiberias, but in so weak a state that, as he sadly notes in his diary, "I could only walk my horse all the way," and had to rest for two hours and a quarter on the road." He was a little stronger the next day, and able to stroll about Tabaria, see the hot springs, peep for a minute into the bath-house—where he notes that he saw the "people bathing, a

<sup>61</sup> I do not wish to reflect on Mr. Glennie by this passage, for he, of course, knew nothing of Buckle's motive beyond what polite expressions of regret could convey, or his manifest weakness could hint.

curious but disgusting scene"—and also into the synagogue. He afterward attempted to buy a phylactery from some of the Jews who were of German origin, and spoke German to him; but their demands were so extortionate, and their German so bad, that he grew quite angry, and bought nothing. For now he was changed in this respect, and could no longer keep his temper as before. Not that he was irascible or fretful; but little things would irritate him, in a way that was all the more observable because of his usually admirable temper in health, and constant flow of spirits, which now diminished, but never quite left him up to his death. From Tabaria he rode back to Nazareth, resting two and a half hours on the way, and "able to trot and canter a little."

The remainder of his journey is but little more than a record of illness, weakness, exhaustion, and unabated energy, interest, and delight in what he saw. He left Nazareth, and reached Akka, on May 7th, after five and a half hours' journey and a rest of two hours; and then walked through the town and round the fortifications, and looked into the prison—a large dungeon, where thieves and murderers, the least bad and the very worst, were confined together, loaded with chains, but otherwise free to do very much as they liked. They cooked their own food at a large bonfire in the middle, and a begging committee sat in permanence behind the grated gate. The next day Buckle rose with a bad sore throat again, but started all the same at eight, along the fertile plain of Akka, across the "Tyrian ladder"—a difficult pass on a spur of Lebanon, which forms the first defense of Tyre—and encamped by the ruins of Alexandroschene. After six hours' riding and two hours'

rest he was "quite exhausted, and fell asleep before dinner." He started again the next morning, with his throat worse than the day before, and resumed his painful march over the "White Cape," the path of which is more difficult than that of the Tyrian ladder, and stopped at Ras el 'Ain to examine the enormous reservoirs, which are curious from the means adopted for raising the water. The springs are situated in the plain, and gush with such force from the earth that, if allowed, they would form natural fountains twenty-five feet high. The ancient inhabitants, however, knew better than to waste this valuable gift. They built around each spring a massive wall, of enormous and unnecessary strength, which formed huge reservoirs raised above the plain, and supplied various aqueducts till almost modern times, but now only served to drive a single mill. From thence, along the sweep of sand which has accumulated over Alexander's Mole, he rode to Tyre, where he went out in a boat to see the columns and other ruins, which were quite visible under the transparent water, though not so visible as they would have been had the water been smoother. Thence, leaving at about half-past two, and neglecting to visit the "tomb of Hiram," he traveled along the plain of Phœnicia, and encamped at a spot near the mouth of the Nahr el Kâsimîyeh, probably the ancient Leontes, about four o'clock.

During the night there was a long and violent storm, which, together with the pain he suffered from his throat, and probably the *malaise* of typhoid fever, caused him to sleep very badly. Several times, too, in his anxiety for the boys under his care, he got up to feel if the rain had penetrated the double roof of the tent. The day's journey

was six hours, and he arrived at Sidon at 3 P. M., where, he says, he "found rooms in a house," and then, "sent for the French resident doctor, who turns out to be a very intelligent man, and is a friend of Rénan's. He says I only need rest." He could eat nothing but mutton broth; and the next day, after breakfasting in bed, he removed to the convent, where the monks gave him "excellent rooms." The following day his throat was "nearly well; but I feel very weak," he adds, and only walked a quarter of an hour during the day. But he amused himself by playing backgammon, and looking at some Phœnician antiquities, which were sent for his inspection, and of which he bought several. The French Government were then making excavations in the neighborhood, but Buckle was too weak to visit them, though he pushed on for Beyrout the next day, encamping about half way after being four hours and a half in the saddle. He rose the next day "stronger, notwithstanding a bad night," and arrived at Beyrout at 11 A. M., 14th May, lodging at the Hotel Belle Vue. Here, the same day, he wrote a letter, of melancholy interest as the last he ever penned:

"We have arrived here," he says, "all well, after a journey from Jerusalem entirely beyond all description. We diverged westward, after visiting the Sea of Galilee, in order to travel through Phœnicia. We saw Tyre and Sidon, and got much valuable information respecting the excavations conducted there for the last eighteen months by the French Government. . . .

"To-morrow we shall see the Assyrian remains near here; and the next day start for Damascus, Baalbec, and



return to Beyrout by the cedars of Lebanon—the oldest and grandest trees in the world.

“I have most reluctantly abandoned Constantinople; because, although we should be there and up the Danube long before the unhealthy season, I am advised that the nights on the river are occasionally damp, and dangerous for weak eyes, and I can not quite satisfy myself about the protection the berths afford. I don’t choose to risk my . . . to having inflamed conjunctiva, for he has now had nothing the matter with his eyes for more than five months, and I intend to bring him back sound and invigorated in all respects.

“The only other route to Vienna is by Trieste. We must therefore take the steamer from here to Smyrna, Syra, and Athens. We shall see little or nothing of Greece, as the weather will be too hot. The journey is not very interesting, but we have had our fill of interest, and must think of health.

“I expect to be at Trieste about the middle of June; and as you said that the end of July would suit you to reach Vienna, this leaves me a clear month, which I purpose spending in Gratz, or Grätz, in Styria, on the railroad between Trieste and Vienna. It is very healthy, has fine air, and is well known for masters and education. I shall take a small house, or part of a large one, have none but German servants, and work the boys well in German.

“Please, therefore, direct your next letter to Post Office, Gratz, or Grätz (I find even Germans pronounce it differently), and send to the same place the books I asked for in my last letter, viz., Newman’s ‘Hebrew Monarchy’ (or ‘Commonwealth’), published by Chapman, and Smith’s

new 'Dictionary of Biblical History and Geography.' This is by Dr. William Smith, and the book is on the same plan as his 'Dictionary of Mythology.' To this I now add Kenrick's 'Phœnicia,' as my boys have been much interested in Phœnicia, and want to know more about it than I have told them. I shall take apartments in a house at Gratz for *one month*, and hope to take back the boys good Germanists. Four weeks' rest and good work will, after all this excitement, benefit body and mind. Consequently, if we were finally to name the 1st of August as our day of meeting it might be well. Send also to Gratz, carefully packed in a tin canister, two pounds of tea. . . .

"I shall send from here (probably via Alexandria) two wooden cases. The largest contains nothing but curiosities—shells from the Red Sea, coral, antiquities, etc.; and you may confidently declare that there is nothing to pay duty; but, if opened, the repacking will require great care. The other and smaller case contains *about* twenty pounds of the finest Latakia tobacco, *unmanufactured*. To pass this a permit from the customs will, I believe, be required; but you will know how to proceed. The tobacco must be kept in a dry place, of equable temperature, specially avoiding heat."

The same day he brought his dragoman before the consul for not properly fulfilling his contract. It is not unusual for these men to behave exceedingly well during the trip up the Nile, in the hope of being taken on through Palestine, and then, relying on not being prosecuted, to supply the party badly during the journey. Hassan had not brought a sufficient quantity of supplies from Cairo, nor

had he made up this deficiency where he had the opportunity ; and, moreover, the progress of his illness made Buckle fretful, and the less likely to look over such things. As Hassan understood Italian best of all European languages, Buckle spoke his accusation in that tongue, with the result that Hassan was ordered to refund a part of his pay. Another symptom had also begun prominently to show itself. For the last few days, notwithstanding his weakness, loss of appetite, and bad nights, he had become restless, and anxious to finish his journey. He felt it impossible to come so far, and then leave without seeing Damascus, the dream of his boyhood. A gentleman staying at the same hotel, seeing how haggard he looked, urged him to return to Europe and recruit his health ; but in vain. A great part of the following day was spent in settling with Hassan at the consulate, in engaging another dragoman, and making arrangements for the continuation of the journey.

And still neither he nor any one about him recognized the nature of his disease. "Walked for one hour about the town," he writes, May 16th. "Feel better to-day than I have done yet." If he had only been stricken down then, or delayed a day or two, we might now see the "History of Civilization" complete ! But at one o'clock he started by the new French road, the only one in the whole of Syria or Palestine that can be dignified with the name ; and having sent on the tents and horses to El-Merj, beyond which point the road was unfinished, he did the six hours' journey in a carriage, and arrived again terribly knocked up. "Oh, this body ! It is no body at all !" <sup>62</sup> he bitterly

<sup>62</sup> Glennie, "Pilgrim Memories," p. 439.

exclaimed. And the next day his appetite was worse, again, he could only take a little milk for breakfast, and some of the other symptoms of his disease recurred. Nevertheless, he again set out at nine o'clock, walking his horse along the road where practicable, and when turned off by guards, or where the road was unfinished, along the winding track which did duty for a road. He rested three and a half hours at mid-day, and during this rest spoke to Mr. Glennie of his life.<sup>63</sup>

"I have spent fourteen years of uninterrupted happiness, which, I imagine, few people can boast of. But, then, it was spent in work such as few men have cared to undergo." His mother's illness and death had broken the spell; but the wound was doubtlessly healing, and, had he lived, he would again have been happy, if not as happy as before. But death was already upon him, and it was not to be. The whole day he could eat nothing solid; his dinner that evening was only soup. But there was still the indomitable will—the prepotent mind, too powerful for the overtasked body. Notwithstanding the increasing gravity of his symptoms, he again rose at six the following day, though he had passed a very bad night; again his breakfast consisted only of a draught of milk, and his weakness was so great that he was scarce able to sit his horse. Three times had he to dismount and rest during that day's journey; and once, where the valley of the Abana forms an oasis, in the road between the desert plateau of Sahra and the ridge of Hermon, Mr. Glennie

<sup>63</sup> Mr. Glennie puts it at this point of the journey ("Pilgrim Memories," p. 440); and though I remember the conversation, I do not remember where it occurred.

heard a cry behind him, "and turning round saw Mr. Buckle clinging to the neck of his horse. A stirrup had suddenly given way, and he had been almost thrown. The effect of this on nerves so overworn by excitement as his now were can easily be imagined. And, as I assisted him from his horse, he said 'a sweat of terror had burst over him.' " "

There was now the rocky ridge of Hermon to surmount, from whence the magnificent view, so often celebrated by travelers, burst suddenly upon him." Buckle was deeply affected, and, dismounting, sat down and gazed upon the panorama spread below. This was the sight which had filled his childish dreams as he read the "Thousand and One Nights" at his mother's knee—that dear mother he was so soon to rejoin. This was also the historic plain, the site of many a speculation of maturer years. Did the shadows of the illustrious line of Hadad, of the leper Naaman, the proud Assyrian Lord Cyzicenus, Aretas, or

" "Pilgrim Memories," p. 449. Mr. Glennie has thought it judicious to omit the passage, "He was now quite beyond concealing fear," which he had in his account furnished in 1863 to "Fraser's Magazine," p. 184.

" Ariosto describes it as if he had seen it :

" Delle più ricche terre di Levante,  
Delle più popolose e meglio ornate  
Si dice esser Damasco, che distante  
Siede a Gerusalèm sette giornate,  
In un piano fruttifero e abbondante,  
Non men giocondo il verno, che l' estate.  
A questa Terra il primo raggio tolle  
Della nascente Aurora un vicin colle.

" Per la città duo fiumi cristallini  
Vanno inaffiando per diversi rivi  
Un numero infinito di giardini,  
Non mai di fior, non mai di fronde privi."

" Orlando Furioso," Canto XVII., xviii., xix.

Paul, "the man who had done most harm to the world," of the Muslims, sword in hand, followed by the graceful figures of Ghánim, the son of Eiyooob, the distracted slave of love, of Noor ed-Deen, of 'Alá ed-Deen, or Marids and Ján, 'Efreetes and Perees, again people the smiling plain? Did he revert to great historic principles, and, looking down from this vantage-ground, seeing this sea of foliage bounded by a desert, the fertilizing streams, the luxury of position, of color, of climate, and of fertility, again bow to the great power of nature over the minds and imaginations of mankind? Long did he gaze at that living picture. With the hand of death upon him, his keen sense of beauty had not yet gone. "This is worth all that it has cost me!" he exclaimed; and what it had cost him was, his life.

That very night as he arrived at the hotel, at eight o'clock, after a fatiguing ride through the lanes of the suburb, he sent for the only qualified doctor in the place, Dr. Nicora, a Frenchman; for, as he describes himself, he was "utterly prostrate." The doctor gave him no advice that evening, but called again the following morning, Monday, 19th. Buckle had again passed a wretched night; his tongue was white, he suffered from great and constant thirst. But the doctor failed to recognize his disease, and treated it as a common choleraic attack; ordered him to continue soup, and yolks of eggs beaten up with a little brandy, but not to take too much milk; to allay his thirst he was to take eight to ten drops of laudanum in a quart decanter of rice-water, two decanters in the twenty-four hours; and actually ordered him, contrary to the dictates of his appetite, to eat solid food—a

cutlet, if possible, twice a day. He accordingly ate a cutlet for breakfast, and then went out for a walk of half an hour's duration in the bazaars, leaning on the arm of his dragoman. At dinner that day he was unable to sit at the table, which was spread in the court-yard of this truly Oriental hotel, between the fountain and the alcove, on the far sofa of which Buckle was lying, apparently half asleep. As the soup was being served, he suddenly started up, crying, "Oh, mon Dieu, je deviens fou!" There was a great sensation at the table, and he was taken upstairs, but remained delirious the whole evening, though he was able to undress and go to bed. This attack he attributed to the laudanum he had been ordered to take, which might have had such an effect on his exhausted and weakened frame.

On Monday or Tuesday Mr. Glennie had called on the acting consul, Mr. Sandwith, and informed him that he was traveling with Mr. Buckle, and that Mr. Buckle was at present ill. Mr. Sandwith at once sent a message asking permission to call upon him; for which he expressed his thanks, but asked him to defer his visit until he should be better. In the mean while, Dr. Nicora at last discovered that his patient was suffering from typhoid fever, and immediately adopted the lowering treatment. He wanted to bleed him, but Buckle strongly objected, and only consented at last to be locally leeches, for he knew well enough the danger of this method of treatment, and especially of bleeding.<sup>66</sup> Accordingly he refused to follow

<sup>66</sup> "The most remarkable symptom of the typhoid poison is the extreme degree of prostration, both of the physical and of the intellectual powers, which it produces. . . . Bleeding is most pernicious." See his "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," vol. i., pp. 403, 404.

the doctor's advice, but treated himself from the small medicine chest which he had brought with him from England, but soon got too weak even to do this, and the doctor had his own way. He was leeches on Saturday, 24th, Sunday, 25th, and Tuesday, 27th, and the lowering treatment put into full practice.

On Thursday, 22d, Mr. Glennie called again on Mr. Sandwith,<sup>67</sup> "to say that he could not conveniently stay any longer, as he was anxious to see Baalbec before quitting Syria, and intended setting out thither at once. He added that he considered Mr. Buckle so far better as to justify his leaving him."<sup>68</sup> "Relieved at hearing a better account, I ventured," continues Mr. Sandwith, "as soon as Mr. Glennie had left, to call at the hotel," and on Sunday, 25th, he received Mr. Buckle's permission to visit him. "I found Mr. Buckle in bed," he says, "with a worn and anxious look; and sitting by his bedside I talked with him for about a quarter of an hour." Buckle spoke with him of Damascus and his travels; the old fire began to return, and he talked with considerable animation, among other things mentioning, with great admiration, the name of Dean Stanley, whose mind he considered one of the most fruitful in the English Church, and of rare independence; and incidentally, that religion, being of all others the subject of most importance to mankind, had consequently engrossed some of the deepest minds in all ages. Judging that he was fatigued, Mr. Sandwith then left, at the same time making arrangements to take the boys, who were still at the hotel, but no longer in the same room, and

<sup>67</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 465.

<sup>68</sup> Letter of Mr. Sandwith to Henry Huth.



of whom "he seemed very fond," for a ride through the beautiful gardens of Damascus.

On Monday, 26th, Mr. Sandwith called again, with Mr. Robson, a missionary, when they found the patient's mind beginning to wander, and his symptoms generally becoming so grave that they thought it advisable to ask him if he had any testament to make; but he was not sufficiently himself to respond pertinently to their questions. Mr. Sandwith then persuaded Dr. Nicora to allow him to telegraph to Beyrout for an American physician, Dr. Barclay; he also procured an Englishwoman, who had had experience in nursing, to sit with Buckle; and he and Mr. Robson thenceforward were almost constant in their attendance at his bedside.

Even now, despite the dreadful state of weakness to which poor Buckle was reduced, his life might possibly have been saved. Mr. Sandwith telegraphed on Monday, 26th, at two o'clock in the afternoon; and allowing two hours for receipt of telegram and preparation, the doctor might, with hard riding, have arrived by eight o'clock on the Tuesday morning. But by the criminal neglect of the telegraph clerks, Dr. Barclay did not receive it until twelve hours after it was sent, and then, instead of at once starting off, he telegraphed back to ask whether his services were yet required; and precious time was lost before a second telegram, requiring his immediate presence, reached him. During Tuesday Buckle's mind was clearer again; he recognized those around him, often sweetly smiling when the boys came into the room, but he was never equal to any sustained mental effort; his articulation was very imperfect, and toward evening his mind

was wandering again. Dr. Barclay arrived at three o'clock on Wednesday, 28th, and at once pronounced the case almost hopeless. The patient was insensible, breathing heavily, and his pulse was at 130, feeble and intermittent; there were besides indications of internal hæmorrhage. Without waiting for Dr. Nicora, he at once gave him stimulants; and when that gentleman arrived, he persuaded him to agree to this method of treatment."

About eight o'clock the same evening consciousness began to return, and he managed to intimate that he wished to see his little traveling companions. They came in, one at a time. The first he beckoned to him, and as he bent down to kiss him, put his arm round his neck and murmured, "Poor little boys!" The other sat with him for about an hour. He had a very quiet night, with intervals of consciousness; but at six in the morning a sudden and very marked change for the worse became but too painfully evident; and at a quarter past ten he quietly breathed his last, with merely a wave of the hand.

"I shall never forget the look of intellectual majesty as well as of sweet dignity which death had stamped upon

<sup>69</sup> "I found him apparently moribund, comatose, with stertorous breathing, occasionally spasmodic, involuntary discharges, vomiting a black fluid like coffee-grounds, pulse very frequent (130 a minute), feeble, and intermittent, and extremities cold. . . . I administered an enema of assafœtida, and ordered brandy and water to be given, and sinapisms to be applied to extremities. . . . After some two hours the doctor called, and pronounced the case better than when he called in the forenoon, the pulse having become regular, fuller, and comparatively soft, and a warm perspiration having appeared on the forehead and chest. The breathing was also easier and more natural. After some discussion I induced Dr. Nicora to agree to the stimulant plan of treatment, viz., carbonate of ammonia, stupes of oil of turpentine over the abdomen, which was tympanitic, and the brandy to be continued; also a blister was applied to the neck, and very strong chicken-broth administered during the night."—*Evidence of Dr. Barclay.*

his features—features which, in their sharply defined outlines, caused by excessive thinness, bore little resemblance,” says Mr. Sandwith, “to a photograph of the deceased which I have since seen.”<sup>70</sup> That same afternoon we carried him to his last resting-place, in the little Protestant cemetery, “a little company of real mourners—the doctor, Mr. Robson, who had watched with me by the pillow of the departed, myself, and those two boys, the sons of Mr. Huth, who were heart-broken at the sudden loss of their noble-minded companion and friend.” The Syrian sun shone hotly down as the solemn Anglican burial service was read, and mother earth closed over that vesture of decay which, for so short a time, had enwrapped his immortal soul.

<sup>70</sup> He never had but one taken.



## APPENDIX.

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### MR. GLENNIE'S MEMORIES.

ALL the biographies of any importance have already received sufficient notice in the course of this work. But there yet remains one, on the last few months of Buckle's life, which, coming from the pen of a fellow traveler, and professing to be records of "Travel and Discussion in the Birth-Countries of Christianity with the late Henry Thomas Buckle," would appear to be of greater importance than it really is.

How Mr. Buckle made Mr. Glennie's acquaintance ; how, feeling his health improve, and his love of conversation revive, he sought a companion for the remainder of his journey, and, failing the company of any one else, secured that of Mr. Glennie, has already been described. How they met at Suez, and continued their travels together until Mr. Buckle was struck down at Damascus with typhoid fever ; how Mr. Glennie, unwilling to waste his time in attendance on his dying companion, left for Baalbec, and Mr. Buckle died, has also been related, and need not be repeated. The main facts, indeed, were already known soon after Buckle's death. Well, then, may Mr. Glennie have been thought to be one speaking with authority, and his work considered not only an important contribution to Buckle's biography, but also as a shrine wherein much of his conversation was treasured up.

The book is a curious one. There is much in it about "Oneness" and the "Ideal." We are told that Christ and the chief priest and elders were in the habit of talking Greek

to each other ;<sup>1</sup> and we are treated to such brilliant flights of eloquence and imagination as the passage : “ How Elysian were life, all gathering for each other, on the strand of our little star-island, the beautiful shells of natural law, and bathing in the gleaming sea of the Infinite ! ”<sup>2</sup> What is even more curious to any one who ever met Buckle is the extraordinary fact that in most cases Mr. Glennie seems to monopolize the conversation, while Mr. Buckle only ventures to put in occasionally a “ Well ! ” or “ How so ? ” or announce the fact that it is time for lunch. But, if the reader be indulgent, he will pass this over, considering that the unequal length of the paragraphs may be due to the fact that Mr. Glennie has had thirteen years to work up the arguments he urged, while Mr. Buckle’s interjections come in very usefully to help Mr. Glennie along, and wind him up again, as it were, when he has run down. However, this indulgence can not last long ; for looking more carefully at Mr. Buckle’s reported conversation, we feel irresistibly impelled to exclaim with the “ Athenæum,” “ In Mr. Buckle’s lifetime he talked sense, but here he is made to talk nonsense.” Occasionally, indeed, we *do* come across a sentence, a fragment, an oasis in the dreary waste of words, which Buckle’s friends would recognize as his ; such as his quotation to Mr. Glennie : “ I can find you an argument, but not understanding.” And yet, notwithstanding this natural deficiency, Mr. Glennie has undertaken to supply Mr. Buckle with arguments—some from passages in the “ History of Civilization,” some from his “ Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works,” and others, to judge from internal evidence, from his own dreams.

How, it may be asked, could two boys, the one but fifteen, the other but twelve, presume to doubt Mr. Glennie’s

<sup>1</sup> “ Most pertinent is the question of the chief priests and elders of the people : *Ἐν ποίᾳ ἐξουσίᾳ ταῦτα ποιεῖς ; καὶ τίς σοι ἔδωκεν τὴν ἐξουσίαν ταύτην ;* ‘ By what authority doest Thou these things ? and who gave Thee this authority ? ’ And that question can not now be answered by a refusal to answer it—*Οὐδὲ ἐγὼ λέγω ὑμῖν ἐν ποίᾳ ἐξουσίᾳ ταῦτα ποιῶ*—‘ Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.’ ” See p. 298.

<sup>2</sup> Page 246.

report of conversations, which were not addressed to them, of which they took no notes, which they frequently did not listen to, and could rarely have remembered or even have understood? The answer is very simple. Notwithstanding that Mr. Glennie has waited until nearly all was published that poor Buckle left behind him; notwithstanding his assertion that he has "given all Mr. Buckle's more important opinions in the very words of his published writings,"<sup>3</sup> he has not read those writings so carefully but what he has attributed to Buckle in many instances the exact opposite of what he says "in his published writings." Such a proof of the worthlessness of Mr. Glennie's record was, indeed, unnecessary for those who knew Mr. Buckle at all intimately. Buckle's sentiments, behavior, and whole tone of conversation, as here given, are so utterly different from those of the Buckle they knew, that they saw at once that Mr. Glennie was quite incompetent to produce anything at all similar to what he really must have said.

Mr. Buckle's conversations have been already described in the body of this work; they were always interesting, whether a discussion of the *summum bonum* or mere *badi-nage*. Though vain men were not always pleased to meet him, they listened gladly enough, however they might inwardly chafe at their inability to shake his argument. "There was nothing awful about Buckle," says a writer in the "Atlantic Monthly"; and he enjoyed a joke, and made one, as well as anybody. He would listen with deference to anybody who wished really to arrive at the truth; but "if," says Mr. Longmore,<sup>4</sup> "indeed he saw symptoms of conceit, or impudent dogmatism, on the part of an opponent, he was down upon him like a sledge-hammer; and I have often pitied a poor wretch who had to submit to be pounded to pieces by him, though I must say the victim generally richly deserved it. . . . He never prosed, and woe betide him who became prosy in his company. In a single lucid sentence or

<sup>3</sup> Preface, p. xiii.

<sup>4</sup> "Athenæum," 25th January, 1873, p. 114.

two he took up the threads of the arguments over which the proser was driveling, and completely shut him up, by clearly explaining to the company what there seemed no prospect of his being able, in any reasonable time, to make clear himself."

His conversations with Mr. Glennie were no exceptions to this rule. Here was a young man, whom Buckle thought to be clever and desirous of knowledge; he intended to write a book on the "History of British Law"; he was going to publish it in two years. Nothing could be more likely to enlist Buckle's sympathy, nothing more powerful to move him to point out the road most likely to lead an earnest worker in the right direction. He very early explained to Mr. Glennie how impossible it was to write anything worth reading without having previously studied all that had been written of importance on the subject, and without having formed and exercised one's self in a good style of writing. He ought to devote at least ten years more to preparation. As he sat inside his tent with the boys at 'Ain Mûsa, the first evening of the desert life, he smiled, and nodding toward the form of Mr. Glennie, who stood outside in his red tarboosh, said, "The tall man in the red cap thinks he is going to write a book in two years." Mr. Glennie's first scientific work was published just ten years after.

Mr. Glennie seems to have omitted this conversation on his projected work, so we will go on to the first that he does give: on Buckle's estimation of the character of the Scotch. In this, Mr. Buckle asks Mr. Glennie what he thinks it was so excited the anger of his countrymen.<sup>b</sup> Mr. Glennie answers, that Buckle should have read more of the ballad literature of Scotland instead of the religious publications exclusively. To this Buckle is made to say nothing more than what has been published long ago in his History. Mr. Glennie then observes that he thinks "civilization in Scotland, and its history, can not be truly represented as a whole with-

<sup>b</sup> Page 104.



out taking due account of both these parties (i. e., the fanatical majority and the skeptical minority) ; so, the fanatical Christian section can not be truly judged except—except it be justified.” Buckle is surprised, and Mr. Glennie goes on to explain that “these men had but drunk too deeply of dogmatic Christianity,”<sup>6</sup> and to that should be attributed their intolerance, their belief in themselves, the patience of their flocks, their assumption of, and the public acquiescence in, their claim to be divinities on earth ! And Buckle has no direct answer to make to this ! He has nothing to say to the assertion that these men are pardonable because they only adopted literally, and believed without question, the words of the Bible ! He allows Mr. Glennie, according to Mr. Glennie’s account, to slip on to another question, which we shall presently notice, and says nothing ! Why, pages of his History might be quoted in answer ! He pardons them, indeed, in that they kept alive the spark of liberty : “One thing they achieved, which should make us honor their memory, and repute them benefactors of their species. At a most hazardous moment, they kept alive the spirit of national liberty. . . . This is their real glory, and on this they may well repose. They were the guardians of Scotch freedom, and they stood to their post. Where danger was, they were foremost.”<sup>7</sup> He pardons them for that, and tells us that the real cause of their conduct was the circumstances under which they were placed. To impute blame to them, would be to blame the laws of nature. We do not, indeed, blame a man because he is criminal ; we blame his education. At the same time, we can hardly praise him for his wickedness. He undoubtedly has a certain amount of free will, and he might have been better. Nor, even if he has no free will whatever, will our opinion be modified. We admire the well made and strong, not the weak and the crippled. Because the Scotch Covenanters did one good thing, shall we neglect to censure those things they did which were bad ?

<sup>6</sup> Page 113.

<sup>7</sup> “History of Civilization,” vol. ii., p. 258.

Shall we praise them for their ignorance and intolerance, their ascetism and tyranny, because they refused to allow any sort of tyranny but their own? However, undisturbed by anything of this sort, the conversation is thus continued :

“B[uckle]. I have not yet happened to study the history of Buddhism.

“A[uthor, i. e., Mr. Glennie]. No study can, I think, be more instructive with reference to the origin and character of Christianity as a great historical phenomenon. For Buddhism is the Eastern correlate of Christianity,” etc.

“B. Well, I fear that I must admit the truth of your other allegation, and that it was really out of expediency rather than principle that the toleration of Christian communities historically arose.

“A. Not in Christianity, therefore, which ever was—as to this day, wherever it has the chance, it is—bitterly anti-tolerationist,” etc.\*

Had Mr. Glennie read Mr. Buckle's *Commonplace Books*, instead of merely looking into the index, had he carefully looked through the “*History of Civilization*,” had he even kept a catalogue from the sale of Mr. Buckle's library, he might have avoided so grave a mistake. In this catalogue may be found the titles of numbers of books which Buckle could not have read without studying Buddhism ;\*

\* Page 115.

\* “*History of Civilization*,” vol. i., p. 2, note 7. From the *Sale Catalogue* I select the following :

“*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*.” Calcutta. 8vo.

“*European Speculations on Buddhism*.” By B. H. Hodgson. Vol. iii., pp. 382–387. 1834.

“*Further Remarks on M. Rémusat's Review of Buddhism*.” By B. H. Hodgson. Vol. iii., pp. 425–431. 1834.

“*Notices on the Different Systems of Buddhism, extracted from the Tibetan Authorities*.” By A. C. Körösi. Vol. vii., p. 142, *et seq.*

“*Review of L'Histoire du Buddhism Indien, par E. Burnouf*.” By Dr. E. Roer. Vol. xiv., part ii., pp. 783–809. 1845.

“*A Few Gleanings in Buddhism*.” By Colonel Low. Vol. xvii., part ii., pp. 591–618. 1848.

“*Asiatic Researches, or Transactions of the Society Instituted in Bengal*,” etc. Calcutta. 4to.

while in the Commonplace Book, Buckle has several notes on Buddhism. And Mr. Glennie must teach Buckle, forsooth, that "Buddhism is the Eastern correlate of Christianity." The remark was made long ago by Southey, who, though he did not see the entire bearing of the subject, yet writes: "I think I have discovered that one of the great Oriental mythologies was borrowed from Christianity—that of Buddha, the Fo of the Chinese; if so, what becomes of their chronology?" and is copied into Buckle's Commonplace Book, as an instance of the advance of religious knowledge in England in 1805.<sup>10</sup> Moreover, if this is not enough, the whole scope and tenor of Buckle's studies might have taught Mr. Glennie better; and, further, since we only have Mr. Glennie's word for the assertion, he must not complain if I, too, assert, that when talking on Fichte to my mother he explained the relation of Fichte's philosophy to Buddhism, and said that the latter "was a most philosophi-

"On Egypt and other Countries, etc., from the Ancient Books of the Hindus." By Fr. Wilford. Vol. iii., art. xiii., pp. 412, *et seq.*

"On Singhala, or Ceylon, and the Doctrines of Bhooda, from the Books of the Singhalaise." By Capt. Mahony. Vol. vii., art. ii., pp. 32–56.

"Introductory Remarks intended to have accompanied Capt. Mahony's Paper on Ceylon and the Doctrines of Buddha," etc. By J. H. Harrington. Vol. viii., appendix, p. 503, *et seq.*

"On the Religion and Literature of the Burmas." By Fr. Buchanan. Vol. vi., art. viii., pp. 163–308.

"The Mahāwanso, in Roman Characters, with the Translation subjoined, and an Introductory Essay on Pāli Buddhistical Literature." By the Hon. G. Turnour. Ceylon, 1837. 4to.

"Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland." London. 4to.

"Sketch of Buddhism, derived from the Buddha Scriptures of Nipāl." By B. H. Hodgson. Vol. ii., art. xiii., pp. 222–257, and appendix, pp. lxxvii.–lxxxii.

"On Buddha." By James Low. Vol. iii., art. iii., pp. 57–65.

"A Disputation respecting Caste, by a Buddhist," etc. By B. H. Hodgson. Ibid., pp. 160–169.

"Journal Asiatique." Paris. 8vo. 1822–1848. Contains many papers on Buddhism.

Also other and general works.

<sup>10</sup> Buckle's C. P. B., art. 1986. See, also, art. 1779.

cal creed." Even the beginning of Mr. Glennie's sentence, "No study can, I think, be more instructive," is, with the exception of the "I think," extremely like Buckle's diction. And then Mr. Buckle has, as he *fears* to admit, *Mr. Glennie's* teaching that Christians only became tolerant from expediency! This is Mr. Buckle's own teaching, as far as concerns the immediate cause. But it is not the ultimate cause, which Buckle has so frequently pointed out in his *History*; <sup>11</sup> while, as for Mr. Glennie's teaching, "Not in Christianity, therefore, which ever was—as to this day, wherever it has the chance, it is—bitterly anti-tolerationist," it only differs in being involved and confused from Mr. Buckle's contemptuous reference to that "meddling and intolerant spirit which, in every age, has characterized ecclesiastical legislation." <sup>12</sup> Mr. Glennie then goes on to say that the principle of toleration is contrary to Christian beliefs, since it involves a denial that belief in its dogmas is necessary for salvation. <sup>13</sup> And Buckle, instead of pointing out that it does nothing of the sort, <sup>14</sup> is made to give the totally irrelevant answer that the Covenanters were ascetic. Mr. Glennie, in defending the bigotry and intolerance of the Covenanters, finds it necessary to point out to Mr. Buckle that this was due to their creed, and that, however pernicious this creed was, they should be treated with honor for the self-sacrificing devotion which has given them a place in the history of Christian fanaticism. To which Mr. Buckle answers, that he can not excuse this fanaticism on the score of its being the natural result of Christian teaching. <sup>15</sup> What an honorable position to take—"a place in the history of Christian fanaticism!" Mr. Glennie deserves credit for his powers of muddling what is so exceedingly clear in the "*History of Civilization*." Buckle says that in keeping

<sup>11</sup> Compare, e. g., chap. viii. and p. 481, vol. i.

<sup>12</sup> See vol. i., pp. 520, 521, 524, and vol. ii., p. 405, of the "*History of Civilization*."

<sup>13</sup> Page 116.

<sup>14</sup> E. g., "*History of Civilization*," vol. i., p. 506.

<sup>15</sup> Page 118.

alive Scottish liberty they did a real good. "Herein, they did a deed which should compensate for all their offenses, even were their offenses ten times as great";<sup>16</sup> and shows that "the real cause of their conduct was the spirit of their age, and the peculiarities of their position. None of us can be sure that if we were placed exactly as they were placed we should have acted differently. . . . In Scotland the age was evil, and the evil rose to the surface. . . . We should, in fairness to the Scotch clergy, admit that the condition of their country affords the best explanation of their conduct. . . . Let us not be too forward in censuring the leading actors in that great crisis through which Scotland passed."<sup>17</sup> In this there is sense; but where is the honor of a place in Christian fanaticism? Is it likely, too, that Buckle would have made such a lame answer to Mr. Glennie's extraordinary proposition, as merely to say that their fanaticism was not the "natural fruits of Christian beliefs"? He would have said that the practice of Christianity is the result of the state of civilization; and, moreover, that pure Christianity inculcates no monstrous persecution. But instead, he only "courteously" admits "that there was something in what" Mr. Glennie has said.<sup>18</sup>

"Mr. Buckle set everything on style," says Mr. Glennie, "attacht (*sic*) the greatest importance to its cultivation, and declared that it so influenced men that that alone would preserve one's fame. Hence it was that the poets were so popular, and that the influence of their *pernicious* fancies was so great." And then he actually adds: "*My* dissent from this rather strongly expressed opinion as to the influence of the poets only provoked a more explicitly contemptuous denunciation of them, except the two or three greatest, and particularly Shakespeare and Molière."<sup>19</sup> I will merely quote a few words from Buckle's "History of Civilization": "In England, especially, there is, among physical inquirers, an

<sup>16</sup> "History of Civilization," ii., p. 259.

<sup>17</sup> "History of Civilization," vol. ii., pp. 257-259.

<sup>18</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 121.

<sup>19</sup> Page 169.

avowed determination to separate philosophy from poetry, and to look upon them, not only as different, but as hostile. Among that class of thinkers, whose zeal and ability are beyond all praise, and to whom we owe almost unbounded obligations, there does undoubtedly exist a very strong opinion, that, in their own pursuit, the imagination is extremely dangerous, as leading to speculations, of which the basis is not yet assured, and generating a desire to catch too eagerly at distant glimpses before the intermediate ground has been traversed. That the imagination has this tendency is undeniable. But they who object to it on this account, and who would, therefore, divorce poetry from philosophy, have, I apprehend, taken a too limited view of the functions of the human mind, and of the manner in which truth is obtained. There is, in poetry, a divine and prophetic power, and an insight into the turn and aspect of things, which, if properly used, would make it the ally of science instead of the enemy. By the poet, nature is contemplated on the side of the emotions ; by the man of science, on the side of the understanding. But the emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding ; they are as truthful ; they are as likely to be right. Though their view is different, it is not capricious. They obey fixed laws ; they follow an orderly and uniform course ; they run in sequences ; they have their logic and method of inference. Poetry, therefore, is a part of philosophy, simply because the emotions are a part of the mind. If the man of science despises their teaching, so much the worse for him. He has only half his weapons ; his arsenal is unfilled. . . . And I can hardly doubt that one of the reasons why we, in England, made such wonderful discoveries during the seventeenth century, was because that century was also the great age of English poetry. The two mightiest intellects our country has produced are Shakespeare and Newton ; and that Shakespeare should have preceded was, I believe, no casual or unmeaning event. Shakespeare and the poets sowed the seed which Newton and the philosophers reaped.”<sup>20</sup> And again he says : “ To these cases of the ap-

<sup>20</sup> “ History of Civilization,” vol. ii., pp. 502-504.

plication of what may be termed the ideal method to the inorganic world, I will add another from the organic department of nature. Those among you who are interested in botany, are aware that the highest morphological generalization we possess respecting plants is the great law of metamorphosis, according to which the stamens, pistils, corollas, bracts, petals, and so forth, of every plant are simply modified leaves. It is now known that these various parts, different in shape, different in color, different in function, are successive stages of the leaf—epochs, as it were, of its history. The question naturally arises, who made this discovery? Was it some inductive investigator? . . . Not so. The discovery was made by Goethe, the greatest poet Germany has produced, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen. And he made it, not in spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet.”<sup>21</sup>

These few passages are sufficient, I should suppose, to convince even Mr. Glennie that he has made an egregious blunder in attributing to Mr. Buckle sentiments adverse to poetry ; and that he might easily have corrected his memory or his note-book in the course of the twelve years which elapsed between this reported conversation and the publication of it.” The fact is that Buckle was constantly quoting poetry ; that he had all the best parts of the poets by heart ; and that he read Shakespeare, Homer, Goethe, Dante, Milton, Corneille, and Molière with ever-increasing admiration and pleasure. No. What he probably did say to Mr. Glennie was, that ideas alone would not produce a good style ; and that to acquire a good style it was necessary to study the best authors, as he himself had done. This was another lesson kindly given to Mr. Glennie, which he would have done well to profit by.

<sup>21</sup> “Lecture on the Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge.”

<sup>22</sup> It is not a little extraordinary that Mr. Glennie makes this mistake, seeing that he admits having read Buckle’s published writings (preface, p. xiii.), and particularly mentions having heard the lecture, from which he walked home, as he kindly informs the world, “to the rooms I then had in Mount Street” (p. 102).

But Mr. Glennie is not content with attributing a dislike to the poets to Mr. Buckle ; he also makes him deny the value of the imagination in science. "I got into discussion with Mr. Buckle," he says, "on the necessary qualifications of the historian. *I maintained, and he at length partially admitted* that, for the truly great historian was requisite, not only the analytic power of the philosopher, but the sympathetic insight of the poet."<sup>23</sup> Now, if there was any one thing which Buckle insisted on more than another in all his writings, it was precisely this. The whole of the lecture he gave particularly turned on it ; the "History of Civilization" teems with passages deprecating the neglect of the imagination, which he shows to be one of the most important means of scientific investigation. After the passages which I have quoted above, it is hardly necessary to quote any more ; yet, since Mr. Glennie may fancy that this does not apply to history, I will quote yet another passage—but one from the many which might be quoted. In his account of the Scotch intellect, he compares Hume and Adam Smith : "But Hume, though a most accomplished reasoner, as well as a profound and fearless thinker, had not the comprehensiveness of Adam Smith, nor had he that invaluable quality of the imagination without which no one can so transport himself into past ages as to realize the long and progressive movements of society, always fluctuating, yet, on the whole, steadily advancing. How unimaginative he was appears, not only from the sentiments he expressed, but likewise from many traits in his private life. It appears, also, in the very color and mechanism of his language ; that beautiful and chiseled style in which he habitually wrote, polished as marble, but cold as marble too, and wanting that fiery enthusiasm and those bursts of tempestuous eloquence which, ever and anon, great objects naturally inspire, and which rouse men to their inmost depths. This it was, which, in his 'History of England'—that exquisite production of art, which, in spite of its errors, will be admired as long as taste remain among us—prevented him from sympathizing with

<sup>23</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 314.



those bold and generous natures, who, in the seventeenth century, risked their all to preserve the liberty of their country. His imagination was not strong enough to picture the whole of that great century, with its vast discoveries, its longings after the unknown, its splendid literature, and, what was better than all these, its stern determination to vindicate freedom, and to put down tyranny. His clear and powerful understanding saw these things separately, and in their various parts, but could not fuse them into a single form because he lacked that peculiar faculty which assimilates the past to the present, and enables the mind to discern both with almost equal ease. That Great Rebellion, which he ascribed to the spirit of faction, and the leaders of which he turned into ridicule, was but the continuation of a movement which can be clearly traced to the twelfth century, and of which such events as the invention of printing, and the establishment of the Reformation, were merely successive symptoms. For all this, Hume cared nothing. In regard to philosophy, and in regard to the purely speculative parts of religious doctrines, his penetrating genius enabled him to perceive that nothing could be done, except by a spirit of fearless and unrestrained liberty. But this was the liberty of his own class ; the liberty of thinkers, and not of actors. His absence of imagination prevented him from extending the range of his sympathy beyond the intellectual classes, that is, beyond the classes of whose feelings he was directly cognizant. It would, therefore, appear, that his political errors were due, not, as is commonly said, to his want of research, but rather to the coldness of his temperament. It was this which made him stop where he did, and which gave to his works the singular appearance of a profound and original thinker, in the middle of the eighteenth century, advocating practical doctrines, so illiberal, that, if enforced, they would lead to despotism, and yet, at the same time, advocating speculative doctrines, so fearless and enlightened, that they were not only far in advance of his own age, but have, in some degree, outstripped even the age in which we live.”<sup>24</sup>

<sup>24</sup> “History of Civilization,” vol. ii., pp. 458-460.

This is what Mr. Glennie calls opposing the value of the imagination of the historian !

The next long conversation which Mr. Glennie reports to us is on the non-effect of moral truth on the progress of civilization. What Buckle is made to say, when there is anything at all in his remarks, is merely a succession of extracts from the "History of Civilization"; and what Mr. Glennie says is chiefly remarkable for the way in which he utterly misunderstands Buckle's position, and the way in which he ventures to say things which not only Buckle but any educated man could easily refute.<sup>25</sup> However, Mr. Buckle was, as usual, wofully defeated, and meekly says, "Well, I think it is time for lunch." After lunch, however, Buckle takes heart of grace, and renews the conversation with the new weapon of the state of morality in the middle ages. "Mr. Buckle thought he had me there," says Mr. Glennie.<sup>26</sup> But how miserable was his defeat ! Mr. Glennie was quite calm ; his cheeks blanched not ; he firmly withstood the shock ; and then quietly overwhelmed his antagonist with a speech of two or three pages in length. It was Prince Giglio and Captain Hedzoff over again. Mr. Glennie's argument was, of course, quite unanswerable. Mr. Buckle had, indeed, caught a Tartar when he "thought he had him there," and could only slink away crestfallen to the innermost recesses of his tent.

It is a remarkable thing, and speaks volumes for Mr. Buckle's courage, that, notwithstanding his repeated and almost invariable defeats, he should still continue to wage an impotent war against his invincible antagonist. The subject of the next conversation is the materialistic view of the greatest happiness,<sup>27</sup> a subject in which Buckle was deeply

<sup>25</sup> Mr. Glennie says, for example (pp. 198, 199), that Buckle attributes the rise of every new religion to the acquirement of new knowledge ; whereas, what Buckle did say was, that no new religion advances civilization or influences the people, unless it is accompanied by an increase of knowledge. It is merely the old religion with a new name, and the people act as they did before it was introduced.

<sup>26</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 200.

<sup>27</sup> Ibid., pp. 206-219.

interested. In this the reader will notice with astonishment that, while Mr. Glennie delivers himself of some three hundred lines of print, Buckle is unable to manage even one hundred. Perhaps some Philistine, who has not read Mr. Glennie's volume, may urge that Buckle, being a good writer and conversationalist, might have made his sentences more pithy, straight, and to the point ; while Mr. Glennie labored on, like the horse in the mill, ever circling, but never nearer to the point around which he works. But if he reads, he will find this theory untenable, for Buckle's style in this conversation is no better than Mr. Glennie's. He will find no trace of that manysidedness which is so distinguishing a characteristic of Buckle's reasoning, and which we may illustrate, for instance, by a reference to the letter on J. S. Mill which he wrote from Cairo.<sup>28</sup> The doctrine here attributed to him is poorly materialistic. In it there is no room for love. Buckle had no love ! No room for poetry. No room for anything but cut-and-dried selfishness ! There is, indeed, nothing new in this conversation beyond the fact that Mr. Glennie understands the subject no better than he does Mr. Buckle.

It would be wearisome to the reader, and perhaps it is not possible for me, exhaustively to criticise all the conversations which Mr. Glennie has reported. We can not read them without seeing that he is deeply indebted to Buckle ; that the barren soil has brought forth something it would not otherwise have been capable of. But the crop is so intermingled with tares and weeds that it is valueless. What I have just said of the last conversation is again applicable to the next—it is all Mr. Buckle encouraging Mr. Glennie to state his opinions, and no Mr. Buckle then stating his, and examining where they differed. But that the conversation took place as Mr. Glennie writes it, I, for one, do not believe. We may allow, for instance, that Mr. Glennie quoted Aristotle in the original Greek, as he before says he quoted Socrates.<sup>29</sup> The thing is possible, though hardly probable. But, that he had

<sup>28</sup> See p. 387.

<sup>29</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," pp. 75, 222.

to add a translation for Buckle's benefit ! If the translation was meant for the reader only, then why was it not put in a note, like the translation to the quotation which he says he made from Hegel in the original German ?<sup>30</sup> But it will not do to pass all that follows over. There is one, in which Mr. Glennie professes to give an account of a conversation he again had with Mr. Buckle, on the relative influence of moral and intellectual knowledge, and in which a German clergyman who was traveling with another party took part. Of the one, he merely says : "Mr. Buckle, with his deism, which, notwithstanding all his anti-theological zeal, he but obscurely saw to be but a specially indefensible theology, agreed with the German." Of himself he says : "For myself, however, I thought with Hume, the great founder of the Scottish school, and the coinitiator with Kant of a new period of European philosophy. . . . Nor, as I maintained, was this a mere open question. . . . As to the origin of this hypothesis, it is to be found in the earlier stage of men's conceptions of causation, which Hume (in that profound theory of 'The Natural History of Religion,' of which Comte's 'Law of the Three Periods' was little more than a formulating) was the first adequately to distinguish as the theological stage, in its three progressive periods of vulgar polytheism (called by Comte 'fetichism'), polytheism, and monotheism."<sup>31</sup>

The reader will bear in mind that Mr. Glennie is telling this to Mr. Buckle, and then will turn with me to the "History of Civilization," Vol. I., p. 229, Note 22, and read as follows, on Hume's method : "The historical facts he introduces are merely illustrations ; as any one will see who will read 'The Natural History of Religion' in 'Hume's Philosophical Works,' Edinburgh, 1826, Vol. IV., pp. 435-513. I may mention that there is a considerable similarity between the views advocated in this remarkable essay and the religious stages of Comte's 'Philosophie Positive' ; for Hume's

<sup>30</sup> A translation, moreover, which is poor literally, and grammatically bad. See "Pilgrim Memories," p. 240, note.

<sup>31</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," pp. 250-252.

early form of polytheism is evidently the same as M. Comte's fetichism, from which both these writers believe that monotheism subsequently arose, as a later and more refined abstraction. That this was the course adopted by the human mind is highly probable, and is confirmed by the learned researches of Mr. Grote. See his 'History of Greece,' Vol. I., pp. 462, 497, Vol. V., p. 22. The opposite and more popular opinion, of monotheism preceding idolatry, was held by most of the great earlier writers, and is defended by many moderns, and among others by Dr. Whewell ('Bridgewater Treatise,' p. 256), who expresses himself with considerable confidence; see also 'Letters from Warburton to Hurd,' p. 239. Compare Thirlwall's 'History of Greece,' Vol. I., p. 183, London, 1835, with 'Einige Funken des Monotheismus' of Kant, 'Kritik der reinen Vernunft,' in 'Kant's Werke,' Vol. II., p. 455."

The next conversation is on the question of hereditary genius, which Buckle had justly said was not proved. In this conversation Mr. Glennie does not make him say anything new; but he says in the course of it: "And with characteristic frankness, he pointed to the phrenological indications of his own head—his forehead having been, before he became bald, not even apparently by any means very high or broad; and yet—but it was the circumstances of his life."<sup>22</sup>

This passage is "not even apparently by any means very" clear, or grammatical. What does Mr. Glennie mean? That Buckle having lost his hair had gained a "phrenological indication?" That having lost his hair his forehead suddenly bulged out and became "apparently by every means very high and broad?" Or does he mean to say that his forehead was an imposture, and looked high only because he was bald? What were the "circumstances of his life"? To bewilder us still more, Mr. Glennie adds the following mysterious note after the word "frankness" in this passage: "Compare anecdote above quoted from the 'Atlantic Monthly.'" What

<sup>22</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 839.

anecdote? The "Atlantic Monthly" says nothing whatever on the question. As it happens, I do recollect the circumstance to which Mr. Glennie thus obscurely alludes, though I can not unravel the mysteries of his report. In talking on phrenology, Buckle, as a kind of argument that working the brain did raise the forehead, pointed to his own, and told Mr. Glennie that as a youth he had had a very low forehead, whereas now it was patent to all (and may be seen by the only photograph ever taken of him) that his forehead was remarkably high and broad. Let the reader understand this from Mr. Glennie's report, if he can.

What is the value of conversations recorded as are these? They give us no new knowledge, for all that is of value in them had been already published before Mr. Glennie wrote. They give us not only no true idea of what Buckle was in conversation, but they do give us a most wrong and harmful and untrue idea. Buckle is used simply as a peg upon which Mr. Glennie may hang his own views; Buckle begs explanations, and Mr. Glennie explains; Buckle says "How so?" and Mr. Glennie adds some more explanation. Look at the conversation related on pages 345-364; would not any one, unacquainted with Buckle's works, put him down as a fool? Buckle is always wandering from the subject; logical Mr. Glennie is always bringing him back. Buckle seeks to escape by turning the conversation; "victorious Mr. Glennie, with true magnanimity, allows it. Buckle has the misfortune to utter the word "toleration"; but Mr. Glennie is instantly down upon him with: "I exceedingly dislike the word. Toleration, properly speaking, can be, and has in fact historically been, offered only by those who endeavored to carry off their inability to suppress by an insolent assumption of superiority in permitting. Letting the word, however, pass, my views," etc., etc." As if Mr. Glennie ever dared to talk like this! or as if Buckle, despite his marvelous patience, would have allowed so insolent an "assumption of superiority of permitting!" Mr. Glennie here talks some

four hundred lines ; while Buckle does not take even one hundred and fifty. Mr Glennie quotes a passage from the Greek Testament, and translates it for Buckle's benefit." Therefore we must draw the conclusion that Buckle did not know Greek, while Mr. Glennie knew Aristotle's works, Socrates, and the New Testament by heart. He is, indeed, a wonderful man, with a wonderful memory ; a memory, however, which nevertheless is strangely unable to retain Buckle's conversation. Look again at the matter of these conversations. Mr. Glennie is allowed to go on with but half answers from Buckle, while any one with even a tolerable acquaintance with Buckle's habit of thought could double them. All that Mr. Glennie says here could have been easily refuted out of the "History of Civilization."

At last Buckle—tired of Mr. Glennie's arguments about "Oneness" and "Mutual Determination," and endeavors to prove from his inner consciousness the great effect of moral laws on the progress of civilization—told him that if he wanted to prove it he must do so historically, and offered him all the assistance in his power. So magnificent an offer was, of course, accepted with proper gratitude by Mr. Glennie, who said, "Of course I shall acknowledge the assistance from you in my preface," or words to that effect. But Buckle answered that he need do nothing of the sort : "I have made my reputation ; you have yours still to make." I have seen no mention of this conversation in Mr. Glennie's "Pilgrim Memories."

If these conversations are valueless, there yet remains a good deal of description of scenery, which may be interesting, though it can not, of course, differ very much from the descriptions in "Murray's Guide," if both be true. But the reader will find that the resemblance is even greater than he would at first have been led to expect, as though "Murray" had had a prophetic view of what Mr. Glennie was going to write, and had forestalled him. I put a few passages side by side :

*Mr. Porter, in "Murray's Guide," published 1868.*

"Damascus and its plain burst at once upon our view. The change is so sudden, so unexpected, that it seems like some glorious vision. . . . This distance lends enchantment to the view. . . . Tapering minarets and swelling domes, tipped with golden crescents, rise up in every direction from the confused mass of white terraced roofs; while in some places their glittering tops appear above the deep green foliage, like diamonds in the midst of emeralds . . . Away on the south the eye follows . . . a long green meadow, stretching from near the mouth of the gorge to the western side of the city. The Barada winds through it . . ." (p. 435).

And again :

*Mr. Porter.*

"Napoleon called it the key of Palestine. . . . The Phœnician Accho took the Greek name *Ptolemais*. . . . In 1229 it became the chief seat of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and the headquarters of the Templars, the Teutonic Knights, and the Knights of St. John. The latter took the title of St. John of 'Akka; which, in the French orthography, *St. Jean d'Acre*, became the current appellation of the city in Europe. The city was now a Babel of tongues, races, and rulers. Gib-

*Mr. Glennie, in "Pilgrim Memories," published 1875.*

"And suddenly here there bursts on us a wondrous scene. Below us, at the foot of the barren mountains, stretched, far as the eye, in the clear Eastern air, could see, a vast desert. But in its center was a long strip, wide toward the north, and narrowing southward, of the most gloriously rich vegetation. Amid the deep green foliage was a confused mass of white terraced roofs. Over these rose countless swelling domes and tapering minarets, glittering, here and there, like diamonds set with emeralds. And outside this Paradise-city, and between it and the desert, lay a wide and beautiful meadow, in the midst of which gleamed a winding stream" (p. 450).

*Mr. Glennie.*

"Our first day's journey was down to the sea at Akka—the 'Key of Palestine,' as it was called by Napoleon—St. Jean d'Acre. . . . Soon after, we passed through the gates, and rode along streets that occupy the site of those of the Phœnician Accho and Greek Ptolemais; of what was once the chief place of the mediæval kingdom of Jerusalem; the headquarters of the Knights of the Temple, the Teutonic Knights, and the Knights of St. John (from whom the town has



bon well remarks . . . 'a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the WORLD'S DEBATE'" (pp. 355-357).

its modern name of St. Jean d'Acre); the general gathering-place of the Crusaders; and the seat of those congresses in which all the princes of Europe met, when these now silent shores 'resounded,' as again they may, 'with the world's debate.'—GIBBON, 'Decline and Fall,' vol. vii., close of chapter on 'Crusades.'"

I have no more space for any further illustration of this curious identity between the versions of Mr. Porter and Mr. Glennie. But the curious reader may readily find some more for himself by examining "Murray" whenever he comes across a descriptive passage in the "Pilgrim Memories."

There remains but one more subject, which Mr. Glennie will doubtlessly be grateful to me for calling attention to. "I was, I believe," says Mr. Glennie, "myself the first to make any inquiry about Mr. Buckle's grave. In answer to a letter of mine, Dr. Barclay thus wrote, under date Beirût, November 24, 1864: 'I also wrote at the same time to Mr. Rogers, H. B. M. Consul at Damascus, asking, as you desired, for a pencil sketch of the grave; and in reply was informed that not even a stone or mark of any kind indicated the spot of interment! Shortly afterward, Mr. R. came on to Beirût, when I spoke to him on the subject, and showed him your letter.' Toward the close of 1865, Mr. Rogers was visited by his sister. And through her zeal it was that, in the autumn of 1866, nearly four years and a half after his death, the grave of Mr. Buckle was at length marked by a simple monument." <sup>36</sup>

Now, I do not know what impression this passage leaves on the mind of the reader; but on my first perusal it appeared to me that Mr. Glennie claimed for himself the honor of having directed the attention of Miss Rogers to the fact that there was no memorial marking Buckle's last resting-

<sup>36</sup> "Pilgrim Memories," p. 468.

place. No doubt Mr. Glennie did not suppose that such a construction could be put upon his words, and will be only too happy to have the matter clearly set forth. The truth is, he had not the remotest connection with it. He, no doubt, did write a letter to Dr. Barclay asking for the particulars of Buckle's death, and no doubt asked at the same time for a sketch or photograph of the tomb which he, as every one else, supposed was there, for the purpose of ornamenting his "Pilgrim Memories." Dr. Barclay wrote back to say there was none ; and there the matter dropped. This was in November, 1864. Toward the end of 1865, Miss Rogers went out to join her brother, who was Consul at Damascus ; and on February 8, 1866, accompanied him to the Protestant cemetery, to visit the grave of a near relative. She went with the full expectation of also seeing Buckle's tomb ; and was greatly surprised, and very much shocked, to find nothing but a rounded mound over his remains. "Buckle's grave is not far from X——'s," she writes home two days later, "but it is unmarked ! I am surprised that no orders have been given for a stone to mark the resting-place of such a man ! I should like to receive instructions from some of his admirers to have a simple slab put over the spot, before people forget where it is. It would not cost much, for I would draw the inscription, and see it properly cut." This letter was sent by Mrs. Rogers to her friend Major Bell, who knew Buckle well from his writings, and greatly admired him. He also was astonished to see "that there was not a stone to mark the place of Henry Buckle's remains, and at once took an extract from" her "letter, and communicated with two of Buckle's most intimate friends, Mr. John Dickinson and Mr. Henry Huth. Both of these were surprised and shocked to hear of such neglect." Mr. Henry Huth wrote at once to Mrs. Allatt, Buckle's only surviving sister, and she at once wrote in reply : "Thank you so much for so kindly writing to me on a subject which you know deeply interests me. After my dear brother's death I had nothing to do with the settling of affairs, but was certainly under the impression that a stone had been set." She gratefully ac-

cepted Miss Rogers's kind proposal to put up a tomb, at the same time sending the English epitaph. This was communicated through Major Bell to Miss Rogers at Damascus, who wrote back as follows : "Thank you heartily for helping me to fulfill my wish with regard to the grave of Henry Buckle. I *would* NOT under any circumstances have left Damascus with his last resting-place unmarked and unprotected ; but of course it was more consistent that his sister should have the opportunity and privilege of dedicating a stone to his memory, and of giving instructions about it. Immediately on my return from Baalbec I went to the stone-mason's bazaar, and visited shop after shop, carefully inspecting the work in marble and stone then in hand, that I might judge of the comparative skill of the workmen, and of the kind of design they would be most likely to carry out satisfactorily. I have not quite decided about it yet ; but my chief object will be to insure (as far as the nature of things will permit) the *durability of the monument*. I shall try to interest one of my native friends here about it, that the grave may be kept in order after my departure from this city."

The tomb was finished by 30th October, 1866 ; and up to the year 1871, or 1872, Mr. Glennie, I understand, had not even heard that there was one ; but, happening to see a photograph of it in Major Bell's copy of the "History of Civilization," he wrote on the 26th February 1875, to Mrs. Bell : "I remember seeing in Major Bell's copy of Buckle's 'History of Civilization' a photograph of his tombstone. I should be much obliged if your friend Miss Rogers would kindly give the particulars of the time, circumstances, etc., of the erection of the tombstone." This Miss Rogers did ; and the account I have given, showing that to Miss Rogers is entirely and solely due the honor of the first initiation, as the subsequent erection of the tombstone, is no doubt what Mr. Glennie intended to convey to his readers ; but he has been unfortunate in his choice of language, and this explanation therefore became necessary.

I have now done with Mr. Glennie's "Pilgrim Memories" ; and trust I shall never have to resume so disagree-

able a theme. If he feel aggrieved at my treatment of his work, he has only himself to blame. The publication of these "memories," made it incumbent on every friend—nay, on every human being who honors justice and is able to wield a pen—to defend Buckle from the insinuations which they convey ; and shall not I, who loved him, vindicate his memory ? In so doing, I have restricted myself to the bare proof of the worthlessness of Mr. Glennie's book ; and I sincerely hope that I may never be compelled to enlarge on a subject which I have taken up with reluctance, and finish with relief.

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